

## Home/Bodies

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Legal stuffs: this story, it has teh sex!! Don't read it if you're like, under 18 and stuff, cuz that's bad. Oh yeah, and I don't own no Evangelion, I just write smut about it, so don't sue me. That cover everything? Good... now on to the naughtiness!

## First Stage

Asuka was hot... and not in a good way. "Hurry up, Third Child," she snapped, pushing the boy's shoulder as the elevator arrived. "I don't want to be squashed in the front of this thing."

"B-but if we get in now we'll get squashed against the back," Shinji protested, letting her shove him into the small car and casting a nervous look around all the impatiently waiting NERV employees. "Sorry," he mumbled.

"We're going farther down than most of them," Asuka pointed out, entirely exasperated, "this way we won't have to move out of the way every time someone has to get off, besides – hey, watch your hands! This isn't free-feel-Sunday, ya know!"

"Sorry!" Shinji gasped, his hands shooting down to his sides as people started climbing onto the elevator, at first giving the Children a certain amount of respectful breathing room... but finally forcing them further into the corner.

Asuka blew out a disgusted breath. "What a day for one of the elevators to be under maintenance," she grumbled, "I mean, I know it's better than having them break or something, but... damn it, how many more people are there!?"

Shinji turned – with much difficulty – so that she was facing his side. "Can't see," he muttered, taking a step sideways and bumping into her as more people got on. "Oh, sorry."

"Oh forget it," Asuka yawned, "I just hope we get there fast. Stupid Ritsuko – a sync test on Sunday? What is she-" the redhead gasped as she felt something press against her in a most intimate way. "Sh-Shinji," she hissed, trying to get the boy's attention as more people crowded into the elevator. "Your... your hand," she muttered, trying to squirm free, but finding herself effectively pinned to the back of the elevator, "move your hand!!"

The Third Child shifted. "I can't," he whispered apologetically, "s-sorry... I can't even move."

*You have to!* Asuka thought, trying once more to get free. *Your wrist is... is touching my p-*

"What f-floor are we going to?"

Shinji blinked, turning his head to try to look at the redhead. "132," he replied, studying her face closely, "are you ok? You're all red."

Asuka bit her lip as someone jostled her, making Shinji's wrist move slightly. "Just... hot in here," she muttered, thanking whatever god was up in Heaven that the boy was entirely clueless about her predicament.

The doors finally slid shut, and the elevator began to descend, ticking off the floors in an endless succession as Asuka struggled to remain perfectly still.

"Hey Toyo!"

She gasped as someone on the other side of the elevator called out to a coworker, who – standing impossibly close to Shinji – somehow managed to jostle the Third Child as he craned to look for whoever had called his name.

"Oh, Shugo!" the man replied, raising his hand to wave, and knocking into Shinji again. "What's up man?"

The man named Shugo laughed. "Just got back off vacation... how's things been?"

"Not too bad, you? How was the trip?"

Asuka bit her lip harder as the man shrugged, bumping Shinji once more and sending another jolt through her body. "Eh, no complaints," Shugo said brightly, "got too much sun, though – hadda spend the last three days inside so I didn't get sunstroke."

"Wow, lame!"

Impossibly... the man laughed again, sending shockwaves through Asuka's body as it jostled Shinji's shoulder. "The price of fortune, I guess," he chuckled.

"The expression is 'the price of fame,' dumbass!" Toyo laughed, shaking his head. "This is my floor, man – call my extension, let's go drinking later."

"Oh, hell yeah!!"

Another laugh, and Asuka slumped back against the elevator wall.

"You ok?" Shinji asked.

"Uh... huh..." Asuka whispered faintly, trying to focus on NOT noticing every detail of what was happening to her.

She could feel the bone in Shinji's wrist, so innocuous and unseen in day to day life, pressing gently between her vaginal lips, caressing her tender, sensitive sex with every move the boy made. *How can he not feel that!? Asuka thought deliriously, I'm... I'm already soaked down there – how can he not feel it on his hand??*

Stealing a glance at the boy, she found him glancing unconcernedly at one of the other passengers – a marginally pretty technician from one of the other departments.

*Figures, Asuka thought, now feeling slightly lightheaded, I'm about to come and he's scheming on... on... ohhh...*

Asuka closed her eyes tightly, whimpering weakly as Shinji was jostled once more, sending her easily over the edge. She could feel his radius (or was it ulna? she thought. Not that it mattered to her TOO much just then) press firmly against her clit, rubbing the fabric of her panties against it and causing the world to explode into vibrant shades of red and orange, the blood vessels in her eyelids seeming to dance as pleasure electrified every cell in her body.

Then it was over – the rush of ecstasy fading into a dull throb between her legs. *He's still touching me...* she thought, slumping against him, too weak to stand. She shook her head as he quickly asked what was wrong. "Nothing," she whispered, feeling dreamy and tired, "what... floor are we on?"

Shinji glanced over his shoulder, trying to see through the throng of people... and inadvertently moving his hand again. "Umm... 65," he said finally, turning back to face her.

"We're barely halfway?" Asuka murmured, feeling weak in the knees as Shinji shifted once more, sending a jolt of pleasure through her.

When he nodded, Asuka had to swallow, feeling herself starting to grow warm once more as the crowd seemed to press all around her, that one, wonderfully stimulating limb still pressed intimately close to her.

*Oh... God...*

\*\*

"Misato-san!"

Misato's head whipped up as the door to her office slid open. "Shinji-kun what-Asuka!" She shot to her feet and scrambled to the door, making it just in time to catch the two teens as they collapsed. "What happened?" she demanded, relieving Shinji of Asuka's limp form.

"I...I don't know," Shinji panted, winded from having hauled the redhead all the way from the elevator. "She just... gasped and slumped over on floor 130..."

"Asuka," Misato said firmly, gently slapping the girl's face, "Asuka, wake up!"

Asuka's blue eyes fluttered open. "H-uh...?" she rasped, her voice rusty and thick. "Wh-where am I?"

"Shinji said you passed out," Misato said, helping the redhead to her feet. "Are you alright? Do you need to get to the infirmary? You're not hurt, are you?"

"I'm... I'm fine," Asuka stammered, putting a hand on her head and discreetly squeezing her legs together to hide just how wet her thighs were. "Just... it was hot in there, I guess," she whispered, avoiding Shinji's concerned eyes, "do you have any water?"

Shinji bit his lip. "It was really hot," he pointed out, "should I get her a soda or something?"

"No, you stay with her," Misato said, helping Asuka over to the small couch in her office, "I'll get her something... and you, too – you don't look so good either."

Strangely, Shinji kept his eyes averted and nodded. "Ok."

Misato frowned, then shrugged as she decided it must have been the extreme heat. *Those things CAN get really hot if there's a lot of people in them*, she thought, heading for the door, *but to actually black out? Must have been stifling...*

As the door hummed closed, Asuka raised her spinning head. "You... you knew, didn't you?" she accused weakly.

Shinji jumped at the unexpected topic. "Knew what?" he asked innocently.

"Don't... play stupid," Asuka muttered, leaning back on the couch and putting a hand on her forehead, "at... the end, you were moving by yourself..."

"I really don't... don't know what you're talking about," Shinji said uncomfortably.

Asuka tried to will her dizziness to stop. "Can't... believe you did that to me," she whispered, forcing herself to her feet, "pervert... you're just... a big pervert..."

Shinji shifted from one foot to the other, the color in his cheeks rising dramatically as he mumbled, "I didn't do anything..."

"Did it make you feel like you were in control?" Asuka whispered, staggering towards the boy on unstable legs, "do you even... even know how many times I came? You had to feel me leaking all over you – look, your hand is still wet, I be-"

"Stop it," Shinji cut in desperately, backing up until he hit the wall, "I didn't mean to touch you, it was an accident, I swea-"

"You just said you didn't know what happened," Asuka interrupted.

Shinji's eyes clenched closed. "I... I, ummm..."

Asuka's back straightened, and she slowly walked over to where he stood paralyzed with fear. "Just... tell me why you did it," she whispered tremulously, "were you trying to prove something? Did you think I wouldn't know you did it on purpose?"

"Please," Shinji licked his lips nervously, "it was... a mistake, I-"

"Tell me," Asuka said flatly, "or I'll call security right now."

Shinji paled. "I just... wanted..."

"Yes...?"

"...to make you feel good."

Asuka put her hand on her head once more. "You could have... bought me some chocolate or something," she managed, swaying on her feet as another wave of dizziness washed over her. "This was..."

Black spots danced in front of her eyes, and slowly, she fell forward, slumping against Shinji's chest.

They stayed like that for several moments – Asuka resting against Shinji, Shinji holding her as if she was made of finely crafted china – until finally, Asuka turned her head, resting it on Shinji's shoulder.

"Do you know," she whispered faintly, "how hot you made me...?"

"S-sorry," Shinji stammered, "there were... so many people, I-"

"Don't be stupid," Asuka cut him off softly, "you know what I'm saying... you got me all worked up three times – and got me off every single time. How did you do that to me? I don't... I didn't even like you – how can you make me feel like that? How come I can come for you so easily? God, it usually takes me ten or fifteen minutes..."

Shinji swallowed. "Y-you... liked it?"

Asuka nodded slowly. "I was shocked at first," she admitted, "but then... when I thought you weren't doing it on purpose, and I started getting into it... it was like heaven – it was so good." She pulled slowly back staring into his wide, shocked eyes, and whispered, "I won't tell anyone about it... if you do it again."

"W-what?!"

"You heard me," Asuka said quietly. "I want you to touch me again, and... and maybe more – but just touching for now." Her eyes were lidded and dreamy. "Touch me, Shinji, I want to come again..."

She cried out as she felt Shinji's hand slide immediately to where it had been before, his middle finger pressing hard against the cleft of her sex.

"S-slow!" she gasped, putting her hand on top of his. "Do it slow... like last ti-yeeah... like that... uuhhhh..."

It was as good as she remembered. Shinji slowly caressed her, driving her wild with desire as her already sensitive pussy reported new contact, slow and delicate and endlessly exciting. And somehow, because it was deliberate, perhaps, it seemed better than the last time.

*I'm already close*, she thought, biting her bottom lip.

Asuka shivered. "Don't stop," she gasped as he slowed, "that feels so good, Shinji... how can you do that? Why does it feel so good when you do it??"

Shinji said nothing for a long moment, concentrating on continuing to do what he was told. He could feel her slickness much better this time, coating his fingers with the proof of her excitement and making the long, smooth passage against the front of her panties that much easier.

*It's like stroking silk*, he thought, belatedly realizing that he actually had an answer for her rhetorical question.

"It's... because I like you..."

"Oh God!!"

Asuka shouted out loud at his soft admission, shuddering violently as the combination of his words and his touch, sending her spinning into yet another intense climax. Her body shuddered, and the tingling in her pussy grew more pronounced.

*It's starting to hurt now*, she thought, collapsing weak and shivering into his arms, *I can't... he can't make me come again too soon or I'll die... but...*

"Shin...ji..." she gasped, wrapping her arms around him and burying her face in his chest, "I want you to fuck me, Shinji..."

Shinji's jaw dropped, his fingers freezing against her as her words hit him like a hammer. "Wh...at?"

"I've... m-made up my mind..."

She pulled back, putting her hands on his shoulders and looking him in the eye, her body still shaking from her recent orgasm. "I want to make love to you," she said seriously. "I don't care anymore – if it feels this good having you touch me, I want to know how it feels to have you inside me... and I want it right now."

"H-here!?"

"Yeah," Asuka nodded, looking around the office, "we'll get rid of Misato, and... and use her couch, ok?"

"I don't think that's how it's going to happen."

The Children jumped. "M-Misato!"

"An... interesting display," the purple-haired woman said quietly, setting two cans of juice on her desk and folding her arms. "And Ritsuko said you weren't adept at

living... man, if she could see you now..."

Shinji stumbled for something to say... but Asuka simply glared and whispered, "It's none of your business."

Both Shinji and Misato blinked in surprise. "Excuse me?" Misato asked incredulously. "You're planning to have sex in *my* office and it's none of my business?? How do you figure?"

"Then we'll do it somewhere else," Asuka said softly, taking Shinji's hand and pulling him towards the door, "stay out of it."

Misato stepped in front of them. "What's the hurry?" she asked coolly, assessing the two with keen eyes. "Yesterday you hate him and now you're ready to screw his brains out? Please explain how you think that makes sense."

"You know the beauty of this situation?" Asuka replied. "I don't have to. Now get the fuck out of my way."

As she attempted to push past the woman, Misato reached out and keyed in the locking sequence for her door. "Now then," she said levelly, "explain yourselves."

Asuka gaped at her. "Y-you bitch!" she stammered, quivering with anger. "Open the damn door!"

Misato ignored her, turning her attention to Shinji. "Are you really ok with this?" she asked him bluntly. "I mean... Asuka's right. As long as you fulfill your obligations as a pilot, what you do with your spare time is in your hands... but do you really want to jump into something like this after one little groping session?"

"If... if she likes me, it's ok," Shinji whispered, keeping his eyes on the ground.

"I like you, Shinji," Misato said flatly, "are you going to fuck me now?"

Shinji blushed... but to Misato's very great surprise he replied, "...do you want me to?"

A very odd silence fell as the two women stared at him. Finally, Misato cleared her throat and mumbled, "I doubt Asuka would appreciate the competition."

"What competition?" Asuka snorted. "Look at you – old, drunk, bossy, and starting to sag... tell me, why would I have to compete with you?"

Misato's mouth moved, but no words came out.

"Asuka," Shinji whispered, "that was... mean..."

Asuka shook her head, looking Misato in the eye as she replied, "She deserved it, Shinji... playing all high and mighty on this when she slept with Kaji on their first date! She's a hypocrite. Like I'd have to worry about her... please."

Misato turned away. "Yeah, so what?" she managed, her voice thick, "So I'm not as young as I used to be, big deal – at least I know why I want the things I want out of life... you just jump in without looking."

"No," Asuka shook her head, her tone entirely serious, "I just know what I want as soon as I see it – I don't waste time thinking about the how and the why. If you want something, you take it – worry about why you want it later."

"Shinji isn't an *it*," Misato shot back, quickly wiping at her eyes as she rounded on the redhead. "He's a good, kind person – and you're trying to take that away!"

"How??" Asuka asked, stunned. "Because I want to sleep with him? Because I want to know how it feels to have him in me? Because I want to be *closer* to him? How will that make him less of a good person?" She pursed her lips. "I just think you're jealous – that's what it is. You want him for yourself, but you're too busy trying to rationalize the 'why' of it to actually make a move. Well you know something? That's too bad, because I don't have that problem!" She turned for the door. "Open this thing right now or I'll tell the Commander you wouldn't let us get to our sync test."

There was a moment of absolute silence, broken when Misato quietly walked over and keyed in the security code. "You're wrong," she said, standing between the two Children and the door, "I just don't see him that way, that's all. I like him... but that doesn't mean I want to jump in bed with him."

Asuka considered this for a moment. "You're bad at lying," she said finally, taking Shinji's hand and stepping around the woman, "I've seen the way you look at him, Misato – that's not motherly love in your eyes. You want him... bad. Maybe if you stopped lying to yourself, you'd be a happier person."

"Shinji," Misato said quietly, staring down at the floor as she stepped out of their way. "What *would* you say if I wanted you too? It's... improper, right?"

Shinji swallowed, looking at Asuka as he replied, "I wouldn't say no, Misato." He nodded as Asuka's brow drew down. "I'm sorry," he whispered to Asuka, "but I like both of you... and I don't care that she's older, but she doesn't see me that way, right? So it doesn't mat-"

"But what if I *did*," Misato cut in, "you really wouldn't say no?"

"Does it matter?" Asuka supplied. "He said he would be with me, so it doesn't."

Misato pondered this for a long moment before answering, "Who said he has to choose...?"

Now it was Asuka's turn to look stunned. "What?" she asked incredulously. "You mean... have us trade him around – you have him this weekend, I have him next weekend, or what??"

Slowly, the purple-haired woman lifted her head, her voice soft as she breathed, "Who said anything about taking turns...?"

This time, both Asuka and Shinji's jaws fell open. "You... I don't believe this!" Asuka stammered. "You're saying... share him?? *At the same time??*"

"Why are you so shocked?" Misato asked, her back straightening as she regained control of the conversation. "You're the one that wanted to do it with him on that couch right there after a little touchy-feely, so why are you so stunned at the idea of a three-way? Hmm?"

The redhead was at a loss for words, so Shinji whispered, "Are you serious, Misato? ...or are you just trying to make Asuka look stupid?"

Misato averted her eyes. "What would you say if I was serious?"

"I'd say it was up to Asuka," Shinji replied, blushing brightly as the redhead stared at him. "I like you both, so I... I wouldn't stop something like... like that from happening..."

"So what do you say, Second Child?" Misato asked calmly. "Game?"

Asuka returned her stare levelly. "I'm calling your bluff," she said bluntly. "Lock the door again, if you're really serious – kiss Shinji, come on... put your money where your mouth is, *Major*. Give him some tongue – touch his cock if you're serious. You won't – I know you won't!"

Before Shinji could blink, Misato grasped him by the upper arms and pushed him back against the door. "Sorry about this," she breathed, slipping her right arm around his back and pulling his mouth to hers.

Having expected the woman to back down, Asuka was totally stunned as Misato boldly kissed Shinji in front of her, pushing her tongue aggressively into his mouth as her free hand reached out and easily tapped the security code into the door, driving the locking bolts home with a decisive thud as her hand moved down to caress his ass.

"Mmmmmmmmm*there*," Misato declared breathlessly, breaking the kiss and pulling back with a triumphant look. "Believe me now?"

Asuka was livid. "You took his first kiss," she whispered, her voice quaking with rage. "You... you *bitch*!!"

Pushing the older woman out of the way, she grabbed Shinji by the shoulders and yanked his lips to hers, kissing him clumsily, but with just as much intensity and passion as Misato had. She held the kiss for as long as she could, straddling his thigh and rubbing the front of her panties against it with a deep moan.

"There," she whispered, feeling weak in the knees as she let Shinji go. "Now open the door... I know you're not really going to sleep with him, Misato, you don't."

"Scared?"

"*What??*?"

"Are you scared?" Misato said coolly, reaching out to caress Shinji's face as she looked at Asuka's dumbfounded expression. "I'm ready to do it... if Shinji is. Why think, right? Isn't that your motto? Well, right now I want Shinji to have sex with me... so I'm not going to think about why. What are you going to do?"

"I... I..." Asuka swallowed as Shinji met her eyes, nodding minutely as if to say 'I'll let it go, if it'll make you happy.' "I'm in," she said finally, shivering as she realized just how excited the prospect of a ménage-a-trois made her.

Shinji was looking from one woman to the other with an expression that screamed, 'this is a setup, isn't it? I'm being punished for touching Asuka.'

As if reading his mind, both women pressed their bodies against him, each offering him a deep, passionate kiss to ensure that he knew this was absolutely serious.

"Wow..."

"So... we're really going to do this," Asuka murmured, resting her head against Shinji's shoulder and glancing at Misato from the corner of her eye. "Should we... set up, like, rules? Who touches who and stuff?"

Misato bared her teeth in a cruel grin. "What's the matter, Souryu?" she whispered, "Afraid you might like a woman's touch more than a man's?"

Realizing that the two were about at the snapping point, Shinji quietly whispered, "We're supposed to be at a sync test in three minutes..."

Both women blinked, glancing first at him, then at the clock on the wall.

"Fuck!"

After a brief moment of quiet, Misato shot Asuka a quick look. "So what now?" she asked, her tone heavy with sarcasm, "I don't suppose you'll still want to do this when we get home – that would give you too much time to think – so-"

"Shut up," Asuka cut in sharply, "just shut your mouth! I'm not like you, Katsuragi – when I make up my mind, it stays made up..." she lowered her voice to a harsh whisper. "I don't make up boyfriends to break up with people."

Misato's face went dead white. "How do you know about that?" she breathed. "Who have you been talking to!?"

Before any further discussion could be had, the intercom on Misato's desk beeped.

"Misato," Ritsuko's voice blared, making them all jump. "Where the hell are you? Shinji and Asuka are late too, so if you see them, get their asses here!"

Disentangling herself from Shinji, Misato hurried over and pushed the Send button. "We're on the way," she said quickly, glancing up at the two Children with a look of poorly disguised fascination – as if she could not quite believe what she was seeing... or as if she was actually seeing them for the first time.

"Just had a... home-related thing to work out."



“Whatever,” Ritsuko replied flatly, “just get down here.”

Misato hit the button again. “Right.”

“So,” Asuka said clearly as the woman stepped away from the desk, “at home then.”

Nodding, Misato answered, “That’s right... you... me... and him, as soon as we get home.”

“Do you... have condoms?” Asuka blurted suddenly, the intensity of her passion fading a bit as the nuts and bolts of preparing for sex truly settled in on her.

“Kaji used to take care of that end,” Misato returned smoothly, “but I... have something at home that we can try.”

Confused, Asuka asked what it was, but Misato simply unlocked the door and ushered them out, thinking that there was something she was forgetting, but finding herself unable to bring it to mind.

*Must not be that important...*

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In silence, the three residents of the apartment made their way inside, kicking off shoes and dropping schoolbags on the floor as they wordlessly slipped into the living room. A quick survey of the premises showed that PenPen had already gone to sleep. This was not a crucial detail, to anyone, really, but somehow all three felt better that the bird was not around to witness what was about to happen.

“Shh,” Misato murmured, throwing her jacket carelessly over the back of the couch. “Alright, I thought I heard him moving around, but I guess it was just my imagination.”

The two Children looked around uneasily, wishing there was a place in the apartment with a little more privacy. Unfortunately, both of their rooms were too small... and Misato’s room was too messy.

“Alright,” Asuka said abruptly, folding her arms. “You said you had something we could use besides condoms.”

Misato chuckled. “Wow,” she murmured, “you’re anxious, aren’t you? If this was a date, I’d be concerned that your intentions were purely physical.”

“They are, for now,” Asuka countered, her brow furrowing slightly, “I just... want to know what it feels like. After that, I dunno... I mean, I know Shinji’s the only one that’s ever touched me like that – and yeah, I’ve done it to myself, I’m not ashamed of it... but for tonight, I just want to see if it gets better.”

“Don’t think, right?” Misato sighed. “Fine... I’ll go get it.”

She headed into her room, leaving Asuka and Shinji alone for the moment.

After a second’s hesitation, Asuka cleared her throat. “Look,” she said quietly, “what I said just now – I don’t mean that I don’t like you, Shinji, or that I don’t... want to see where this might go. But... Misato’s right – I don’t want to think about all that right now, I just want to see how it feels to be with you. You understand that... right?”

Shinji nodded immediately. “Yes,” he said softly, “but I... I really do like you, so... I... I hope you end up liking me too.”

Before Asuka could reply, Misato came back out of her room, keeping her hands behind her back.

“We can use these.”

Shinji frowned as Misato held up a small cardboard box – like a condom box, he thought, only with the words *ContraStill VCF!* Emblazoned on the front.

“What are those?” he asked, feeling suddenly foolish as both women rolled their eyes.

“Don’t you pay attention in sex-ed?” Asuka muttered, taking the box and turning it over to read the back. “It’s like... you put it...” she blushed suddenly, thrusting the box into Misato’s hands. “You explain it to him...”

Misato arched an eyebrow. “You sure you want to do this?” she asked lightly. “If you can’t even describe how to use VCF, do you really think you can-”

“You keep trying to stop me,” Asuka cut in waspishly, “are you *that* selfish?”

Heaving a sigh, Misato turned to Shinji and said, “It goes inside of us and kinda... covers the opening to the uterus and makes sure no sperm gets in.” She turned to Asuka, dropping her a wink. “That about sum it up, Professor Souryu?”

“Yes, fine,” Asuka snapped, “can we drop it now? This is *not* what I’d call sexy!”

The others agreed, and they set the box aside for the moment, trying to decide how to proceed.

“First things first,” Misato said – more to keep them from falling into uncomfortable silence than out of any real desire to be in charge, “Asuka, you said you didn’t want me touching you, but – and don’t get offended by this, Shinji – Shinji’s kind of... inexperienced, so if you really want to enjoy yourself, you’re gonna have to bend that rule a bit. I mean, I can’t disintegrate at will to keep your hand from touching me or something, and Shinji’s going to need to rest *SOME* time, so-”

“Alright, I get it!” Asuka cried. “Fine, look...” she drew a deep breath, dropping onto the couch and looking up at the other two. “I came here to be with Shinji,” she said quietly, “this... situation, *does* sound really sexy – but I’m not a lesbian! I...”

Misato shrugged as the girl trailed off. “Neither am I,” she pointed out, “Hey, I’m the first to admit that I like a nice, hard, deep fu-”

“We get it,” Asuka said dryly, “what’s your point?”

“My point,” Misato all but growled, “is that just because I know *how* to please a woman doesn’t mean that’s what I *prefer*, ok? ...but as long as it’s just the three of us, and Shinji’s still learning how to control himself, it’ll be very dull if we don’t... amuse each other. Understand?”

Asuka considered this for a minute, but it was clear by the expression on her face that she was still skeptical. “Let’s just see what happens,” she said, her voice carefully neutral.

Abruptly, Misato turned to Shinji. “You’ve been very quiet,” she observed, “what do you think?”

Shinji raised his hands defensively. “I, umm, it’s up to Asuka if she wants to... to do that,” he said quickly, “I just-”

“I know it’s up to Asuka,” Misato cut in coolly, “I’m not going to rape her. What I’m asking is, would that turn you on? Or rather, would it help you get ready again after the first round?”

Shinji, his mind clearly supplying some visual examples of what such a display might look like, averted his eyes, shifting from one foot to the other as his erection became more pronounced.

“...probably.”

The silence Misato feared so much fell as she and Asuka considered Shinji’s admission. “Alright,” she said quietly, “let’s...” she smiled suddenly. “Hey Shinji?”

"Hmm?" Shinji asked, pulling his eyes away from the box – and everything it implied. "What?"

"Do you want us to strip for you?"

Asuka shot up from the couch. "You're making this more complicated than it needs to be," she accused, "you've done this before – you know how! You're going to make it so he wants to do it with you first!"

Misato glanced at her from the corner of her eyes. "I thought I wasn't competition," she whispered silkily, "so what's your problem?"

Seeing that yet another argument was about to erupt, Shinji quickly stepped in. "Why don't we just... undress this time?" he suggested. "Maybe... maybe next time... ok?"

Shrugging, Misato said, "You're right. This is an... intricate situation already."

Without another word, she reached down and grasped the bottom of her shirt, taking great pleasure in watching Asuka scramble off the couch and follow her lead. *How the HELL did I end up like this?* she thought, pulling her shirt up without a moment's hesitation. *I'm about to have sex with two Children... yeah, it's LEGAL, technically, but still... me, Shinji, and ASUKA?? Sure, I... I could see Shinji and me ending up in bed, but I never thought Asuka would be with us.*

She blinked as she realized that Asuka was no longer trying to mimic her. The redhead had stopped with her shirt half unbuttoned, watching as intently as Shinji as Misato threw her shirt to the side. "What are you waiting for?" Misato asked, sounding a bit sharper than she'd intended.

Asuka shook her head, her voice entirely serious as she replied, "I'd forgotten about your scar..."

A pause, far more awkward than any before it, fell as Misato glanced down at the jagged scar running across her lower chest. "Do you... have to stare at it?" she asked, her confidence wavering as Shinji's eyes traced the old wound.

Instead of replying, Shinji stepped forward and hugged her, looking up into her eyes as the scar was hidden against his body. "Do you want me to undress now?" he asked softly. "I... I wouldn't mind going first."

Misato bit her bottom lip, smiling warmly as she replied, "I'd rather have you see me..."

...now.

Keeping Shinji's eyes held with hers, Misato reached down and slowly drew the zipper on her skirt down, letting it fall to the floor with a quiet hiss of fabric on skin. From the corner of her eye, she could see Asuka pulling her shirt off and setting it on the couch, her gaze flicking from her own breasts to Misato's and back again with a decided frown.

"I think we should... start a little slow," Misato said carefully, "you know... build up to it instead of just jumping into bed – that sound ok?"

"What did you have in mind?" Asuka asked suspiciously, following as the other two walked into Misato's room and closed the door.

Misato rounded on her. "Losing the attitude for one," she growled, "like it or not, I'm part of this – so quite acting like I'm going to fuck him and leave you out in the cold, alright?!"

For a moment, the two stared daggers at each other, but ultimately Asuka looked away, muttering, "Fine, but I get to go first."

"This isn't a fucking *ride!*" Misato pointed out. "If you want to HAVE SEX, or MAKE LOVE, or get FUCKED first, fine – say that... but you're not 'going' first, because this isn't grade school, this is *REAL*."

Looking more subdued, Asuka whispered, "I understand."

Misato nodded her approval. "Good, now... I think we should keep our underwear on for now, and-"

"Why keep our underwear on?" Asuka asked, confused.

"Because it's sexier."

Misato grinned. "Shinji's right... it's way hotter to leave SOMETHING up to the imagination for as long as possible."

"Wh-what are you doing?!" Asuka demanded, stuttering as Misato carefully knelt in front of Shinji, reaching out and putting her hands on his belt buckle.

"I thought we should start simple," Misato murmured, looking up into Shinji's eyes, "now shut up... this is just for him."

Asuka's eyes glittered dangerously, but she held her tongue. *Thinks she's so smart*, she thought angrily, shifting a bit to the side to get a better view as Misato unbuckled Shinji's belt, *just because she's a slut, she thinks she knows every damn thing*.

Of course, in this arena, Misato DID have the advantage. Asuka had no idea how many lovers the purple-haired woman had taken, but based on the certainty of her movements and the intense, unwaveringly seductive stare she was giving Shinji, it was certainly more than a handful.

"Do you want me to do this for you, or do you want to do it?" Misato asked softly, unbuttoning the boy's pants and laying her forefinger on his zipper. "And... do you mind starting this way? I mean... we can go straight to the rest if you want, I just thought it might be better to warm up to it."

Shinji shook his head, trying his best not to break eye-contact. "This is... fine," he said awkwardly, "and... and you can do it..."

Asuka shifted from one foot to the other, feeling suddenly very useless. *Not like I can HELP with this*, she thought ironically, *well, I guess I COULD – but that kind of thing's for the future...*

As Misato eased Shinji's pants down, Asuka realized that this was the first time she had thought of the future. Up to now, she had been so focused on recapturing that feeling of ecstasy Shinji had given her in the elevator that she had spared no thought for anything past... but if this evening turned out satisfactorily, there could be a tomorrow night, and a night after, and a night after – all filled with pleasure and intimacy most only dream of.

Heady thoughts, Asuka realized, and much too deep to be pondering now... especially since Misato's hands were on the elastic of Shinji's underwear.

"You ARE turned on, aren't you?" Misato whispered, leaning forward to kiss the front of Shinji's briefs before slowly sliding them down. "You're hard as a rock, Shinji..."

"Y-yeah..." Shinji gasped, licking his lips as he stared down into Misato's eyes. "It... kind of hurts... from being so hard..."

Misato smiled, putting her hands on his hips as she breathed, "Now THAT... I think I can help with..."

Asuka watched, mesmerized, as Shinji's cock slowly vanished between Misato's lips, reappearing moments later as the older woman drew it gently back out, pausing with just the head in her mouth before dipping forward once more, developing a smooth, unhurried rhythm with a clear air of practice and skill.

*Look at that...* the redhead marveled, licking her lips unconsciously as Misato took Shinji's right hand and led it to her head, encouraging him to guide her. *Now that we've started... she has no problem leading the way.*

Raising her eyes, she looked into Shinji's face, shivering slightly as she found him staring down with rapt attention, his eyes cloudy with lust, desire, and a hint of something deeper and truer – something that actually scared Asuka to consider.

*He's... connecting with her, she thought, amazed, she's sucking his dick like a pro... and he's falling in love.*

"I... I want to try..."

Misato looked up, an echo of the same emotion stirring in her chocolate brown eyes as she focused on Asuka. "You gonna do it from there?" she whispered, stroking Shinji with her hand as she met Asuka's gaze. "For something like this... you have to give something up, Asuka... a little bit of that pride you throw around all the time. Think you can do that?"

Asuka's nostrils flared as she considered this, taking in the nearly-submissive posture of the older woman kneeling at Shinji's feet. *There really isn't a dignified way to suck someone off, is there...?* she thought ironically.

Feeling somehow that she had lost to Misato's experience, Asuka sank to her knees. Tentatively, she looked up at Shinji, brutally forcing her pride into silence as she whispered, "Can I... suck your cock, Shinji?"

She almost laughed as Shinji vigorously nodded his head. *Why do I keep forgetting that he doesn't know any more about this stuff than I do?* she thought, licking her lips again as Misato took Shinji into her mouth for one last stroke before moving to the side.

"Go slow," the older woman recommended softly, "he's pretty close already..."

"R-right," Asuka murmured, rising a little higher on her knees and looking up into Shinji's flushed face. "You... you ready?"

"Uh huh..."

"Then... here I come..."

Before she could think about it anymore, Asuka opened her mouth and leaned forward, wrapping her lips around the head of Shinji's shaft and sliding down until she felt it brush the back of her throat.

"Easy!" Misato said quickly, patting the girl's back as she immediately pulled away, coughing roughly. "Damn – did you think you were going to deepthroat him on the first try?? Settle the hell down!"

"Are you ok?" Shinji asked nervously, instinctively putting a hand on Asuka's head.

"I'm... I'm fine," Asuka panted, feeling the oddest sensation of warmth at his gentle touch.

Misato must have noticed, because she leaned closer to Asuka – most likely with the pretence of seeing if she was really ok – and whispered, "It's nice, isn't it? When you know someone cares about you..."

Without meaning to, Asuka found herself nodding, swallowing a few times before turning back to Shinji. "I'm... ready to try it again," she said, noticing that the Third had softened slightly in his concern for her.

"Remember," Misato whispered, "slow."

Asuka nodded again, putting her hands on Shinji's hips and taking him back into her mouth. *It's so warm...* she thought, experimentally taking more of his penis in, *a little... salty, but it's not too bad...*

"Yeah," Misato nodded encouragingly, "like that... fuck, I had no idea this would be so hot..."

Asuka ignored her, closing her eyes and concentrating on the smooth, hard feel of Shinji's dick. *Listen to him...* she thought wonderingly, *he loves it... I'm driving*

*him crazy... I'm... oh god, I'm sucking Shinji's cock!*

This last thought hit her like a hammer, because not only was there a definite lack of disgust at the idea – which there would have been days, or even *hours* before – but instead a certain... excitement warmed her, making her move a bit faster as she grew more and more used to the feel and taste of his shaft. She closed her eyes, finding that if she held her breath and focused, she could get the tip of it into her throat without gagging.

*I can't believe I'm doing this*, she thought, feeling Shinji's hand settle on the top of her head, guiding her to move a little bit faster. *We're going to fuck tonight... me... Shinji... and Misato – we're all going to get on that bed right there and fuck like cra-*

Misato's sharply whispered warning drew her back to what she was doing.

"He's about to come – hold your breath and get ready to swallow."

"Mmm!!" Asuka grunted, trying to pull back.

*I can't... swallow!* she thought frantically. *Only... only bad girls do that!*

Where this idea had come from, she was not sure... but it was a decidedly old memory, and therefore, rather strong.

Shinji's hands, however, were stronger, and he cried out as he climaxed, thrusting forward convulsively and burying his cock in her throat. Asuka's eyes went wide as she felt something warm and salty erupt from the head of his cock, shooting straight into her throat, and out of pure instinct... she swallowed, drinking it down and shivering violently as she felt the warmth travel all the way to the pit of her stomach.

*That... that feels so good!* she thought, moaning low in her throat and swallowing over and over again – trying to milk every last drop. *Doesn't... TASTE great, but it's so warm, and smooth, and... I wonder...*

Asuka's crystal blue eyes opened, and she gazed up, meeting Shinji's wide-eyed stare head on. She could only imagine how she looked. On her knees... her brow covered in a light sheen of sweat... her lips stretched wide around the cock she had just sucked like an experienced whore... staring up at the boy who was going to take her virginity before tomorrow's sunrise.

Unexpectedly, she found that she had never been more aroused.

"Damn..."

Asuka's eyes shot to the right, widening in surprise as she pulled back from Shinji's tool. "Wha...?" she gasped, blinking as she remembered, rather suddenly... that Misato was there too.

"Holy shit," the woman murmured, shaking her head from side to side, "you *can* let go when he stops coming, you know... Christ..."

Looking away, Asuka whispered, "I didn't want to... it felt too good."

Misato grinned. "You have NO idea what GOOD is... but you're gonna find out."

Slowly, the two women rose to their feet. "What now?" Asuka asked after a moment, trying to hide the wetness on her thighs by squeezing them tightly together.

"I'm not a tour guide," Misato said rather coldly, "and I've never done THIS before, so we'll just have to make it up as we go." She stepped in front of Shinji, looking him square in the eyes as she whispered, "For now, I want Shinji to touch me..."

So saying, she reached back and unfastened the clasp on her bra, leaning forward and putting her hands on his waist.

When she made no further movement, Shinji swallowed, slowly bringing his hands around her hips and gently caressing her and looking into her eyes for approval as he slipped his palms up to rest just under her breasts. When she

nodded, licking her lips in anticipation, Shinji brought his hands up, cupping her breasts as she shrugged her shoulders, allowing the bra straps to slide down her arms.

*Damn*, Asuka thought, impressed in spite of herself, *guess I was wrong about the sagging bit huh?? She's not like, defying gravity, but... damn...*

Since they lived together, Asuka knew for a fact what size bra Misato wore – several inches and a full cup larger than the size Asuka, for the record – but in spite of her age and drinking habits, the older woman's breasts seemed to be holding up just fine. They settled into Shinji's hands like pieces of a puzzle falling into place, filling his palms and moving slightly with each breath the older woman took, the rosy nipples that crowned each generous rise of flesh stiffening in the cool, air conditioned atmosphere until they were pointing straight ahead.

This, it seemed, was too tempting an invitation for Shinji to pass on.

"Mmmmyeah," Misato hummed, closing her eyes and rolling her neck as Shinji tentatively wrapped his lips around her right nipple. "Not so hard at first... build it up. Yeah, like that – we've got all night... don't rush it..."

*Easy for you to say*, Asuka thought, glancing down at her own breasts with a decidedly skeptical frown, *you're the one getting what you want*.

Slowly, a smile spread across the redhead's face as she realized that she was not limited to watching. Keeping her eyes on Shinji's face as he switched from one breast to the other, Asuka slowly unhooked her own bra and tossed it to the side. Then, hesitating only a moment, she slipped her panties off and tossed them into the corner, leaving her naked, but warm in spite of the coolness of Misato's room.

Without a word, she stepped closer to the two, swallowing as Misato hissed, throwing her head back and pulling Shinji closer to her as he accidentally grazed her nipple with his teeth. *I'll get mine too*, she told herself, laying her hands gingerly on Shinji's shoulders, *I got to taste him first, and I'm going to fuck him first... this little situation is all well and good, but in the end, I'm going to be his FIRST, damn it*.

Slowly, Asuka pressed her breasts against Shinji's back, sliding her hands around to his chest and pressing her lips against the back of his neck. She smiled as he stopped sucking on Misato's tits for a second, gasping softly as her tongue brushed one of his vertebrae. Closing her eyes, she contented herself with planting soft kisses all over his neck and shoulders, keeping her body tightly pressed up against his as he continued licking and sucking at Misato's sizable chest.

*I could definitely get used to this*, Asuka thought, pausing for a minute to simply watch, *and I guess I don't have to ask HER if she's having a good time*.

Misato had one hand on Shinji's shoulder, her free hand guiding his mouth to the spots she liked best. Currently, she was leading his tongue around her areola, humming softly as he readily licked at her... but letting out a pleased cry as he abruptly brought his teeth into play, scraping them against her as he had moments ago in an attempt to bring forth another moan.

"Here," Misato whispered, grabbing Shinji's right hand, "Right here... soft... yeaahhh..."

Asuka shifted slightly, craning to see past Shinji's shoulder. *She's so wet*, Asuka thought, amazed as Shinji's fingers stroked the damp spot on the front of Misato's panties.

"Hey," she breathed, "don't forget me..."

Shinji nodded, keeping his lips on Misato's breast while reaching around with his free hand and awkwardly hooking his arm around Asuka's waist in a clumsy, but somehow tender reverse embrace.

"Mmm, you like watching, don't you?" Misato hummed, smiling languidly at Asuka. "I think... you'll be getting plenty of chances."

After several minutes, Misato broke free, stepping back to pull her panties off.

Shinji and Asuka both stared as she stood naked before them, her pussy glistening with sweat and excitement... and shaved as smooth as a summer peach.

"I like it this way," she said softly, noticing the paths of their gaze, "guys are more willing to go down on you if they're not going to get hair in their mouths. Oh," she smiled wolfishly, "and THIS I don't mind you staring at..."

"You think about sex a lot, don't you?" Asuka muttered, discretely running a contemplative hand over her own neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair.

Misato's smile widened. "I like everything about sex," she said boldly, "and I'm really looking forward to doing it with Shinji. You were right, Asuka... I HAVE wanted him for a long time, so I guess I should say thank you."

Asuka's brow drew down. "Don't mention it," she muttered, "really. To anyone. Ever."

In spite of her best attempt to sound indifferent, Asuka found her eyes wandering back to Misato's shaven mound, her fingers still stroking over her own as she stared, finding herself inexplicably curious about what it might feel like to be entirely bare... or to touch someone who was.

Unfortunately for her, Misato noticed her looking.

"Shinji," the older woman said suddenly, "are you ready yet?"

"N-not yet," Shinji admitted, shaking his head... but keeping his eyes glued to her crotch with an expression of open wonder – as if he still could not believe that he was really seeing what was in front of him.

Misato nodded. "Alright then, umm... Asuka...?"

Asuka gave a start, quickly pulling her hand away from the thatch of hair between her legs. "What?" she blurted. "What is it?"

Instead of replying, Misato stepped closer to her, putting a hand on Asuka's cheek and looking into her sky-blue eyes. "Have you thought more about letting me touch you?" she whispered, slowly moving her hand down from Asuka's cheek to her shoulder, clearly meaning to go lower if the opportunity presented itself.

"What do you say?" she pressed gently, "are we really going to do this all the way...?"

Before Asuka could answer, Misato slid a hand down her chest and softly wrapped it around Asuka's left breast, squeezing it lightly.

"Let's make this real – for all of us," she whispered, leaning slowly closer as Asuka's jaw slowly fell open, "You... me... and Shinji – all the way. Yes or no?"

Unable to actually say the word, Asuka simply closed her eyes and nodded, blushing as she arched her back, pressing herself more firmly into Misato's hand and tilting her head back to show that she was ready.

Shinji's mouth was as dry as a desert as Misato wrapped her free hand around Asuka's slender shoulders and pulled the redhead's lips to her own, caressing and squeezing Asuka's breast as she slipped her tongue into the younger woman's mouth. Something inside the Second Child's mind must have finally given out at that point, because she immediately began sucking on Misato's tongue and moaning heavily in the back of her throat, her hands sliding easily over Misato's sweat-slick skin until they were resting on the older woman's firm ass.

The intense kiss was broken as Asuka brought her hands up to Misato's shoulders and gently pushed her away. "E...enough now..." she gasped, making no move to pull the woman's hand away from her breast. "Shinji... kiss me..."

Doing what he was told, Shinji stepped forward, putting his hands on Asuka's cheeks and gently pressing his lips to hers, allowing her tongue into his mouth as one of her hands grasped his ass.



"That's... what I like," Asuka sighed, looking somewhat relieved, "no offence, Misato..."

"None taken," Misato grinned, "I like it better with a man too... but it's not too bad with you, either. Now... he can have your mouth for a minute..."

Asuka gasped as the older woman leaned down and wrapped her mouth around her breast, engulfing her entire areola and immediately sucking her stiff nipple, her raspy tongue running almost harshly over it. On impulse, Asuka put a hand on Shinji's shoulder, pushing down until he was at the same level as Misato and guiding him towards her neglected breast.

"Yessss..."

Shinji closed his eyes as Asuka hissed, carefully taking her succulent, pink nipple into his mouth and licking it as gently as he could. Her breasts were much smaller than Misato's, and for some reason this brought the word 'delicate' to mind, making him much more tentative with the sensitive bud between his lips.

He was aware of Misato next to him, but he did his best to tune her out, focusing all of his attention on pleasing Asuka. After all, he figured, he had ignored the redhead while he was sucking on Misato's fabulous tits... didn't he owe her the same consideration?

"Mmm," he grunted as he felt Misato's hand wrap around his semi-hard prick, stroking it lightly as the older woman continued to lick and suck at Asuka's other breast.

And Asuka... was in heaven. What was not to like, she figured. There were two hot mouths nipping and tugging at her hard-as-iron nipples, and someone – Misato by the size of the hand – was lightly stroking her inner thigh, making her already copious pussy juices run that much faster and harder.

"Oh!"

A soft gasp filled the air as the redhead felt a smoothly manicured finger run up and down her pussy lips, then easily dip inside, seeking her soaking channel at the exact same moment that Shinji decided he would like to see how her ass felt in his hand... which, incidentally, felt very good indeed. Asuka's body began trembling. Almost all of her erogenous zones were being stimulated at the same time, sending signals to her pleasure center in increasingly intense waves and making her LITERALLY weak in the knees.

"Mmm... mmmmm..." Asuka could not keep herself from whimpering as the tip of Misato's finger pulled out of her pussy and began lightly circling her erect clit, making the little nub pulse and throb. Faster and faster the older woman's skilled finger worked her, making Asuka's hips buck... and all the while, Shinji kept feeling her tight asscheeks and sucking her nipple, and Misato kept sucking, and the room kept spinning faster and faster, and then Misato pulled back and whispered.

"Come on, Asuka... let it go..."

And she did. Throwing her head back, Asuka cried out, her hips thrusting uncontrollably as she came on Misato's hand, her nerve endings kicking unimaginable amounts of feedback into her brain and signaling the single biggest rush of endorphins the young redhead had ever experienced. On and on her climax stretched as Misato and Shinji continued to lick and suck at her aching nipples, compounding her pleasure until the swirl of colors slowly faded, leaving the world around her somehow drab and boring.

Asuka took a step back, breaking from the other two with some difficulty (and reluctance) and dropping onto Misato's bed with a weak groan. "D-don't touch... me..." she panted as Shinji quickly stood and moved to the edge of the bed, reaching out to see if she was ok. "I just... I need a minute..."

She expected Misato to mutter 'lightweight' or something similar – some type of comment about how Asuka was not half the woman she was seemed inevitable... but instead, the older woman laid down next to her and forced Asuka to look at her, holding her head in place and giving her a deep, sumptuous kiss, slipping her tongue delicately into Asuka's mouth and lightly caressing her tender breasts.

"Shinji," Misato murmured as she broke away and looked deep into Asuka's eyes. "You should get on the bed and fuck Asuka, if she still wants to be the first... she's nearly dripping wet – it'll never be easier than right now."

Asuka swallowed, for once bowing to the older woman's superior knowledge. "Hand me those things," she murmured, pointing to the VCFs, "come on... she's right, it's now or..." she grinned weakly, "in an hour or two."

Shinji nodded, picking the box of contraceptives up and tearing it open with hands that would not quite stop trembling. He handed Asuka one of the foil-wrapped packages and looked away, allowing her a moment of relative privacy to insert it.

"Ok, I'm ready."

He turned around, swallowing as he stared at the redhead's lithe body, spread out on the bed in preparation for him, and him alone. He took in her firm, scrumptious breasts, rising and falling with every uneven breath she took. Moving down, he marveled at her hard, flat stomach, perfectly shaped from an unyielding, NERV-tailored exercise regimen designed specifically to make her the fittest, most effective pilot she could be. And finally, his attention came to rest on the glorious, glistening wonder that was her pussy. Her lips were parted slightly – a result of the fingering Misato had given her coupled with her intense orgasm – and shone with her abundant juices, waiting only for him to come and part them with his rock-hard cock, which had quickly recovered from the breathtaking blowjob the two had given him.

At her side, Misato was equally ravishing, her older, more mature body tempting for other reasons. Her firm, hefty tits swayed with every move she made, creating an almost hypnotic pattern as the woman rolled onto her side, propping her head up on one hand and lightly caressing Asuka's taut stomach with the other as she watched Shinji's every move.

"You know something?" Misato whispered as Shinji carefully climbed onto the bed, "I've always wanted to watch someone do it for the first time..."

Asuka bit her bottom lip, deciding that she should put her hands up over her head to keep from pushing Shinji away in her nervousness. "You know something?" she muttered, closing her eyes as Shinji grasped his cock by the base and moved it closer to her waiting pussy, "I wish you'd shut up."

Misato chuckled softly. "You want to hold my hand when he puts it in?"

"Fuck off."

Asuka hissed as Shinji touched his cock to her pussy, pushing lightly against her sensitive clit.

"Too high," she whispered, putting her hands on his upper arms as he leaned over her, "move down a little bit, Shinji – it's too- ahh!!"

The redhead's face went pale as Shinji, hurrying to try and please her, found the right place... and plunged right in, the moisture from her orgasm providing more than adequate lubrication to allow his cock to drive all the way inside, brushing her maidenhood aside as if it was not even there. With a soft grunt, their pelvises met, and Shinji's shaft was balls-deep in Asuka's tight hole.

Asuka wanted to be mad. This was her First Time, for God's sake, and Shinji had just rammed it right into her! There was no poetry in this – no elegance or subtle distractions to keep her mind from the fact that he was deflowering her... there was just a swift thrust, and a hard cock stuffed into her throbbing pussy.

What came from her throat, however, was a low, satisfied, "Mmmmm..." as she licked her lips and looked up into Shinji's amazed eyes.

*That didn't even really hurt*, Asuka thought, shifting her hips a bit to make herself more comfortable, *he's in me... I'm not a virgin anymore, so...*

"Fuck me."

It was Shinji's turn to go pale, but he managed a nod, bracing himself with his hands on either side of Asuka's chest – just under her armpits – and pulling out a little ways. With a quick, unspoken prayer, he thrust forward, sheathing himself in Asuka's warm tunnel and trying not to pass out as the head of his cock reported pleasure rivaled only by Misato's talented mouth... and since this move did not get him any more angry looks from Asuka, he did it again. And again. And again – until, mere moments after he had first entered her, Shinji was fucking Asuka with slow, careful strokes, never looking away from her sparkling eyes.

Asuka resisted the temptation to close her eyes. *This is... fucking incredible*, she thought with some amazement, *God, this feels good! His cock is so damn hard... but it doesn't hurt – it feels like it should be there... like it belongs there.* She tilted her hips up a bit, gasping as she felt something warm and wet descend on her right nipple. *Misato...*

The older woman was looking up into Asuka's face as she licked and sucked at the girl's sensitive skin, her eyes dancing with mischief as if to say, 'NOW do you see why I like it so much?'

And Asuka did.

She could easily see why everyone talked about sex in whispers and giggles – it was amazing. She could feel every inch of Shinji's dick as it forced its way in and out of her tight pussy. The most she had ever put into herself while masturbating was two fingers – and that had felt bold to her at the time – but Shinji's cock felt three times that size, forcing her swollen lips apart and making them conform to his shape.

As he thrust in and out of her, seemingly unaware that he was moving faster every few minutes, Asuka (with what was left of her rapidly deteriorating reasoning ability) made another discovery: sometimes it really was ok to let someone else be in control.

"Oh yeah – like that!"

Shinji was panting as he leaned back to give Misato more space. He wanted to say something to Asuka – to somehow let her know that he had really wanted to have this experience with her alone – but it seemed unnecessary now. Having Misato there was not that bad, and while he had intended his first time to be with a single person, this way seemed somehow... appropriate. For them, anyway.

"Harder," Asuka urged, bringing her hips up to meet him with every thrust, "fuck me harder, Shinji... I want to FEEL it! God... this is good... it's so good!"

Asuka would think – much later – that the conversation of that night was definitely something that could have been improved upon. Screaming 'fuck me harder' seemed, in hindsight, rather vulgar and unneeded. After all, Shinji WAS fucking her pretty hard already, and grunting with every thrust, as if his sole intent was to screw her until either he passed out or she begged him to stop... which she definitely had no intention of doing at that point.

*I can't wait to try all that shit I've read about*, Asuka thought, somewhat astounded that she could have such a detached thought while having her pussy pounded like this. *I want to be fucked from the back... from the side... on my stomach... everywhere. I want to 69, and have him suck my tits for hours. I want to go down on him in a movie theater, and have him fuck me in school – God, I even want to have him fuck me in the ass, just to see how THAT feels! I want... I want to... I...*

"UHH!!!"

Shinji gasped as Asuka rose halfway off the bed, dislodging Misato from her breast and crushing her lips to his in a frenzied kiss as her body arched against his. He could feel her pussy walls clamping down around his cock as her tongue rammed into his mouth, wildly fencing with his own as she possessively wrapped her fingers in his hair and yanked him down on top of her, writhing and convulsing as a massive orgasm ripped through her slender body.

"Uhhh..." Asuka moaned again, weaker this time, as she let her arms fall back to her sides. "S... slow down... a bit..." she begged, wrapping her legs around Shinji's thrusting buttocks, "Mmmm... do it slow now... yeah... oh that was

incredible..." She slowly opened her eyes as she felt Shinji stop, his cock buried all the way inside her as he tried to catch his breath. "What's wrong?" she whispered, lifting herself on her elbows to give him a soft kiss.

"I..." Shinji swallowed, panting for breath as he shook sweat out of his eyes, "I... came..." he managed, his shoulders shaking from the exertion of holding his body up.

Asuka nodded, keeping her legs wrapped around him as she noticed a great deal of moisture leaking from her tired pussy. "I guess you... liked it too, huh...?" she murmured, finally allowing her eyes to drift closed. "Sorry you... didn't get to... have him... 'sato..."

At her side, Misato yawned and stretched. "Mmm, no big deal," she hummed, putting her right arm behind her head and staring up at the ceiling with a small, secretive little smile. "For one thing, it's only midnight... there's PLENTY of time left to play around." Her smile grew a bit as Shinji eased out of Asuka and collapsed on her other side, still breaking hard. "And for another... I think this is only the beginning for us. Don't you?"

When Asuka and Shinji made no reply, Misato glanced over at them, chuckling softly as she found the two already drifting off with identical, dream-like smiles on their faces.

*Yeah, she told herself, pulling the sheet up from the bottom of the bed and covering them all, this is just the beginning. And don't worry that I didn't get to have him this time, Asuka... I will soon – BELIEVE that.*

With this thought in mind, Misato leaned over and kissed the two pilots, one by one. Then she put an arm over her eyes and slowly drifted off to sleep, already imagining all that they would do together.

#### Bonus Scene

(because Omakes aren't always jokes)

"Sempai?" Maya knocked on Ritsuko's apartment door, frowning as no answer was immediately forthcoming. "Sempai... are you here?"

*Strange, she thought, pushing the door open and peering into the dark hallway beyond, she told me to just come in if she didn't answer, but...*

"Hellllooo??"

Maya bit her lip, hesitating for a moment before crossing the threshold. She knew her way around Ritsuko's apartment, of course, having been there on several occasions, so she knew that this hallway went for about ten feet before terminating in the apartment's small living room. On the right side of the hallway was the door to the bedroom – currently open, though dark – and on the left was the bathroom, whose door was firmly shut, with no light leaking from underneath it.

"S-sempai...?"

*This is... huh, she always keeps a light on, she told herself, venturing further into the apartment and trying to will her eyes to adjust to the gloom. She glanced into the bedroom, seeing nothing but darkness, and continued on towards the living room.*

Her sempai would never use the bathroom with the lights out, she considered it too low-brow, so Maya didn't even tap on the door.

"Sempai??"

By this point, the dark and quiet were unnerving the young tech. She reached the living room, carefully extending her hand just inside and feeling around for the light switch.

**Click. Click.**

*Nothing...!*

With a sigh, Maya took a single step into the living room, trying to imagine the layout of the kitchen and bring to mind exactly where her superior kept the candles.

She didn't get a chance to take another.

"Wha-UH!"

Maya grunted as something hit her from behind, a larger, physically stronger form steamrolling her into the wall as a hand clamped over her mouth.

"Don't make a sound."

A powerful shiver ran through Maya's body as she instinctively froze.

The other person's free hand wrapped around her waist, pulling her into a tight embrace, and in the recesses of her mind, Maya registered the telltale curves of another woman. "D-don't hurt me..." she pleaded as the hand was removed, tangling in her hair and yanking her head back so hard it made her eyes tear. "Please..."

"Shut... up."

Maya gasped as the woman's free hand reached up and grasped the lapel of her NERV uniform, ripping it wide open with sudden, vicious force. A soft hiss slipped past her lips as the woman's hand slipped up her bare stomach, roughly fondling her left breast.

"Your nipples are hard," the woman growled, "and look at this bra... what a slut..."

Maya blushed. The bra in question was made of black mesh, and was nearly transparent. She had bought it on a dare from her friend Yume in Section 3, and could not even remember why she had chosen to wear it that night.

She cried out as the woman pinched her stiff nipple, sending a jolt of pleasure through her body. "P-please," she sobbed, "don't hurt me."

"I warned you to shut up."

Maya's breath was taken away as the woman whirled her around and slapped her across the face, knocking her into the wall. "OW!!"

"Oh God, Maya I'm so sorry!"

In an instant, the fantasy dissolved. "I'm... I'm ok," Maya said weakly, rubbing the back of her head. "Don't stop..."

In the dim light from the front door, she could see the concern on Ritsuko's face, and in spite of her assurance that she was fine, the older woman did not continue with the elaborate scenario they had come up with the day before. Maya had honestly thought that her lover wasn't taking her seriously when she'd detailed the rape fantasy, so she truly was taken off guard. And now, due to a little bump on the head, the mood was gone.

"I'm sorry," Maya sighed, leaning back against the wall and closing her eyes. "Do you just want to go to the bedroom, or whaummm!"

Her eyes sprang back open as Ritsuko abruptly shoved her back into the wall, clamping her mouth over Maya's and thrusting her tongue into the younger woman's mouth.

"Mmmm, Sempai!!" Maya panted, lifting her arms to allow the blond to pull off the tattered remains of her shirt. "Uhh!! Ooo, I like this..." she gasped, throwing her head back as her superior attacked her breasts, licking and sucking at them through the thin fabric of her sheer bra. "Mmm... tell me what happened so I can make sure it happens again!!"

Ritsuko made no reply, focusing her attention on mauling her young lover's delectable, apple-sized tits. In her mind, she could hear Misato's voice – clear as

day – murmuring, ‘That’s right... you... me... and him, as soon as we get home.’ And Asuka’s answering whisper of, ‘Do you have condoms?’

“AAhhh!” Maya cried out as the blonde bit down on her right nipple, sending a jagged bolt of pleasure/pain almost directly into her leaking pussy. “Yes, God I love it!” she babbled, immediately parting her legs as Ritsuko’s right hand shot up between them. “Oh play with my pussy – like that LIKE THAT!!”

Clenching her eyes closed, Ritsuko grabbed Maya’s left leg, lifting it up off the floor and draping it over her shoulder as she knelt between the younger woman’s thighs. *I can’t believe it*, she thought, tearing Maya’s panties off almost automatically, *They’re going to fuck – all three of them... right in her own fucking apartment!*

“OH GOD!!”

Maya shrieked and wrapped her fingers convulsively in Ritsuko’s hair as the woman latched onto her throbbing clit. Usually the blonde liked to tease and torment Maya until she begged to come, but tonight she was unlike anything the younger woman had felt before. She was passionate... driven – as if she was furious about something and was trying to make Maya pay for it somehow. Which, if it made her feel like this, was just fine with the younger tech.

“Uh uh uh,” Maya panted, “I’m gonna come – I’m gonna COME!! Ritsukohhhh...!!”

Almost cruelly, Ritsuko drove three of her slender fingers into Maya’s spasming pussy, driving them in and out as the tech screamed her name, climaxing with a rush of sweet juices all over the blonde’s face.

Long into the night – keeping her in the hallway – Ritsuko worked Maya’s slit, making the younger woman come over and over again until she was lying on the floor and deliriously mewling that she loved her sempai with all her heart and soul, begging her not to stop no matter what – anything to keep the seemingly endless cycle of orgasms she was feeling rolling over and over through her aching body.

When she finally passed out, Ritsuko barely noticed... she simply continued licking lightly at the young woman’s sex, imagining that it was Misato there screaming her name. A fantasy she had long denied herself because she knew that the purple-haired woman was as much a whore for men as Maya was for her.

But as Maya groaned and began to stir again, Ritsuko smiled to herself. *If she’s willing to do it with ASUKA then she’ll do it with me... I might have to get her drunk first, but she’ll do it with me – I guaran-fucking-tee it.*

With renewed vigor, she attacked Maya’s soaking hole, already plotting the best way to get her old college friend in a compromising position and thanking whatever god was in heaven that the button on Misato’s intercom had a tendency to stick...

The End... for now.

Notes on teh schex: you don’t get notes with this! Come on! It’s a piece of sex-fluff – what could there POSSIBLY be to note?!?!

You can feedback if you know how to find me. Otherwise, well, just send out those good karma waves and they’ll get to me. Oh, and donations – I love donations. :P

Avalon did some pre-reading and made sure this wasn’t as bad as it could have been. Thank him for it, or he might not do it again.

-Rx7

## Second Stage – Voyeuristic

“Hey Shinji,” Asuka murmured, tapping her finger idly on the table, “is there anyone at school you like?”

It was an afternoon like any other, with the sun as hot as usual and the cicadas just as loud as usual. The two teens, following what was quickly becoming a habit – or even ritual – were waiting until the sun went down to engage in their favorite pastime.

Shinji looked up from his magazine. “Ummm, couple people,” he said quietly. Since the first night with Asuka and Misato, Shinji had become more forthcoming with the intimate details of his life. Of course, this honesty only extended to Misato and Asuka, but a certain bond had developed between the trio – a bond forged in sexuality, but tempered in emotion.

“Anyone you’d do it with...?”

Looking back to the article he was reading, Shinji frowned. “Why would I want to?” he asked simply, wondering why the Second was testing him on this.

A weeks and a half prior, he had mentioned – very innocently, actually – that Rei was looking very nice that day.

Asuka had not let him touch her for two days.

“Come on,” Asuka pressed quietly, “I really want to know – and don’t say Ayanami... I already know what you think of her, pervert.”

Shinji sighed deeply. “One or two,” he muttered, knowing that a lie would be detected immediately. He never had been good at deception, and the idea of lying to someone he was having sex with on a nightly basis seemed downright preposterous.

“How about Horaki?”

Setting the magazine aside, Shinji glanced at her, trying to read her neutral expression. “She’s... yeah, she’s pretty...” he whispered finally, adding a soft shrug to show that it did not matter that much to him. “I like you more, though.”

Asuka snorted. “Well I’d hope so,” she grumbled, “we’ve been doing it for weeks!”

“Mmm,” Shinji hummed noncommittally, reopening his magazine and trying to find his article again.

Silence stole over the two for several minutes, broken when Asuka rose to her feet, pulled Shinji’s magazine out of his hands, straddled his hips, draped her wrists over his shoulder and looked him in the eyes, murmuring, “I want to watch you fucking Hikari.”

Shinji just gaped. No matter how he tried to force his mind around it, there simply was no other interpretation of the redhead’s words – but for the life of him, he could not understand why she had spoken them.

“I’m serious,” Asuka whispered after a moment of quiet. “I want to watch while you fuck Hikari Horaki... in your bed, on the couch, on the floor, I don’t care – but I want to see it... and I don’t want her to know I’m there.”

“Wh-why?!” was all Shinji could say, finding his voice as he stared into Asuka’s crystal blue eyes. “Why would you... why...??”

Asuka pursed her lips. “I couldn’t explain it to you if I tried,” she said calmly, “but I’ve been fantasizing about it for a week now.”

"But... but you watch me and Misato do it like, every night, almost..." Shinji pointed out.

"I know," Asuka nodded, "and that's hot... but I want to see Hikari's face when you stick it in her – I want to see what she looks like when she comes."

Shinji averted his eyes. "It sounds like you hate her," he said quietly.

Asuka's lips quirked up. "Hikari's my best friend," she whispered, "and she told me one day... that the only way she could ever lose her virginity is if someone forced her."

"Whoa!" Shinji blurted. "Virginity?! FORCE?!? I can't-"

"Stop," Asuka cut in sharply. "Listen." She waited for Shinji to stop sputtering, then said, "She *wants* to be forced, Shinji... I talked to her about it for two hours on Saturday. She wants a man she likes to force himself on her and take away her control. Her father's really strict, I guess, and has told all her all of her life that he doesn't even want them to get married because there's no man out there good enough for his little girls. The only way she'll ever be able to enjoy sex is if it's not her choice, Shinji – we'll be doing her a favor."

"I... I don't know," Shinji stammered, "It... it sounds like... like rape, Asuka."

For the first time since her unusual conversation starter, Asuka looked uncertain... but she quickly pressed forward. "It's not, Shinji... she told me that's what she wants. It might not be how she *thought* it would be, but it's her fantasy..."

"But you said she wants it to be someone she likes," Shinji reminded her, "she doesn't like me."

"Oh yes she does," Asuka grinned, "I asked."

"She... huh??"

Asuka nodded. "Mm hmm," she hummed, stealing a kiss from the boy as he stared at her, "I said, 'So who – in class – would you give it up to?'"

Shinji shook his head in amazement, stunned that girls actually had this kind of conversation. "And... and she said ME??"

"Well, you weren't her *first* choice," Asuka laughed, "but you *were* in the top five." Seeing that the boy still had doubts, she kissed him again, feeling his hardness against her panties. "Think about it," she breathed, slowly grinding against him, "the class rep... begging you to stop... then coming all over your cock and screaming your name. I know you like the idea... I can feel that..." To emphasize her point, Asuka ground herself harder against his stiff cock. "So will you do it...?"

Swallowing, Shinji said. "I... I don't know..."

Asuka nodded. "I know you don't, but I do," she murmured, shivering as she continued to rub her pussy against him, "you'd be fulfilling two fantasies, Shinji... and I know you've thought about doing it with her – she told me you used to stare at her during class."

Shinji blushed. "She... she knew?"

"DUH!!"

"And... you're SURE this is what she wants?" Shinji asked hesitantly, feeling an odd trickle of excitement work through his stomach as he laid his hands on Asuka's hips, moving her to a slightly more pleasurable position. "Really, really sure?"

"Yes, Shinji," Asuka sighed, "I'm positive."

"Really positive?"

"Yes."



“Really, really p-”

“Oh my GOD!” Asuka cried, “Yes, Shinji – I’m one hundred percent on this! Hikari said she likes you, she said she wants to be forced the first time she gets fucked, and she said she wants to be forced by someone she likes. One, plus one, plus one, equals YOU inviting her over this weekend and giving her what she wants! Damn it, most guys would be all over this!”

Shinji looked away. “I am,” he mumbled, almost too quietly for her to hear, “I just... as long as she really wants t-”

“Ahh!!”

Conversation broke down at that point as Asuka decided she was getting nowhere. *I’ll work on it tomorrow*, she thought absently, yanking Shinji’s mouth to hers and kissing him roughly to show that talk-time was now over. *Tomorrow, the next day, and the day after – until you agree to do what I want!*

As it turned out, Shinji didn’t need more than the remainder of that afternoon – and the strongly persuasive sounds Asuka was prone to making when they were alone – to be convinced that Hikari could benefit from getting a little help in the passion department.

\*\*

Hikari arrived at Shinji’s apartment five minutes early, ringing the doorbell with the slightest hint of trepidation. It was unusual enough that Ikari had asked her over to study in the first place, but when he had offhandedly mentioned that his guardian would be out, Hikari had found herself inexplicably uneasy.

*Stop it*, she told herself firmly, *it’s IKARI, for crying out loud! You know, the cute, quiet one. He might look a little, but he’d never do anything... which is kind of too bad.*

Unconsciously, Hikari straightened her hair as she waited, trying to push aside the suddenly exciting idea that Shinji might have invited her over to tell her he liked her. She had made no secret of the fact that she kind of liked the reclusive pilot, but she seriously doubted that he knew she existed. She had spotted him looking at her a couple times in class, but she did not really think that much of it, since he often looked at Ayanami and Souryu as well.

*No*, she thought with a mental sigh, *I’m sure this is actually for school... not that I’d really mind if he wanted to ask me out, I guess, but-*

She cut the thought off as the door finally opened. “S-sorry about that,” Shinji said awkwardly, “I was in the shower...”

Hikari blushed. “Well, er, that’s...”

*I did NOT need to know that*, she thought uncomfortably, shifting from one foot to the other as Shinji apologized again. *You don’t... tell someone that when they’re coming over to study! Oh man – now I’m picturing it!*

What she did not know, of course, was that this was the intent. Asuka had carefully plotted several offhand comments for Shinji to make – seemingly innocuous and mundane, naturally, but designed specifically to undermine Hikari’s defenses from the subconscious level up.

‘But take it slow,’ she had warned Shinji the night before, ‘throw out a few comments to get her thinking about fucking, offer her some lemonade or something to put her at ease, study for a while, more comments, a little smile, then say you need something from your room and ask if she wants to come with. If she goes for it – you’re in... trust me, I know Hikari’s mind. Once she’s on the bed, she won’t put up a fight. But if she says no, she’s either already figured out what you’re trying to do, or she’s not horny enough to be intrigued by the idea of being alone with a boy in his room. Then the whole plan’s shot – so DON’T push it until she’s in your room!’

“Can I... come in?”

Shinji was shaken from his thoughts, quickly stepping to the side as Hikari flashed him an amused smile. "S-sorry!"

Hikari laughed, immediately feeling more at ease as Shinji stepped out of the way, allowing her into the apartment. *Yeah*, she thought ironically, *I think I'm safe here...*

She followed Shinji into the kitchen, seeing that his schoolbooks were already arranged carefully on one side of the table. "Should I sit here?" she asked, pointing to the seat next to the one Shinji was sliding into. "Or over here?"

Shinji considered it, surveying the scene carefully for a moment. "Well," he said slowly, "here, I guess... it'll be easier to work together that way, won't it?" When Hikari nodded, he sighed thankfully. "Thanks again for doing this," he said weakly, "I don't know how I'd get it done without you – I'm not as good at science stuff as you are. I saw your project for the science fair... it was awesome."

"Thanks," Hikari said, grinning foolishly at the open praise. "But it wasn't that good..."

"Do you want some lemonade...?"

And so it began. They studied for an hour and a half, giving Shinji plenty of opportunity to praise Hikari and slip more innuendos into the conversation. Somehow – even he could not tell you quite how – he managed to work into their idle chit-chat the fact that he slept in the nude, liked a few girls in class (averting his eyes as he said it, for added effect), and had been reprimanded recently at NERV HQ for being too forceful in combat.

All of these facts seemed to have the desired result, distracting Hikari to the point that she started losing her place, giving Shinji more and more considering looks as he calmly jotted a few lines in his spiral bound notebook. *Too forceful, huh...* she thought, biting her lip and quickly looking back to their textbook as Shinji glanced up and gave her a timid smile. *Stop... thinking like that!* she berated herself, returning the smile as she tucked a loose bit of hair behind her ear. *Man, I should go soon – I'm getting all hentai!*

"Hmm," Shinji hummed, looking at the stacks of papers on the table. "I know I had some more notes on thermal expansion." He pushed his chair away from the table, stretching and yawning as he said, "They're probably in my room... you wanna help me look for them?"

Hikari felt her cheeks warm slightly. "I, umm... that's not really... appropriate," she muttered.

Shinji blinked, looking embarrassed. "It isn't?" he said quietly. "Wow... I didn't know that..."

"Well," Hikari said quickly, "it's... I don't know, my dad always said it wasn't, but I've never... no one else at school..." she trailed off, feeling a sudden stab of resentment towards her father. "You know what?" she pushed her chair back from the table, "Never mind – I'll help."

Had she not been so determined to defy her father's edict, Hikari might have noticed the look of relief on Shinji's face and questioned why, exactly, it mattered to him that she come into his room when no one else was home. As it was, she simply followed him towards his room, hesitating on the threshold for a moment before clenching her hand into a determined fist and stepping inside, absently closing the door behind her.

*Whoa!* she thought, feeling somewhat breathless, *In a boy's room with the door closed – dad would FREAK!* Shaking her head, she mused, *Funny... somehow I always thought it would be Touji's room I ended up in.*

She glanced over, finding Shinji just closing his closet door. "Hmm," he said, his voice holding the strangest hint of forced lightness, "not in there... maybe over here." He walked over to the desk in the corner of his room, 'accidentally' brushing Hikari's hand with his own as he passed by. "Sorry," he murmured, "do you want to sit on the bed while I look?"

Feeling deliciously wicked, Hikari nodded.

"Sure."

*HA!* she thought triumphantly, *What do you think of that, Daddy?? I'm in a boy's room, with the door closed – ON HIS BED!* She swallowed as another thought occurred to her. *I'm on Ikari's bed... alone... wow – this is kind of sexy.* She shook her head as Shinji asked if she could see a stack of papers next to the bed with red pen all over them. *I... really shouldn't be here,* she thought sadly, *Ikari wouldn't do anything, I know... but... but I'm kind of wanting him to now! ...I should go.*

She started to rise, but stopped as Shinji cried, "Found them! Ok..."

*Well,* she thought, her eyes darting guiltily to the front of Shinji's pants, *maybe just a few more minutes...*

"Here," Shinji said, dropping onto the bed next to her with a discrete glance at the closet, "take a look at this."

Hikari leaned closer, unconsciously breathing through her nose and inhaling Shinji's scent as she took the papers. *Too far!* she thought frantically, *You're pushing too far! ...God he smells good, though, if I could just-*

"Mmm!!"

The papers fell to the floor with a soft rustling as Shinji suddenly tilted his head to the side and put his hand on Hikari's, pressing his lips tightly to hers in an unmistakable, open-mouthed kiss. Hikari sat frozen as the boy put a hand on her shoulder, turning her to face him more completely and gently running his tongue across her lips.

*What's... happening...?* she thought, thoroughly dazed. *Ikari...?*

Her paralysis broke as Shinji gently eased her head to the side and brought his lips down to her exposed neck. "Ik...ari...!" she gasped, her eyes widening as she felt his lips touch the sensitive skin. "Ikari, you... you shouldn't... do that..."

Shinji ignored her, continuing to suckle at her soft throat, his hand squeezing hers on the bed as he leaned in closer to her.

"C-come on," Hikari groaned, unconsciously tipping her head further to the side, "stop it now, Ikari... I... I don't... uhh..."

She gasped as Shinji's free hand cupped her left breast, gently massaging it through her thin blouse. Her nipple was instantly hard, and when Shinji's fingers found and wrapped around it, Hikari groaned again, her mouth hanging open as he expertly fondled her.

*Don't...* she thought dizzily, offering little resistance as Shinji's hand deftly undid the middle three buttons on her blouse and eased it open, exposing one side of her simple white bra. *Don't... do that...*

But no matter how she tried, her mouth would not quite form the words.

Somehow, the synapses were not firing in the correct order, or being intercepted, or SOMETHING, because for some unfathomable reason she was allowing a boy to touch her breast and kiss all over her neck.

*Daddy would be furious...*

Shinji, sensing that the door was definitely open, leaned down, pulling the cup of Hikari's bra to the side and wrapping his lips around her nipple. "Uhhhh!!" Hikari hissed between her teeth, her back going instantly rigid as Shinji sucked her stiff nipple into his hot mouth, lashing it with the tip of his tongue as his hand slipped swiftly up her thigh.

*What's... happening to me?!* Hikari thought desperately, feeling her legs instinctively parting as Shinji's hand brushed the front of her panties, the small bones on the knuckle of his forefinger pressing ever so slightly between her lips. *Why can't I talk...?*

Licking her lips, Asuka peered through the slats of the closet door, her hand straying to the front of her panties as she watched Shinji finger Hikari through hers. From her vantage point, she could see the bright red flush on Hikari's face, and after a moment, a soft 'shluck, shluck, sluck,' filled the air.

Hikari could only whimper as Shinji pulled her panties to the side and slipped two of his fingers into her wet pussy, sliding them quickly in and out as he bit down on her nipple with gentle, but intense pressure. *Don't do that to me...* she thought frantically, feeling the bed suddenly come up to meet her back as Shinji pushed her carefully down. *I'm not that kind of girl... I'm... don't... uhh...*

Eventually, even thoughts failed her as Shinji's middle finger idly stroked her quickly swelling clit. Hikari felt her hips rising to meet his fingers as he pulled away from her breast, and to her horror, it took all of her effort not to pull his wonderful mouth back to her nipple.

*Why did I – no! No don't...!!*

Obviously unable to hear her mental plea, Shinji slid down between Hikari's legs and tugged her soaking wet panties off of her, throwing them carelessly to the side.

"N...n..."

Shinji hesitated for a moment, almost letting Hikari complete the denial... but then he steeled himself, Asuka's assurance that the class rep wanted this ringing in his mind as he slipped his hands behind Hikari's knees and levered them apart, lowering his mouth to her oozing gash.

"Oh...OH!!" Hikari cried out, her hips bucking as Shinji's tongue dipped into her. "Ik...ari..." she whined, "n... no, don't... that's... ohhhh..."

Asuka bit her bottom lip, keeping her breathing quiet and even as she watched Shinji gently going down on her best friend. *Yeah*, she thought, hardly blinking as Shinji pushed Hikari's legs further apart and began eating her for real, making broad, long strokes with the widest part of his tongue – like an artist painting his masterwork. *It's good, isn't it, Hikari? I knew you'd like this – I knew you would! God, I better stop touching myself or I'll come...*

After several minutes, Shinji felt that the muscles in Hikari's legs had lost their tension, so he stopped pushing on them, afraid that he might actually be hurting her. His reward was a soft moan and a tentative hand touching the top of his head as he lapped at the girl's neatly trimmed mound. Encouraged, he released her legs entirely, using his fingers to spread her further apart – recalling how Asuka and Misato liked it when he really went deep – and pushed his tongue all the way into her slippery hole.

"Oh GOD!" Hikari cried, her fingers wrapping in Shinji's hair as she bit the knuckles on her free hand. Her back arched as Shinji expertly delved deep into her, holding her lips apart with his fingertips and licking the darkest, most private corners of her throbbing pussy. "N...no..." she moaned, shaking her head in denial as Shinji pulled back and delicately licked her clit, "p-put it back... inside..."

Hikari's thighs began trembling as the boy put his hands on the back of her knees once more, pushing them up onto her chest and opening her pussy like a wet, defenseless tulip. She felt her lips spread of their own accord as Shinji gently blew on them... and she knew, in that instant, that she was lost.

"Yes – YES!!"

Holding her legs for him, Hikari urged Shinji to put his fingers on her swollen vaginal lips, no longer caring if this was right or wrong as long as he kept making her feel this way. His tongue was so deep in her that she thought she was going to go crazy if he pulled it out, but at the same time, her clit was starting to throb, pulsing in time with her heartbeat as her orgasm drew nearer and nearer.

"Oh, *god*, that's so good!" she sobbed, "lick my clit, please – I want to come... oh, Shinji, PLEASE make me come!!"

Hikari's face went pale as Shinji did what she wanted, her freckles standing out in stark contrast as his soft lips wrapped around her sensitive bud, his tongue running slowly around it as one of his fingers lightly tickled her anus.

"AHHHHH!!!"

The sudden feel of his finger at her back door coupled with the soft flicking of her clit sent Hikari into the stratosphere. Her hips bucked violently as she came, pushing the tip of Shinji's finger just barely inside her tight asshole. The feel of this invasion drove Hikari wild, and she shook her head from side to side, throwing her head back to scream as one orgasm became two, sending spasms of ecstasy shooting through her body.

"Uhhh... uhhhhnnnnhhh..." Hikari moaned – half with disappointment – as Shinji slowly pulled away from her dripping pussy. Her eyes fluttered open as he rose to his feet and pulled his pants and underpants off before rejoining her on the bed, kneeling between her legs and stroking himself as he absently caressed her thigh.

"I'm going to fuck you now, Hikari..." Shinji whispered, staring into the girl's saucer-sized eyes. "Spread your legs a little wider for me."

Slowly, Hikari complied, her breathing shallow and labored as she looked down at Shinji's hard cock. "G-go... sl- be gentle...?"

Shinji nodded gravely. "You know I will," he said quietly.

Hikari swallowed, watching in fascination as Shinji's cock slowly moved forward, brushing her sensitive labia with a careful up and down movement, gathering up some of her juices as Shinji grasped her by the backs of her thighs, holding her legs up and apart... leaving her pussy totally unprotected.

From the closet, Asuka had a perfect view of Shinji's cock spreading Hikari's pussy lips wide open, hesitating for a moment before starting to push between them. Her eyes shot to Hikari's face, watching the other girl's expression as Shinji slowly plunged into her. Asuka knew from experience that Hikari must have been dripping wet – you can't get eaten out and come on someone's face without being soaked down there – but she was concerned that the class rep might change her mind at feeling Shinji coming into her.

"OhhhhhHHHHhhhh..."

Hikari's deep, throaty moan dispelled the idea that there was any pain involved. Asuka felt her mouth going dry as she watched Shinji's shaft disappear all the way into her best friend without so much as a pause, and in spite of her earlier resolution not to touch herself, Asuka found her palm on the front of her panties – rubbing very lightly, but touching all the same.

She bit her lip as Shinji's cock pulled back, glistening with Hikari's pussy juices in the light from the bulb overhead, and disappear back into the girl, a soft grunt of effort filling the room as Shinji's hips bumped Hikari's. Seemingly satisfied that he was not killing her, Shinji slowly began pumping himself in and out of Hikari's tight hole, keeping her legs spread wide as he watched his cock disappear over and over inside of the class rep's box. He stroked her long and deep and slow, wanting to make sure that he did not come too soon, and wanting to make it so Hikari was able to enjoy it.

And on that note, he did seem to be succeeding. "Oh fuck me..." Hikari moaned after several minutes, "oh I love your cock, Shinji... mmm this feels so GOOD! Don't... don't stop, Shinji... don't stop..."

Shinji was sweating. It took a lot of concentration not to blow his load the second Hikari moaned his name. She was every bit as tight as Asuka, and her pussy was sucking and grabbing at his dick with every stroke – as if her body did not want it to leave. He slowed down a bit more, resting her legs against his chest and putting one hand on his wall for support while his other gently squeezed Hikari's breasts.

"Mmmm," Hikari groaned her approval, her eyes fluttering back open... but not quite focusing as she whispered, "I can't believe you're fucking me... I can't

believe... your cock is inside me – it feels so... mmm... Shinji, go faster – I'm gonna come again...!"

Nodding, Shinji began to stroke her faster, finding her nipple through the thin fabric of her shirt and pinching it lightly.

Asuka watched breathlessly as Shinji picked up the pace, her right hand now caressing her pussy with far more force as she imagined his cock plunging in and out of her. She was half tempted to come out and join them, but that would ruin the fantasy – and it might freak Hikari out. She bit her lip to keep from moaning, hoping that Shinji would not be too spent to fuck her or at least eat her out for a while... after this, she NEEDED some attention from him.

Just watching, it seemed, was not going to be enough.

"Faster," Hikari urged, sweat now running freely over her face and matting her long hair to her neck. "Gonna come... Shinji, I'm going to... uhhaHHHH!!"

Hikari's third climax broke over her, sending pinwheels of light flashing behind her eyelids as she clenched her eyes closed. She felt her pussy clamping down around Shinji's cock, grasping it tightly as the muscles throughout her body fired at random, ultimately leaving her panting and spent on the bed.

She groaned weakly as Shinji pulled out of her, carefully easing her legs down and collapsing at her side, wrapping his arms around her waist and giving her a gentle, awkward kiss. After several minutes spent trying to catch her breath, Hikari realized that she was exhausted. She rolled onto her side, closing her eyes as her lungs finally stopped bellowing in and out, and laid a hand atop Shinji's forearm as he embraced her from behind.

Silence reigned for a time as Hikari pondered what had happened. "Shinji..." she whispered, not waiting for a reply before she asked, "did... Asuka tell you...?"

For a moment, she thought he might not reply, or that he would deny it, saying that he just wanted her that way. Finally, though, he replied, "Yeah... she told me you had a fantasy about this..."

"Mmm..." Hikari hummed, wondering why she was not mad. She had outlined her fantasy in confidence... and if it had only been an idle fantasy, rather than her deepest, darkest one, she might have screamed 'rape' before Shinji had even gotten her panties off. But somehow, deep down, she knew he would have stopped if she had really struggled or screamed 'NO!' rather than weakly mumbling it.

Or at least, she thought she knew that.

"Did you like it...?"

Hikari nodded automatically. "I loved it..." she whispered honestly, "I just... I had no idea you could be like that, Shinji."

"Neither did I," Shinji confessed with a weak laugh, "I almost stopped a few times..."

"I'm glad you didn't."

Slowly, Hikari turned to face him, looking him in the eyes.

"So was this a one-time thing?" she asked softly, "A favor for a friend kind of fantasy fulfillment? ...or are you going to have me over more often, Shinji?"

"Er, do you want to come over more...?" Shinji murmured, barely resisting the urge to look at the closet.

Hikari nodded. "I'll come over every night this week, if you'll do that to me again," she said seriously, "really. I had no idea it would be this good, Shinji. Everyone says things like, 'oh sex is overrated,' or, 'it's better than sex,' but as far as I can see... those are both lies – there's nothing better than this, and it is NOT overrated." She lowered her eyes as something occurred to her. "Are you... fucking Asuka, too...?"

Shinji looked embarrassed. "Y-yeah," he whispered, "I am..."

He decided that she did not need to know that he was sleeping with Misato as well... why make things more complicated.

"Do you think she'll mind sharing you with me?"

This time, Shinji did glance at the closet... but he could not see Asuka's eyes through the slat. "I, umm... well, she DID set this up," he confessed, once again leaving out a detail – the one about her still BEING there. "So I guess... I guess she must be alright with it."

Hikari sighed. "Good," she murmured, "because I want to try other things too, Shinji... I want to fuck every chance we get, alright?" She closed her eyes, blushing as she realized how she sounded. "I can't believe I just said that."

"It's alright," Shinji said honestly, "I've heard worse."

"Did you come...?" Hikari asked suddenly, propping herself up on one elbow and looking down at his cock. "I didn't feel anything."

Shinji shook his head. "I forgot to get a condom on," he said slowly.

Hikari laid her hand tentatively on his slick shaft. "I could... try sucking it for you," she offered hesitantly, slowly stroking her hand up and down.

"Not tonight," Shinji said gently, easily picking up on the note of fear in her voice, "but if you want to try another time."

"I do," Hikari said immediately, unable to meet his eyes, "I... I was serious when I said I want to try everything."

Shinji nodded as she released him and laid back on the bed. "Well," he said carefully, "I'm... sure we can figure out how to... to try new stuff. It might be kind of hard since Asuka and... and Misato are both here all the time, but-"

"You can come to my house sometimes," Hikari cut in, her voice suddenly excited, "ooo... I want you to fuck me on *my* bed, Shinji – *god* that would be so *hot!*"

Having no reply for this, Shinji simply repeated, "I'm sure we can figure it out," and excused himself to go clean up.

In the closet, Asuka was a jumble of mixed feelings. On the one hand, she really *did* want Hikari to be happy – the class rep was her best friend, and up until the moment she had screamed 'fuck me' Asuka doubted that the girl had ever so much as cursed above a whisper. But if she stood by and said nothing, then Hikari would want Shinji to fuck her all the time – which would mean that she and Misato would be left out in the cold!

*I'll talk to him about it when she's gone*, Asuka told herself, frowning as Hikari abruptly rose to her feet, *make sure he knows that WE'RE a top pri... what is she doing??*

Instead of pickling up her panties, Hikari was removing the rest of her clothes, tossing them quickly over the back of Shinji's chair and sitting on the edge of the bed with her hands folded carefully in her lap.

*What is she DOING?*

The answer came when Shinji came back into the room, blinking in surprise as he found Hikari naked in front of him. "Wh-"

"Shinji," Hikari said softly, sliding off of the bed and kneeling in the middle of the floor, "there's... a favor I want to ask you."

Shinji scratched his head, again glancing briefly to his closet before mumbling, "Umm, sure... sure, what is it?"

Hikari took a deep breath. "This was... incredible," she said quietly, "the way you... you just took control and... and *made* me come." She stared at the floor

for a minute, trying to formulate the right words to express herself. "I want to do more with you, Shinji, I really do – but I can't... let myself go. The way I was raised I just can't, so I need... I need to ask you... to force me – every time." She looked up, hope written all over her features. "Is that too much to ask, Shinji? I want... you to fuck me again – any way you want – I want to learn how to please you and... and I want you to... god, I don't even know what I'm saying... I don't even know what I want – all I know is that I have to have you tell me what to do, I can't just do it on my own, does that make sense??"

Asuka's mouth had fallen open, and as Shinji tried to find a suitable response, she found that she could not close it. *Damn*, she thought, stunned, *I had no idea it was THAT deep!!*

"So," Shinji said slowly, his head feeling to hot as he struggled to make all of the dots connect, "you... you want me to be your *master*, or something like that...?"

A violent shiver ran through Hikari's body. "I... hadn't thought of that," she breathed, licking her lips as her eyes grew far away.

"S-sorry," Shinji said quickly, "I didn't mean-"

"No, no," Hikari cut in, "that... sounds... kinda good, actually..." She looked up into Shinji's eyes, swallowing with some difficulty before whispering, "G-give me an order... Master..."

Asuka held her breath, mentally urging, *Come on, Shinji... she's begging you to be her master – I want to see this!*

Shinji's mouth slowly closed and he rose to his full height, turning his body so that his profile was facing the closet. "Come over here," he said, his voice trembling slightly as he pointed to a spot on the floor at his feet.

*Holy shit...!*

Finding that her mouth was entirely dry, Asuka barely contained a gasp of shock as the prim and proper class rep crawled on her hands and knees to Shinji, looking up at him for approval and humming softly as Shinji slowly patted her on the head.

"Hikari."

"Yes, Master...?"

Asuka nearly swooned as Shinji looked Hikari straight in the eyes and whispered, "I want you to suck my cock now."

Hikari shivered. "Yes, Master..." she whispered, rising to eye-level with Shinji's dick and immediately wrapping her lips around it.

*"I'm home!!"*

Everyone froze.

"Shinji? Asuka? Hello?"

Hikari started to pull back, but Shinji's hands shot down, grabbing her head and forcing her mouth back down around his cock. "I'm in my room, Misato," he called, lowering his voice and looking into Hikari's fearful eyes. "Don't stop sucking until I tell you to."

Asuka could hear Hikari breathing through her nostrils – wild and frantic, but excited – and she could clearly see the class rep nod, closing her eyes as she clumsily gave Shinji head for the first time.

"Where's Asuka?" she heard Misato call, "Ritsuko's here for dinner."

*Thank GOD!* Asuka thought. If the purple-haired woman had been alone, Asuka knew, she might have just slipped into Shinji's room for a quickie before dinner – but with company in the house, propriety would not allow her to even open the door without permission. *God loves the Japanese culture!*



"She's... around here somewhere," Shinji called back, slowly starting to thrust his cock in and out of Hikari's mouth, "I've... got a friend in here," he said boldly, "we're studying for a final."

"I know," Misato said, now standing right outside his door, "I saw the extra shoes by the door."

"Say hi," Shinji ordered, pulling free of Hikari's lips and guiding her hand to his spit-covered dick.

"Ummm, hi," Hikari called somewhat breathlessly, resting her forehead on Shinji's hip and unconsciously stroking his erection, "It's... me, Major – Hikari Horaki... how are you?"

There was a slight pause. "Oh, hi Hikari," Misato said finally, her voice slightly unsure, "I'm good, how are you?"

"I'm... good," Hikari replied, trying to sound casual as she brought her lips back to Shinji's cock, licking and kissing at it wildly as her self-control was crushed by her arousal. "Just... getting ready for a test!"

Asuka's hand was on her pussy again, and as Hikari's mouth wrapped around Shinji's dick, quickly bobbing up and down while Misato said, "Well, you guys do your best," she came. She had to bite her lip to keep from screaming, but it was just too hot not to let go. Her best friend was kneeling in front of Shinji and sucking his dick while Misato stood less than three feet away – and the only thing keeping her from seeing was an inch of cheap fiberboard and laminate.

"We will," Shinji promised, taking Hikari's head firmly between his hands and adding – almost as an afterthought, "can Hikari stay for dinner?"

Hikari grunted as Shinji came in her mouth, swallowing his sticky sperm in three quick gulps as Misato replied, "Sure – the more the merrier. I bought a couple frozen pizzas, so it should be ready in about ten minutes."

Shinji let out a long, quiet sigh as Hikari licked and sucked at his quickly shrinking tool. "We'll be there," he murmured, stroking her chestnut hair with the tips of his fingers and looking into her eyes. "That was... wow, Hikari," he whispered as Misato's footsteps moved off down the hall.

Slowly pulling back from his shaft, Hikari panted, "Th-thank you... Master..."

She shivered as Shinji reached down and swabbed a drop of semen off of her chin, offering it to her with a glint in his eye. Unhesitatingly, she took his finger in her mouth, sucking up the last drop of his seed and swallowing it with a very content expression.

"Get dressed and go in the kitchen," Shinji said softly, "tell them I'll be out in a minute."

"May I... use the bathroom first, Master?" Hikari asked hesitantly, "I'm... I'm all sweaty – they'll know..."

For a moment, she thought Shinji might say 'no – fuck them, I don't care if they know!' and if that happened... well, she would have done as she was told – hell, at that point, as turned on as she was, Hikari most likely would have gone into the kitchen naked and announced to anyone that was willing to hear that she had just sucked, fucked, and been eaten by Shinji Ikari, and she was undoubtedly hoping for a repeat performance as soon as she could get it.

As it was, however, Shinji simply nodded and said, "Yeah, that's a good idea... I'll see you out there in a minute."

"Yes, Master..."

Shinji watched her reach for her clothes, impulsively whispering, "Leave your underwear off," as she started to dress.

Hikari's breath caught as she imagined him fingering her under the table, and she quickly nodded, "Yes, Master, I understand..."

Giving her a quick kiss, Shinji slid the door open so she could scamper into the bathroom. As soon as the door was closed, he whipped around and tore the closet open. "Asuka! Are you ok?!"

The redhead was leaning against the wall of the closet, panting for breath. Her hair was tousled and matted to her face, and her panties were resting on the floor at her feet... and even in the darkness of the closet, Shinji could easily see that her thighs were glistening with her pussy juices – a testament to what she must have thought of the encounter.

"M-Master...?" Asuka gasped, taking Shinji's hand as he helped her out, "you're her... master, now...?"

Shinji blushed. "She... wanted me to," he muttered, "sorry..."

Asuka tried to push him up against the wall, but only succeeded in collapsing into his arms. "You're... mine, first," she groaned weakly, "b-be her master if you h-have to... but you're... mine when you're h-here..."

Smiling, Shinji wrapped his arms around her. "I understand." He kissed her sweaty forehead, hesitating before whispering, "I'll let you know before she comes over next time so you can watch u-"

"D-don't!" Asuka hissed, shivering violently, "don't... say stuff like that... I just came five times in there – all at once! Are you trying to kill me...??"

"You'd better get cleaned up," Shinji mumbled tactfully, "unless you want to tell them you were working out in your room."

Asuka snorted, indulging in another few seconds of leaning against him. "Since when did you grow a sense of humor?" she quipped, starting to push back. "Next thing you know, you'll be telmmmm..."

She was cut off as Shinji put a finger under her chin and tilted her head up, pressing his lips carefully to hers. Asuka could taste Hikari's juices on Shinji's tongue, an inexplicably arousing taste, and despite her admonition of a few seconds prior, she found herself pressing up against him, her sopping lips grinding against his thigh as she imagined the sex they would have once the house was quite.

"What was that f-"

"You'll always be the first," Shinji murmured, looking into her eyes without a trace of manipulation or guile. "No matter what happens, it was always you I wanted first..."

Asuka was unable to match his intensity. "Yeah, I know," she murmured, resting her head on his shoulder, "just don't ever forget that."

"I won't."

They stayed in each other's arms for a moment, lost in the flood of emotion that had started this seemingly unstoppable sexual rollercoaster. Then Asuka pulled back, kissed him one last time, and made her way to the bathroom, taking one final look back at the Third Child as an intensely possessive thought flickered through her mind.

*I was the first... and damn it – tonight I'm going to be the next! Misato can fucking play with herself if she wants, but you are all mine tonight, Shinji... and if you want to tell me what to do a little, well that's fine – but the whole master and servant thing won't fly... that can be you and Hikari's game. With me... with me I want the real thing. Give and take... eye to eye... everything for everything – and I won't settle for even one bit less!*

The end... for now.

Notes on teh schex: what? what do you want me to say here?? I'm only putting notes here at all out of habit – this is a fluffy sex piece, nothing more. You want

deep characterization? Go read Wolfsoul or RedHorseman, cuz you ain't a gonna find it here!

If you want to feedback, you'll know how to find me.

Oh, and Avalon did some pre-reading on this chapter, too, making sure it didn't cross the line into total suckage.

-Rx7

## Third Stage – The Seductor

Asuka gasped as quietly as she could, lifting her hips and bringing her pussy slowly back down around Shinji's cock. "Shh," she hummed, leaning forward for a quick kiss, "don't make so much noise..."

"I'm t-trying," Shinji stuttered, grabbing the redhead's waist and forcing her to slow her rhythm. "Stop... moving so fast – you're gonna make me come too soon!"

Biting her lip, Asuka replied, "Mmm, deal with it... I can't help it – your dick feels too good tonight."

Shinji's room was nearly pitch-black. Even the light that normally filtered in under his door had been blocked out by a hastily wadded up tee shirt. The two Children could barely even see each other... but as comfortable as they had become over the past few weeks with one another's bodies, neither really minded.

"Can't believe... she sucked you off in the hallway..."

It had been a rather fascinating twelve hours. Dinner had been quiet, and the conversation had been surprisingly easy for Shinji, considering that three of the women sitting at the table were his lovers – one of them receiving that title a mere twenty minutes prior to the time Misato had started her third beer. They had discussed mundane topics with Doctor Akagi for over an hour, with both Hikari and Asuka sneaking discrete strokes on Shinji's thigh until Hikari had announced – very reluctantly – that she really had to get going.

As Shinji had led her to the front door, the girl had breathlessly whispered, "I want to suck you again, Master."

Taking a nervous glance over his shoulder, Shinji had nodded and stepped out into the hall with her, thrilling to the idea of doing something so dangerous. "Just for a minute," he told her, looking around the hallway to make sure no one was looking before unzipping his pants. "Just... for a minute..."

"Yes, Master," Hikari had said quickly, licking her lips as she nearly fell to her knees and put her hands on his hips. "Just tell me when it's enough, Master..."

"Right..."

Keeping her eyes on his face, Hikari took him into her mouth, still unfamiliar with the feel of his stiff cock between her lips, but clearly as excited as he was by the dangerousness of the situation. She bobbed slowly up and down, taking it as far into her mouth as she could... then pushing a bit further forward, forcing herself not to gag as she inched more and more of his dick into her throat.

Closing her eyes all the way, the class rep gave Shinji a quick, thirty second headjob, rising quickly to her feet and looking disappointed as he tucked his dick back into his pants.

"Misato's calling."

Hikari had nodded. "I understand..." she lowered her voice, bowing much lower than a friend or acquaintance would. "...Master."

Shinji had told Asuka about the encounter, feeling that since she was the one that instigated the affair with Hikari, she should know... but he had not banked on how possessive Asuka truly was, and Ritsuko had barely had the lights out in the living room before Asuka had knocked quietly on his door and slipped in, quickly getting all of their clothes off and guiding Shinji's cock to her soaking pussy, sinking it in with a deep, content sigh.

They had been fucking for twenty minutes by this point, and Asuka showed no signs of wanting to stop any time soon – or slow down, for that matter.

Shinji had to take matters into his own hands.

"Wha–"

Asuka gasped as Shinji abruptly grasped her by the waist, pulling out of her and quickly rolling her onto her stomach. Leaving her face-down, he pulled her hips up and slipped his pillow under them, elevating her ass and giving him access to her tight pussy... which, after pinning her shoulders to the bed to keep her in place, he slipped right back into, stroking her at a much slower pace and breathing a sigh of relief as he felt his impending orgasm retreat.

"Mmmm..." Asuka groaned, squirming slightly as Shinji kept her chest pressed firmly down on the bed. "I'm not your... slave..." she gasped, her hips rolling in time to Shinji's strokes as she felt a delicious spike of defenselessness shoot through her, "let me up..."

Shinji swallowed, still holding her shoulders down but lightening the pressure and allowing her to rise slightly.

"...sorry."

"Shh," Asuka whispered, relaxing back onto the bed – though doing it of her own free will this time. "Don't apologize while we're doing it... ok? I hate that..."

*This position isn't that bad...* she thought, tucking her arms up under her chest and using the leverage to push her ass back against Shinji's hips. *It's kinda nice to have him... well, not CONTROLLING me... but kind of IN control...*

A soft moan issued from her throat as she forced herself to stop thinking of trivial matters. Why contemplate issues of control and power when you were being so gently fucked? The odd thing, she thought, was that Shinji wasn't always gentle. He was, most of the time... but if he got worked up, he could really start pounding her.

Not that she complained, of course – sex was sex... and as long as she was getting it from Shinji, it was good.

Relishing the new position, Asuka let herself go, focusing her attention on the hard cock plunging slowly in and out of her. She loved the way he pulled all the way back, making her pussy lips spread wide with each and every carefully measured stroke – and when his hips tapped into her ass, it felt as if it was literally impossible for him to be any deeper inside. When they did it from the back, and he was moving fast, it almost sounded like he was spanking her – and the visual of him bending her over his knee was sometimes so powerful that she almost asked him to do it.

Almost.

"Mmmmmthat's nice..."

Asuka bit her bottom lip as Shinji paused – buried to the hilt in her pulsating pussy – to kiss her shoulder.

"Wait!" she said suddenly as he started to pull back, "Don't move for a second." Pushing up on one hand, she slid her other down between her legs. "Put it all the way in," she whispered, "deep as you can... mmm... yeah, right there! Uuhhh..."

With Shinji's prick thrust all the way into her, Asuka began massaging her clit, working it in slow circles as she licked her lips and imagining his hand slapping her firm ass. Her brow furrowed as she pictured the smack, smack, smack of his palm on her skin, making her whole body quiver. This wasn't the same as Hikari's fixation, she told herself firmly, this was just an occasionally indulged-in fantasy – it just happened to be very strong after witnessing the other girl begging to be owned.

So, why not give it a try...?

"...spank me."

"Hmm?"

Shinji leaned closer, sure that he had misheard the girl.

"Spank me," Asuka repeated a little louder, "just... softly..."

"Umm... ok."

Asuka hissed as Shinji raised his hand and brought it down on her smooth bottom, a soft 'swack' sound filling the air as her fingers danced a little faster on her clit. "Mmmm... again... a little harder... ow!! Not that hard!"

"Ok..."

The redhead closed her eyes and clenched her teeth together as Shinji began to spank her, swatting her backside with a nice, regular pace – almost the same as the one he had been building up to when he fucked her. She squirmed back into him, rubbing the backs of her thighs against his hips as he switched hands, slapping her again and again as her fingers started moving faster and faster.

"Don't stop," she hissed, her hips and ass now rolling against him as he brought his hand down on her. "Don't stop, Shinji... mmm... yeah this is good..."

Her face paled as Shinji shifted his position slightly, the head of his cock rubbing up against her cervix and forcing her to understand EXACTLY how deep inside of her he was. A low groan swam up from the depths of her stomach, drawn out by her frantically dancing fingers, his deeply planted dick, and the consistent slap, slap, slap of his hand on her ass.

"Oh GOD!!!"

Asuka buried her face in her pillow as she came, smothering the scream this intense combination of feelings wrenched out of her. It was all so good that she didn't know what she liked best – the spanking, fingering herself, or having Shinji so far up in her honeypot that she could almost TASTE him – no one thing stood out. Each was incredible. And together, they threatened to burn her alive.

"Uhh..." she gasped as she came a second time, thrilling as the elusive multiple-orgasm broke over her and making the world go hazy for a moment. When she came back to her senses, she whimpered softly, because Shinji was still all the way inside of her... though instead of spanking her, he had shifted to gently caressing her tender backside, humming something softly under his breath as his hands lightly stroked her.

"What... are you humming...?" Asuka whispered, pulling her fingers away from her dripping hole.

"Oh, you're up."

Blinking, the Second craned her head to look over her shoulder. "Huh? What are you talking about?"

Shinji continued rubbing her, shrugging slightly as he said, "You blacked out for a couple minutes. I was just trying to decide if I should wake you up or just pull out and go to sleep."

*Unbelievable!* Asuka thought, stunned. *He... he actually fucked me into unconsciousness!!*

Clearing her throat, she murmured, "Well, don't pull out. You're not close, are you?"

"Huh uh," Shinji answered, shaking his head for emphasis, "I haven't really moved that much since you asked me to... well, do that, so I'm still ok."

Asuka sighed. "Good," she said honestly, "because I want to keep fucking." She pushed herself up onto all fours, carefully moving forward until Shinji slid out.

"Mmm," she hummed, turning around on the bed and kneeling up to wrap her arms around him. "We'll have to remember that combination," she said, entirely serious, "but my ass is sore now, and my shoulder hurts from trying to hold my body up. Let's do it standing up for a while, you want to? We haven't tried that one yet..."

"Standing up?" Shinji asked. "Ummm how would that work...?"

Grinning broadly, Asuka breathed, "I thought you'd never ask. Come on."

Slipping out of bed, she took his hand and led him over to the wall. "I read about this in a magazine," she said, putting her hands flat on the wall and pushing her gorgeous ass out towards him. "Just... start like we're doing it from behind, and I'll stand all the way up."

"What magazine was this in??" Shinji wondered, putting his hands on her hips as she leaned a little further forward.

"Shh," Asuka muttered, "don't ask stupid questions. Come on, put it in – I wanna try this."

"Alright..."

"MmmmmMMMmmm..." Asuka hummed, spreading her legs a little farther and pushing back as Shinji started to slide back into her. "Niiice..."

Shinji was skeptical. He liked doing it from the back – that was no problem – but Asuka wanted to actually push away from the wall and STAND?? He just could not grasp the logistics of it.

"Ready?"

"Umm, I guess so..."

"K..."

Remembering the magazine's rather graphic directions, Asuka pushed away from the wall, simultaneously reaching back with one arm to wrap her hand around the back of Shinji's head while pushing down with her hips. The end result of this action was a rather awkward, but deliciously kinky pose, wherein Asuka's ass was pressed tightly against Shinji's hips, while her upper body was pulled slightly away from him.

"Mmm," Asuka moaned, "this isn't so bad, huh?"

Shinji could not reply. His balance was so precarious, and his hold on Asuka's hips was so tenuous, that the mere thought of stroking her made him slightly queasy. *Maybe with Misato*, he thought, feeling sweat break out on his forehead, *but... Asuka's just not tall enough.*

"Whoa!" Asuka gasped, quickly rising to her tiptoes as Shinji staggered. "C-careful!"

"C-can't," Shinji panted, grasping her shoulders and pushing her back into the wall. "Sorry... I can't do that..."

Asuka nodded, disappointed. "S'alright," she whispered, trying to straighten, "we can just-" She winced as Shinji kept her pressed against the wall. "What are you... ohhh..." she trailed off, groaning softly as Shinji pulled out of her and knelt behind her, covering her still-tender ass with loud, smacking kisses.

"Spread your legs all the way and bend over more," Shinji told her, lightly squeezing her lovely asscheeks. "I want to lick you for a while."

Doing as she was told, Asuka shivered in anticipation. So they couldn't do it standing up, so what? There were so many other positions she wanted to try that it was ridiculous to get all depressed that one didn't work, wasn't it?

"Wait..."

Asuka yelped as Shinji suddenly shot to his feet and slipped his hand under her knee, lifting her foot into the air and leaving her precariously balanced on one foot. The color left her face a moment later, though, as the Third stepped carefully between her stretched feet and slipped easily into her dripping snatch, balancing her leg across his upper thigh and standing slightly to the side of her.

"Uhhhh!!"

"There," Shinji said with some satisfaction, "now we're standing up..."

It was a compromise, really, since they weren't quite upright, but with one of his hands on her ass and the other on the wall, Shinji was able to begin slowly pumping in and out of Asuka's pussy, building up to a pretty respectable speed. And that, Asuka decided was just fine with her.

"Yesss..." she hissed, grinding against him as best she could every time his hips bumped hers, "harder... Shinji, do it harderrr!!"

*This isn't really working either,* Shinji thought, blinking a trickle of sweat out of his right eye, *I just can't get all the way in...*

After several minutes of this position, Asuka bit her bottom lip and put a hand on Shinji's chest. "Stop," she said breathlessly, "stop – my shoulder's cramping!"

*Thank god!*

Shinji quickly pulled out of her, stepping back and letting her away from the wall. "Ohh," Asuka groaned, rubbing her bicep, "I thought I was gonna die..." Shaking herself, she pointed to the chair sitting by Shinji's desk. "Sit down," she said softly, "I don't want to stop, Shinji..."

"Ok."

As soon as he was seated, Asuka straddled his lap, easing her hot sex back down around his cock with a satisfied sigh. "That's good..." she murmured, draping her arms over his shoulders and resting her forehead against his. "I like fucking you, Shinji," she said, her eyes glittering possessively, "and I don't mean just 'us fucking' I mean I like it when I'm in control – I like fucking you..."

Not really sure how to reply to this, Shinji just nodded, putting his hands on her hips – not guiding, just holding... he didn't want to cut into her fantasy.

"Mmmm... nice," Asuka whispered, "suck my tits... yeaahhh... ooo I like that! God, I'm such a liar – I don't care who's in control as long as I get to have your cock inside me." She tangled her fingers in his hair and forced his head back away from her chest, looking into his eyes with a hungry, almost delirious look of lust. "Don't ever stop fucking me," she gasped, clearly approaching another orgasm as she began lifting herself quickly up and down on his raging prick, "I want to keep fucking you forever, Shinji – I won't ever let you get away from me."

Though it was not QUITE romantic, Shinji still found this comment immensely appealing. He had never known anything that was Forever, so the idea of having someone actually wanting to stay with him was almost rapturous.

*As long as I keep fucking her...*

"Mmmyes!" Asuka gasped, closing her eyes as Shinji brought his mouth back to her luscious tits and resumed sucking them. "I like that – God, Shinji, fuck me! Fuck meeee!!"

With a grunt of exertion, Shinji put his hands under Asuka's ass and struggled to his feet. He took a staggering step, all but dropping her against the wall in his haste to please her. Ignoring her cry of confusion, he put his hands behind her knees and backed away from her, leaving her braced between the wall and his

body... and then he began stroking her as hard as he could, laying into her with all of his strength until she was gasping and begging him not to stop.

"Oh... oh god," Asuka cried, arching her back and trying to scoot back up the wall, "harder – HARDER! Oh I'm gonna come!! I'm gonna *come!!*"

Shinji did his best to keep stroking through her climax, but he was not the most physically fit man in the world, and supporting another person's body weight – even one as light as Asuka – was tricky at best. Somewhere at the midpoint of her orgasm, Shinji let out a cry of dismay, his right hand slipping on Asuka's sweaty leg. Her other leg soon followed, leaving her leaning against the wall with his cock barely one third of the way in her aching hole.

"S-sor-"

"Don't!" Asuka cut in, her body still shaking with the aftereffects of the climax.

"Don't... say that... when... we're fucking..." Taking a moment to catch her breath, Asuka reached down and eased his cock the rest of the way out of her, stroking it as she looked him in the eyes and whispered, "You're still not even close are you?"

Looking pained, Shinji replied, "I keep GETTING close, but then we change positions."

Asuka nodded, wiping sweat from her face with her free hand as she continued to stroke his erection, her face growing thoughtful as she stared into his eyes. "Let's get back in bed," she said quietly, leaning forward and brushing her lips across his. "Thanks for letting me try some new stuff, but I want to just fuck slow for a while now, alright? Just nice," she kissed him, "and slow... until you come."

His shoulders slumping with relief, Shinji nodded. "Ok..."

He did not really MIND trying new positions. It was exciting. But when all was said and done, Shinji sometimes just wanted comfortable, run of the mill, one on one sex – literally the old fashioned way. And as Asuka led him to the bed and laid back on it, he realized that if an angel attacked just then, he would gladly let them destroy the world, as long as someone was holding him when it happened.

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Misato tilted her head to the side, sighing softly as a familiar sound filtered through the air vent next to her futon. *Lucky bitch*, she thought enviously, *she gets it every night, but because of my new schedule and screwed up timing, I barely have time for a quickie here and there. It's just wrong, damn it!*

She leaned against the wall, closing her eyes as she considered masturbating. The pilots, in all fairness, were actually being pretty quiet, so she would have to imagine for herself WHAT, exactly, they were doing... but it had been almost a week since she had gotten anything more than a gentle goodbye kiss from Shinji, who made it a point to slip into her room and wake her as they were on their way to school.

Sweet? Yes... but Misato had been craving more than sweet for the past few days – and this would have been the perfect evening, if Ritsuko had not had too much to drink and passed out on the couch. Maybe if she just slipped out really quickly...

*I just can't risk it*, Misato told herself firmly, *if she wakes up and comes to find me, it'll look mighty suspicious if I'm not in my room – let alone if I'm not in my room because I'm fucking Shinji and Asuka!*

As if on cue, someone knocked softly at Misato's bedroom door. "Come in," she called quietly, sitting up on her bed as the door slid open. "Oh, hey Ritsu," she said warmly, feeling a sudden burst of hope.

Maybe there was still time for her to join the other two residents of the house in their late-night activity, if Ritsuko was sober enough to drive home.

The doctor, however, had other plans.



"Hey," she said, her tone low and conspiratorial, "they're asleep, right?"

Misato hesitated, absently kicking a pillow over the air vent. "Yeah, they were pretty wiped out for some reason," she said casually.

"Outstanding."

Ritsuko brought her hands out from behind her back, revealing a tall bottle of clear liquor and a single shot glass.

"Mmmm," Misato hummed, grinning from ear to ear, "my favorite – Sambuca. What's the occasion?"

The blonde slid the door closed and crossed over to kneel in front of the other woman, carefully tucking the oversized nightshirt she had borrowed under her as she replied, "The occasion is that work sucks and we haven't been hanging out much. I figured we both need to let off a little steam and cut loose for a change – even if it's just the two of us."

Misato licked her lips. "Amen to that," she said fervently, "man, I haven't had a good buzz for weeks!"

She purposely neglected to mention, of course, the fact that she had other things to keep her mind off of work and responsibility – things that she was going to start getting pretty damn pissy about if she didn't get to partake in soon. Trying not to be bitter about the fact that her duties were SEVERELY handicapping her sex life, Misato focused on the shot glass Ritsuko was arranging between them.

"We playing a drinking game?" she asked curiously as the blonde carefully poured a shot and set the bottle where either of them could easily reach it.

Ritsuko nodded. "The game's called Truth and Lies," she said smoothly, "it's pretty straightforward, really... each person tells the other something about themselves, and the other person has to decide if it's truth or a lie. If they guess right, the first person has to drink, if they're wrong, THEY have to drink – so either way, someone gets a shot every round."

"Simple enough," Misato shrugged, "but why not just do Quarters or something?"

Shrugging, Ritsuko whispered, "Because this way we can remember all the things we've forgotten about each other. We've been friends too long to be as distant as we are, don't you think?"

Misato averted her eyes. "Yeah," she murmured, "yeah, you're right."

"Ok," Ritsuko said briskly, "I'll go first." She straightened her back. "I didn't lose my virginity until after I got out of college."

"Lie," Misato said firmly, "that Russian guy, Gustav or whatever his name was, went on and on about how you guys screwed for hours one day."

Ritsuko grinned. "He was lying his ass off," she said bluntly, "he ASKED me if I wanted to fuck – just like that, too 'hey baby, how about a fuck?' – but he never got in my pants."

Looking skeptical, Misato picked up the shot glass. "Why didn't you ever tell anyone the truth?" she asked softly. "He totally ruined your reputation."

"What reputation?" Ritsuko snorted, "The one about being frigid, or the one about being a dyke? He did me a favor – I never had as many dates as after he spread that shit around. Of course... they all expected me to put out, so they were all sorely disappointed. Now drink up."

Misato brought the glass to her lips, but hesitated as another thought occurred to her. "Hey," she said suspiciously, "How do I know you're not lying now?"

Ritsuko shrugged. "You don't," she said coolly, "you'll just have to trust me... like I'll have to trust you."

"Eh," the other woman said after a moment, "fuck it."

Smiling as she poured another shot, Ritsuko said, "Your turn."

Misato thought for a minute, then grinned wickedly. "Ok, umm, let's see – oh, I've got it," her grin broadened, spiking the truth with a touch of lie to hedge her bets. "With all the wild stuff me and Kaji did, we never once had group sex."

Not wanting to tip her hand just yet and mention that she knew Misato was CURRENTLY having group sex, Ritsuko replied, "Easy – truth. You told me once that Kaji tried to get you to let a girl join you, but at the time you were too shy – but you always regretted it later." She smiled slyly. "Drink up."

"This game is rigged," Misato complained good-naturedly as she tossed back the second shot with practiced ease. "OK, here's a tough one – one night when we were drunk, me and Kaji stole the Japanese flag off the flagpole at school."

"It was my turn," Ritsuko said dryly, "but that's a lie. It was Naria Patil and her boyfriend... they found them passed out in a pile of coke, using the flag for a blanket."

Misato grinned. "Eennt!" she hummed, doing her best impression of a gameshow buzzer. "Wrong – we found them passed out in the pile of coke after swiping the stupid flag, so we covered them up with the thing and called campus security."

Making a sour face, Ritsuko muttered, "What a bitch! Weren't they expelled??"

"It was their FOURTH offense," Misato countered, "she was a whore, he was a prick, they were both cokeheads, and they would have been thrown out in a week anyway. We just helped them along." She gestured to the shot glass. "Anyway, you were wrong – bottoms up!"

Ritsuko shrugged, carefully pouring her shot and bringing the glass to her lips. "Cheers!" When she slammed the glass back down, she found Misato grinning from ear to ear. "What is it?" she wondered, pleased by the flush already working its way to the woman's cheeks.

Misato shrugged. "This is fun," she said simply, "we should do it more often."

Slowly, Ritsuko returned her grin, thinking of what was to come. "Oh," she said softly, "we will."

The game lasted for about twenty-five minutes before Ritsuko decided that it was now or never. Misato's cheeks were glowing a nice, ruddy red – which was not surprising, since she had pounded six shots, all of which, thanks to Ritsuko being the one doing the pouring, were closer to a shot and a third. As a result, she was feeling mighty friendly... though she did have to admit that her head WAS starting to spin a little.

Just a little.

"Your turn," the operations director said with a mild slur, slamming the shot glass back down between them after gulping what added up to being her tenth shot. "And make it good! All this shit about parents and childhood is killing my buzz – let's get back to the sex!"

Smiling faintly, Ritsuko whispered, "Alright." She filled the shot glass to the rim and set the bottle aside, licking her forefinger absently to collect a stray drop of liquor that had gathered there before looking Misato straight in the eye and murmuring, "I've been having sex with Maya Ibuki for the past two years – ever since the night I hired her for the project. I'm also sleeping with a man up at NERV, who shall remain nameless, on the nights I'm not with Maya. Neither knows about the other, because I'm very skilled at making people I'm sleeping with believe that they are the only one I have feelings for, and in the last thirty-six hours, I've been with both of them."

Misato's jaw hung open, slowly working as her alcohol-addled mind tried to process this little revelation. "Ummm... lie...?" she breathed.

"I wasn't finished," Ritsuko said with a shark-like grin, "there's more. I like being in control with Maya, but I give it up when I'm with the man – mostly because I really do like him, and I want him to keep me around – but I've been hoping to find

another lover... one that I can feel I'm equal to... one that I can go down on without having to worry about whispering 'I love you' afterward if I don't feel it, or put up a whole bunch of false pretenses to keep things together, when all I really want is to be myself. In short, I'm looking for someone I can fuck one night, and go drinking with the next – and not have to think about whether or not she's wondering if the last time we kissed had more meaning than the first."

Misato touched her cheek, feeling warmth under her fingertips at the blonde's straightforward description of her sex life. "Truth..." she said faintly. "It's all true."

"So," Ritsuko said, nodding her confirmation, "with all that in mind... what do you think is going to happen now?"

Feeling her head start to spin, Misato whispered, "You're... you're going to fuck me..."

Ritsuko's brilliant green eyes glittered in the dim light as she set the bottle aside and gently pushed Misato down onto the bed, straddling her waist and lacing her hands with the other woman's as she looked down into her flushed face.

"...truth."

Misato groaned as the blonde kissed her, holding her hands tightly in place and gently slipping her tongue into Misato's mouth, the taste of alcohol and licorice almost overpowering her senses as the Project-E director lightly ground herself against Misato's stomach.

"I've waited ten years for this," Ritsuko breathed, gently biting Misato's bottom lip. "You were always so damn sexy... so funny and clever and just... sexy..." She brushed her mouth against Misato's, staring her right in the eye as she whispered, "I've wanted you for so long – and tonight..."

Misato hissed as the other woman slid off of her and dipped her right hand down the front of Misato's pants, lightly stroking her tender pussy lips. She fingered her for several minutes, using her free hand to pull Misato's shirt up to suck her stiff nipples, one at a time. The operation's director let out a soft moan, feeling herself quickly growing wet as the blonde slowly ran her fingers up and down her slit.

*God...*

Taking a moment to catch her breath, Ritsuko pulled away from Misato's full breasts and whispered, "If you don't want this... say something now."

This really wasn't a part of her plan. She had intended to just spread Misato's legs and go down on her, knowing that she would get into it eventually... but it didn't feel as good as she had hoped, and she desperately wanted Misato to enjoy herself. As someone said in a movie she had seen a long time ago, 'This is no fun for me if it's no fun for you.'

Misato lay still for a moment, her eyes tightly closed as she considered the offer. After what felt like forever, she opened her eyes and looked Ritsuko right in the face.

"If you're going to fuck me, then fuck me..."

A thin smile lit Ritsuko's face as she gently eased her middle finger into the operations director's tight hole. "I plan to," she said quietly, "now shut up... I'm going to eat you."

Misato lifted her hips as the blonde quickly tugged her cutoffs down, tossing them to the side and staring at her shaven mound for a long moment.

"Beautiful."

"Uhhh..."

Groaning, Misato splayed her legs further apart, biting her bottom lip and yanking her shirt off as the blonde leaned forward and kissed her damp pussy.

"I've wanted you this way for so long," Ritsuko breathed, running her tongue lightly over Misato's lips and making her shiver. "Don't clench up so much... you're going to love this."

"Wait!" Misato said quickly, rising halfway off the bed as something occurred to her. "Asuka and Shinji!"

Playing stupid, Ritsuko mumbled, "What about them? The walls are pretty thick here, and they're sound asleep..."

*Well, she thought ironically, if you call fucking like rabbits sound asleep. Stupid kids need to figure out that wooden doors don't block sound at all.*

Misato licked her lips. "It's not that," she said softly, "I just... they can't know about this, alright?"

Though the reason why this would be an important detail eluded Ritsuko, she simply nodded. "Fair enough," she whispered, "then for now... let's just keep this between you and me."

"Deal," Misato replied, leaning back on the bed with a faint smile. "Now... show me what you can do, Doctor..."

"With pleasure."

"Mmmmm..."

Without another word, Ritsuko pushed Misato's legs apart and began to eat her, a final, triumphant, *At last!* flitting through her mind before she focused all of her attention on the task at hand.

Ritsuko was talented – Misato had to give her that much. Her tongue was quick and nimble, and surprisingly long, stroking deep into Misato's pussy and licking crevasses untouched for God only knew how long. She was also what Misato called a 'noisy lover,' meaning that as she licked Misato's pussy, she hummed in the back of her throat, making almost obscene slurping and smacking sounds with her lips and tongue.

"Oh, right there," Misato gasped, "I like that spot... fuck, this is good!"

Hardening her tongue, Ritsuko began dipping it slowly in and out of Misato's slippery tunnel, paying very close attention to the places that made the other woman moan the loudest. She blinked in surprise, though, as Misato gently pulled her away from her feast.

"What?" she panted, knowing her face was flushed with excitement, "Why did you stop me?"

Misato put her hands on Ritsuko's cheeks, urging the woman up until she was close enough to kiss before breathing, "Sixty-nine with me..."

Ritsuko groaned. "Just for a minute," she murmured, "I want to be able to concentrate..."

To her very great shock, though, Misato pushed her onto her back, yanking her shirt up far enough to expose her fantastic tits before whispering, "Fuck concentrating – I'm not going to just lie here and let you eat me, I don't play that 'oh I don't need anything' martyr shit in bed."

"Neither do I," Ritsuko began, "but tonight I-"

"You talk too much!"

Ritsuko's breath left in a rush as Misato grabbed her arms and shoved them up over her head, pressing her breasts tightly to Ritsuko's and giving her a deep, passionate kiss. Their tongues fenced back and forth for several minutes as Misato ground against her, but no matter how Ritsuko tried, she could not free her wrists.

"S-stop," she gasped finally, breaking the kiss and turning her head away. "I don't... please, don't hold me down..."

Misato stared into her eyes for a minute, clearly trying to decide if this was just a preference, or a real fear. After a minute, she nodded, slowly loosening her hold before leaning down to give the blonde a longer, gentler kiss. "...sorry."

The reply she received was Ritsuko rolling her onto her back and turning around to swing her legs over Misato's head, positioning her perfectly trimmed snatch over her mouth. By unspoken accord, both women simultaneously began licking, tentatively at first... but quickly building intensity and speed as each tried to outdo the other.

Misato tried to match Ritsuko's moves, but after only a few short minutes, she realized that she was way out of her league in this area. *Damn*, she thought, slipping her tongue in and out of Ritsuko's tight box, *this isn't going to be like Asuka – Ritsuko does this shit all the time. I'm actually going to have to work to make her come.*

"Mmmm..." Ritsuko hummed as Misato slid two of her fingers into the blonde's slippery quim.

"Like that?" Misato panted, smiling for a second as she pumped her fingers in and out. "You're close already, aren't you...?"

Ritsuko buried her face in Misato's bush, refusing to admit that this was true. Normally, Misato would have been correct in her earlier assessment that the blonde was hard to get off... but the mere fact that she was actually fucking the woman she had desired for so long had turned Ritsuko on so much that her pussy had been wet long before she had even poured Misato's first shot – and eating the other woman out had gotten her halfway to climax just from the sheer feeling of triumph it gave her.

When Misato drove her fingers all the way into Ritsuko's honeypot and rubbed her thumb over the blonde's clit, it was all over.

"MMMMPPPPHH!"

Ritsuko's scream was muffled by Misato's thigh, but the way her body arched up into the air was more than enough of an indicator for Misato to know that she had succeeded. With a grin, she leaned down and gently sucked Ritsuko's clit into her mouth, driving her fingers into her sloshing pussy in a very successful attempt to give the woman a multiple orgasm.

"Uhh uhh uhh!!" Ritsuko let out a stuttering stream of gasps as her vaginal muscles contracted over and over, squeezing Misato's fingers like a fist until finally, the operations director relented, allowing her to come down from the delicious, orgasmic high she had just sent her to.

Misato willingly let the woman crawl off of her, spreading her legs open in anticipation of having the favor returned as the blonde eased herself down onto the bed.

"You're everything I wanted you to be..."

Before Misato could ask what this meant, Ritsuko pushed her legs high into the air and dove back into her pussy, licking and sucking wildly on the soft folds and valleys until Misato had quite forgotten that there could be any deeper meaning to the other woman's words.

"Ohhh yeah," she moaned, rolling her hips in time with Ritsuko's licking, "God you're so GOOD!"

*Well*, Ritsuko thought, mentally crossing her fingers, *I hope you still think so after this...*

Pushing Misato's legs higher, the blonde made her move.

"Oh FUCK!!"

Misato barely kept the gasp from becoming a full-blown scream as she felt Ritsuko spread her ass apart with her thumbs and lick her anus. She loved a good rim job, but very few men were willing to do it for her, since they thought it was dirty... but Ritsuko seemed to have no problem with it – and actually seemed to be enjoying it more than eating her pussy, making small grunting sounds in the back of her throat as she lapped and probed the tight ring of muscles.

“Mm, mmm,” Misato panted, “oo shit... oh eat it... f-fuck I’m gonna come...!!”

Giving up all pretenses, Ritsuko flipped the purple-haired woman onto her stomach and pulled her ass cheeks wide apart, slurping and lapping at her asshole until Misato was screaming into her bedspread.

“Don’t stop – don’t stop! Oh God – oh fuck I’m still coming, I’m still cominnng!!”

In a frenzy, Ritsuko licked and tongued the purple-haired woman’s back door almost mercilessly, drinking in every cry and gasp she wrung from her until finally, her tongue aching, she had to pull away.

“Mmmmm...” Misato groaned, panting into her bed, “you... I... oh God that was good!”

Suddenly, the operations director rolled over, pulling Ritsuko into her arms and trying to kiss her, but the blonde resisted. “Don’t,” she whispered, turning her face away, “I was just-”

“I know what you were doing,” Misato cut in breathlessly, forcing Ritsuko’s face back around and giving her a soft, gentle kiss. “Mmm... there... now we’re done...”

Ritsuko blushed, rolling away from the other woman and resting her head on her forearms. “No one’s ever kissed me after I did that,” she mumbled, “it’s not really all that... sanitary...”

Snorting, Misato rolled over and embraced her from the back, biting her playfully on the shoulder. “So it’s ok for you to eat my ass, but not for me to taste it when you’re done?” she said teasingly.

Flustered, Ritsuko just replied, “I should brush...”

“There’s a spare in the bathroom.”

Together, the two pulled on their shirts, grinning like school girls as – by unspoken agreement – they left their panties off. Together, they made their way into the bathroom, brushing their teeth side by side in amicable silence, then returned to Misato’s bedroom, removing their shirts before slipping under the covers and murmuring their goodnights and closing their eyes.

After several minutes of lying still, Misato hesitantly asked, “When I held you down... did umm... were you raped, Ritsuko?”

The blonde smiled softly. “No,” she whispered, touched by the caring in her friend’s voice. “But one of my lovers is very dominant... and I don’t really like it that much, but since I love him, I can live with it.”

“That’s not a good reason,” Misato said seriously, rolling onto her side and resting her head on one of her hands to get a better look at the other woman. “You know that, right?”

“Yeah, I know,” Ritsuko sighed, fumbling around on the edge of the futon until she found the pack of cigarettes she had tucked into her nightshirt’s pocket and shaking one out. “But that’s how it is with me and him, and I don’t want to ruin it right now.”

Misato let out a long breath, leaning forward and wrapping her lips around the end of Ritsuko’s cigarette to help her light it. The blonde watched her with avid interest, biting her bottom lip until Misato pulled back and exhaled the smoke in a soft plume.

"You know what first drew me to you?" Ritsuko whispered, studying Misato's face closely as the other woman shook her head. "Your mouth. The first time I saw you, you were giving a speech in Mister Tanaka's class, and I couldn't take my eyes off your lips – they were so sexy I just wanted to kiss them and suck on them until you begged me to eat you out..."

"Mmmm kinky," Misato said teasingly, her voice growing serious as she asked, "so why did you wait over ten years to seduce me, hmmm? If you thought I was that hot... you should have made a move."

Ritsuko snorted. "You like men," she said dismissively. "Come on, honestly... if I had asked you, all those years ago, to try being with me – just to see if it worked out for us – what would you have said??"

In the dark of Misato's room, her soft whisper seemed to cut the very air itself.

"If it was you asking, I would have said yes..."

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Shinji could not stop rubbing his eyes as he made his way towards the kitchen. It felt like his body was on the verge of collapse – and rightly so, considering the fucking Asuka had given him over the course of the evening. They had gone longer than any previous night together, leaving Shinji exhausted and spent... but pleased beyond compare that Asuka had asked – rather than just telling him – to stay in his bed.

*She usually does anyway, he thought as he stepped into the kitchen, but it... I don't know, hearing her ask just feels so good! Like I mean something to he-*

"Good morning, Shinji."

With a gasp, Shinji slumped against the wall. "Oh, Doctor Akagi!" he panted, "Sorry... I didn't see you."

The blonde pursed her lips, assessing him closely as she replied, "It's your house, Shinji, you don't have to apologize for walking around in it. And call me Ritsuko, ok?"

Uncertainly, Shinji nodded. "Alright, R-Ritsuko."

Ritsuko laced her hands together and leaned forward, forcing Shinji to look away as the top of her nightshirt pulled away from her body, clearly revealing her left breast – all the way to her dusky areola. "Shinji," she said calmly, "there's something I wanted to talk to you about."

"Umm, talk to me?" he asked hesitantly. "What is it? Is something wrong?"

"No, not at all," the woman replied immediately, "it's a personal issue."

Shinji frowned, glancing at her from the corner of his eye, but quickly looking away as his gaze immediately fell on her softly swelling cleavage. *Good God, he thought disgustedly, I just fucked Asuka for like, two hours – and I'm trying to look down Doctor Akagi's shirt! What is WRONG with me?? You'd think I would've had enou-*

"Can you meet me in NERV HQ the Saturday after next?"

"Er, I... guess," he said slowly, "am I in trouble?"

When he looked back at Ritsuko, she was leaning back in her chair with her arms folded under her firm tits and a wide smile on her face. "Not everything is about getting in trouble or doing something wrong, Shinji," she chided. "No, like I said – it's a personal issue I'd like to discuss, and I think my office would be the best place to do it since it is... rather complicated and might take some time."

At a loss for words, Shinji just nodded.

Ritsuko regarded him closely for a moment, remembering the look in Misato's eye as she watched him eat dinner the previous night. Somehow, she realized,

something deeper was happening here. It was no longer just a big fuck-fest in the apartment, as she had been sure it would be based on the tone of the conversation she had overheard. No, there was something deeper moving under the pretense of careless hedonism... and Ritsuko was sure that not all of it was good.

The End... for now

Author's de notes-a: Ok, this time I DO have a note! HA suck that! Er, anyway, the scene with Asuka face-down on the bed was inspired by ReiZig's A.L.I.A.S. Ok, so the whole scene wasn't, but I DID get the idea for her playing with herself while they did it from part one. \*shrug\* hey, it was a good idea... I just had to steal it. ^ \_ ^

Avalon insisted on trying to pre-read this drek, so the joke's on him, I suppose.

Feel free to feedback, if you know how to find me.

-Rx7

## Fourth Stage – Lessons in Control

With a deep sigh, Hikari ran her fingers through her hair, rinsing the last of the shampoo out of it and lingering for a moment under the hot water, letting it ease the day's tension. School was over – thank goodness – and Shinji had invited her over to his house later. Where they would be alone. Which meant that they would be having sex.

Which meant that she would be able to be herself.

*At least I talked to Asuka about it*, she thought, turning around to let the water pound down on her smooth back, *couldn't just leave it alone like Shinji wanted – it felt too much like I was stealing him away... but she was pretty cool about it, actually, and I really need to thank her for hooking us up – even though she said she doesn't need anything*. She smiled to herself, loving the feel of the hot water on her skin. *It's been almost two weeks...*

For two weeks... Hikari had been learning how to please her new master. It was a tough thing to do, when she reflected on it, because Shinji seemed very reluctant to give her orders or make her do anything he thought was 'bad.' He had, of course, loosened up after a week or so, but Hikari still felt that he shouldn't be so nice to her when they were in the bedroom.

*I DID get to fuck him in my room though*, she reminded herself, feeling a pleasant chill work down her spine at the memory.

After their first time – when Hikari had realized that she was happiest when Shinji was dominating her – she had mentioned that one of her biggest fantasies was to have sex in her room. Almost exactly one week later, Shinji had accepted an invitation from her to come over and study with her. It was strange, in hindsight, that she really had just wanted to study. After all, her father was going to be home, so she KNEW nothing was going to happen.

Then, when she was Showing Shinji her room, he had walked up behind her and whispered, "Put your hands on the bed."

Her mouth dry with excitement, Hikari had done as she was told, barely keeping herself from crying out as Shinji flipped her school skirt up, revealing her white panties. With a quick tug, Shinji pulled them down to her thighs, driving straight



into her hole and giving her ten quick, deep thrusts before pulling out and ordering her to suck him clean.

It was very degrading.

...so Hikari loved every second.

Reluctantly, she turned the water off and grabbed a towel from the large stack by the door. She liked it when school was quiet like this, because it gave her time to think. Asuka had been showering with her, but had murmured something about needing to do something several minutes prior and excused herself... which is why Hikari gasped as she rounded the corner to the lockers and found Asuka leaning against one, patiently waiting for her.

"Oh!" she said, grinning with embarrassment, "you scared me!"

Asuka glanced at her from the corner of her eye. "I wanted to talk to you about something," she said calmly, her voice friendly, but serious. "Got a minute?"

"Sure," Hikari nodded, "what is it?"

"Well I've been thinking about this whole master thing you've got going with Shinji, and I was kind of wondering if... you would do it with someone else if he wanted you to."

Caught off guard, Hikari stammered, "Umm, I... really don't like talking about stuff like this, but I, umm..." she averted her eyes. "I'd do anything he ordered me to, Asuka, I told you that. He's my master."

"So even if it was another girl?" Asuka pressed.

Hikari bit her lip. "If he ordered it," she said softly. "You don't understand, do you? I said anything."

"Even with another woman," the redhead mused, "have you ever thought about what it would be like?"

"Y-yeah," Hikari admitted shyly, "I've... thought about a lot of things lately. I kept asking myself 'ok, if he wanted this... could you really do it?' and the answer is always yes – and if it's sex stuff, I... I kind of hope he DOES ask, because I really want to try-" She cut herself off, blushing intensely as she thought, *I've said too much...*

Asuka, however, was staring at her with a keen look of appraisal. "You've thought about what it would be like to fuck another woman."

Blinking at the harsh language, Hikari nodded.

"And do you think he'd be ok with that...?"

Hikari shrugged. "Probably," she said, trying to sound offhand, "as long as it wasn't with another guy... I've never asked, though."

"Well," Asuka grinned slyly, "what he doesn't know..."

"Asuka!" Hikari gasped, shivering as the redhead tucked her forefinger into Hikari's towel and gave it a sharp tug, letting it fall to the floor between them as she stepped closer. "Asuka... don't..."

Putting a hand on the girl's hip, Asuka smiled. "Don't worry," she said softly, licking her lips and moving towards Hikari's face as she let her own towel slip down to the floor. "I locked the door."

Hikari hissed as the Second gently kissed the side of her throat... "Don't..." then her cheek... "Don't...!" and finally...

"DON'T!"

Asuka grunted as Hikari planted her hands in the redhead's stomach and pushed, sending her crashing to the floor a moment before their lips met. "What the hell is wrong with you!?" Asuka demanded angrily. "You said you wanted to try this! You

said you wanted to thank me for helping you be with Shinji – and you shove me down on my ass?? What the HELL!?”

“It’s... I can’t,” Hikari said miserably, “I’m sorry, Asuka... I... I can’t do that for you.”

“Why not?” Asuka asked flatly, rising to her feet and crossing her arms under her full breasts. “Now that you’re fucking Shinji every other day, you’re too good for me??”

Flinching, Hikari shook her head. “No, no,” she said quickly, her eye going fleetingly to Asuka’s chest before pulling away, “it’s not that! I...” she blushed terribly. “I really DO want to try... everything, Asuka – and I would LOVE to try, umm... this... with you. But I can’t.”

Asuka’s nostrils flared. “Why not?”

Hikari’s brow smoothed. “I thought you understood how it was with Shinji,” she said quietly. “You said you did...”

“Yeah, so?” Asuka snapped. “You said he would be ok with you doing something like this, as long as it wasn’t with another guy, so-”

“I said probably,” Hikari cut in coolly, “and... I didn’t ask him.”

Asuka waved a hand. “You don’t have to ask him about EVERYTHING,” she said dismissively, “he won’t care if you do this – and if you want, you can even call me Mistress... I know you get off on that shit.”

This comment, she realized too late, was a big mistake. Hikari’s eyes flashed. “I don’t... GET OFF on it,” she hissed coldly, “it’s the way I’ve chosen to live – I BELONG to him, not just because I like having someone to call Master or Mistress, but because I chose to give everything that I am over to him.” Abruptly, her anger vanished, leaving her looking tired and spent. “I wouldn’t expect you to understand,” she murmured, “but this isn’t a game for me anymore. I go through my day to day life happy and secure and warm – because I KNOW that when we’re alone, my Master will ALLOW me to be his.”

Shaking her head in sick wonder, Asuka whispered, “You’re fucked, you know that? Just... fucked!”

Oddly, Hikari smiled... though it lacked any kind of warmth. “I feel sorry for you,” she said quietly. “You’re so proud and righteous that you could never even understand the joy that comes from total surrender. Your idea of giving yourself up is letting Shinji be on top – you’ll never understand me, not even if you live to be a hundred, or a thousand!”

Asuka was about to retort – and the words she had chosen were the kind that are NOT heard in civilized conversation... but before she could speak, Hikari’s chest hitched, and she swiped furiously at her eyes.

“You’ll... never understand,” the class rep gasped, turning away and snatching her towel off the floor. “You’ll never understand... how beautiful it is to know that you don’t have to make any decisions, or mistakes – that your lover... your MASTER, will still allow you to kneel at his feet and kiss his shoes no matter how bad you think you are... and still love you.”

Before Asuka could say a word, Hikari brushed past her, yanking her gym bag out of her locker and storming out of the locker room, slamming the door behind her.

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Shinji looked up from the TV as the doorbell went off, rising from the couch to go get it and dropping the remote carelessly on the coffee table. “Coming!” he called, sighing as he recalled the brief, odd conversation he’d had with Asuka less than fifteen minutes ago.

“I won’t be home in time to watch.”

“What? Why not? I thought you wanted to-”

"I just won't, ok?! Have fun!"

*Wonder what happened*, he thought as he reached the front door, *she sounded pretty mad...*

"Hello, Master," Hikari said softly, keeping her eyes on the floor as Shinji opened the door. "May I come in, sir?"

Shinji shivered. "Yeah... sure. I was just watching the end of a show."

Hikari nodded, stepping into the house and slipping her shoes off. "Ok, well... let's go finish then," she said brightly, "I want to know what you like, remember?"

"I remember."

"K..."

They made their way to the living room, where Shinji dropped down onto the couch and grabbed the remote, clicking the TV back on. After a moment of thought, Hikari slowly sank down onto the floor at Shinji's feet, arranging her legs under herself.

"You can... sit on the couch if you want," Shinji murmured, but Hikari shook her head, keeping her eyes submissively low.

"A slave must never sit as high as her master," she whispered, sounding as if she was reciting.

"Oh," Shinji whispered, finding that he had no suitable reply for this, "alright."

He tried to relax as Hikari laid her head on his knee, wrapping her arms around his calf and letting out a long, content sigh. Though they had been together this way for two weeks – and had found the opportunity to be together several times during that span – Shinji found that he was still a little nervous being alone with her. For three of the four times they had slept together, Asuka had been present and had even offered a few thoughts beforehand on what Hikari might enjoy, but this time – like their second encounter – it was just the two of them, and unlike that time... it was not rushed and frantic.

This time Shinji actually had to master both Hikari, AND himself.

*Just start it slow*, he told himself, putting his right hand tentatively on Hikari's head, *we've been alone together before – but only a little bit, and only a couple times when something could happen... so it shouldn't be a big deal.*

He blushed faintly as he recalled Hikari's reaction on one of those occasions. They had been cleaning up in the classroom, since they were on duty that day, and Hikari had suddenly looked up and murmured, "We're alone, Master." When Shinji nodded, Hikari had immediately walked over to where he was standing and knelt at his feet, kissing the tops of his shoes submissively. She had then risen to her feet, keeping her eyes on the floor, and wrapped her arms around him, barely breathing, "How can I serve you...?"

Though he knew it was not the best idea, Shinji had indulged in a brief, intensely passionate kiss before pulling away from her and stammering that they should really be cleaning in case anyone was still in the school – and his timing was perfect, as the door to the classroom opened less than three seconds later and a young woman Shinji did not know came in looking for her lunch bag.

*That was a close one*, Shinji thought, idly stroking Hikari's hair, *if we really HAD been doing something...*

At his feet Hikari stirred, snuggling closer to his leg. "I like that," she murmured, "I like it when you touch me, Master."

Shinji swallowed, blurting out the question that had been on his mind for over a week. "Is there anything you wouldn't do for me...?"

Silence fell between, broken only by the sound of Hikari's soft, even breathing. Shinji was just opening his mouth to say never mind when Hikari quietly

whispered, “No...”

Moving his fingers down to caress the back of her neck, Shinji clarified, “Nothing? Nothing at all...?”

Hikari kept her head down, the muscles in her shoulder slowly relaxing as she replied, “Nothing, Master.” After a moment of quiet, she rose halfway to her feet, repositioning herself between Shinji’s knees and putting her hands on the couch on either side of him so that she was facing his stomach. “Own me,” she whispered, her voice thick with emotion, “that’s the only thing I want, Master... just own me – treat me however you want, I don’t care. Command me, fuck me...” she dropped her voice so low that Shinji felt it rather than heard it. “Hurt me, if it pleases you, anything you want to do with me is fine, I don’t care, just as long... as you OWN... me...”

Shinji was trembling by the end of her speech, and as she finished he reached up and twined his fingers in her hair, pulling back and forcing her to look him in the eyes. “Don’t say that,” he whispered unevenly, “Don’t say that or I might... I might do it... I might hurt you, Hikari...”

Hikari swallowed, her graceful throat bobbing as she stared into her master’s stormy eyes. “...if it pleases you.”

Slowly, Shinji loosened his grip on her hair, letting his hands move down to her shoulders. “Sit on my lap,” he directed, “facing me.”

Quickly doing what she was told, Hikari straddled him, arranging her skirt to cover them both at his insistence and trying not to be impatient as she waited for her next command. *Hurry, she thought dizzily, oh Master, why do you always do this to me? Don’t you know it drives me crazy when you make me wait? And with Asuka... oh God, I really wanted to, Master... forgive me... command me so I can forget how tempting it was to betray-*

“Kiss me.”

This, Hikari did willingly, pressing herself tightly up against Shinji’s chest and easing her mouth over his in an intense, openly adoring kiss, her mind lazily running over every possible act they could perform in this position in order to be prepared for his next directive. She loved the way he commanded her – when he was in the mood for it. Much of their time together was spent with him avoiding eye contact and infrequently kissing her... but when he was fully into his role as her master, it was the most exciting thing in the world, because she had no idea what he might make her do next. So far, he had not made her do anything out of the ordinary for lovers, and he had not hurt her, a point on which she had mixed feelings. On one hand, she was not as sure of her promise to do anything he wanted as she sounded, but on the other hand, the idea of being even more submissive thrilled her like nothing else. She longed to be totally subjugated – to have all of her will stripped away until there was nothing left but a pliant, willing, obedient THING, existing only to please her master.

The pinnacle of servitude was her ultimate goal, and so long as Shinji kept her around, she would keep pushing herself lower and lower until he would allow her to grovel at his feet.

Hikari hummed softly as Shinji’s hands ran slowly up and down the outsides of her thighs. “I dreamed about you night before last,” she breathed, breaking from the kiss. “I dreamed that you kept me in your room – in your closet – and only took me out to let me use the bathroom and please you...”

“What about, umm, food?” Shinji asked, too shocked by the idea of holding another human being captive to think of anything more poignant.

A wistful smile lit Hikari’s face.

“You fed me.”

Shinji blushed. He knew she did not mean that he had handed her a plateful of food – and for a moment, he could even picture her bowing her head to lap a morsel from the palm of his hand with that same, slightly vacant smile she always seemed to have whenever they were alone.

Shaking his head to clear this image, he murmured, "Umm, are you hungry?"

For a moment, there was an absolute and total silence. Shinji had meant to change the subject – he really had. The idea of hand feeding one of his lovers made him a little uncomfortable, and in his haste to find another topic to discuss, he had touched on the faint pangs of early evening hunger in his stomach.

The results of this slip of the tongue were rather interesting.

Hikari melted into his embrace, her breathing growing short and labored as she wrapped her arms around him. She said nothing, but as the silence stretched out, Shinji could feel minute tremors of excitement running all through her body, making it abundantly clear that she was immensely turned on – and if her shivering was not enough of an indicator, the fact that she was lightly grinding herself against him certainly was... as was the growing wet spot on the front of her panties.

"Master," she whispered, breaking her own rule against initiating things like this, "if you would please do that for me, I'd..."

She would what? Hadn't she just told him, flat out, that there was already nothing she would not do for him? What could she offer now that she had not given?

Then a thought occurred to her: perhaps she could offer something he had not thought of.

"Master," Hikari murmured, keeping her face pressed tightly into the side of his neck, "You and... and Asuka..." she felt him tense, but before he could tell her it was none of her business, she blurted, "would it please you if I joined you, Master?"

Shinji's jaw fell open – not from the idea of being with two women at once, since he had done that the night before... and at least a half dozen times prior, but his relationship with Hikari was based on different ground. If he brought those two worlds together, what might happen?

"Why would you... huh??"

Hikari hurried on, feeling a slight thread of fear work through her as she realized her desire to be ruled may have caused her to say too much already. "Asuka... came on to me in the locker room today. She said she wanted me, but I told her I only belong to you." She swallowed, hoping she was saying the right things. "I told her I only belong to you... but if it would please you to be with both of us, I would do it, Master."

Staring at the TV, Shinji's mouth slowly closed. Why would Asuka go after Hikari? It didn't make sense. Even with Misato, Asuka only touched her at the very height of passion, and she had NEVER actually eaten the older woman out, it was always just kisses and occasionally some fondling. So it was a little hard to understand what her motivation was. Shinji could understand WHY Asuka might go looking for sex from someone else (in his mind, he wasn't all that good, since he had no way of knowing that Asuka spent most of her day fantasizing about being with him) but her choice of WHO was a little puzzling. But upon further reflection, he supposed it did not matter. The idea of exploration with two of the three women that made his life worth living was very tempting.

And based on what Hikari had just told him – and a couple weeks worth of seeing Asuka in the closet with her clothes soaked with sweat – he knew that the Second would not object either... and her aborted phone conversation with him suddenly made a LOT more sense.

"Alright..." he murmured, "she should be back in an hour or so, and you can ask her about it then."

Hikari nodded vigorously. "Thank you, Master," she said happily, already envisioning herself eating from his palm – the thought making her squirm with anticipation on his already damp lap. "So, ummm... what are we going to do until then...?"

With a surprisingly cold grin, Shinji turned up the volume on the television and whispered, "Watch this show."

Stunned, Hikari opened her mouth to protest... but a stern look from Shinji reminded her of her position.

"Yes, Master..."

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Asuka turned her key in the lock with a disgusted sigh, slipping the door open and kicking her shoes angrily off. *What a shitty day*, she thought, *fucking holier than thou bitch!* 'Oh, I can't because of my master!' *what-the-fuck-ever!!*

She stepped into the kitchen, determined to raid Misato's beer stash before going to bed, but came up short as she found the holier than thou bitch herself standing in the middle of the room.

"Hello..."

"What are you doing here?" Asuka asked coolly, refusing to let herself get worked up over the girl's earlier rejection. "I thought you'd have showered up and gone home by now."

Hikari inclined her head in a polite bow, delicately ignoring the dig. "I'm here to make up for this afternoon," she said quietly, "I was hoping... I could get you to understand."

The redhead raised a hand, cutting her off. "I don't want to understand," she said bluntly, "you have your thing with Shinji, and I have mine. Period."

Nodding, the class rep replied, "That's true, but I don't think you understood that I AM interested in being together with you – I just needed my Master's approval."

Asuka took a breath to say 'screw you,' but before she could speak, the wording of her friend's sentence sank in. "Needed?" she echoed, glancing suddenly around the apartment, "as in... past-tense?"

"He's in the bedroom," Hikari informed her, gesturing towards the door. "He said, 'you belong to Asuka for the evening. Treat her like you would treat me and do anything she says.' And he told me to tell you that he understands why you want to do this... and if you want him to leave the apartment so we have more privacy, he will."

Leaning against the kitchen wall, Asuka arched an eyebrow. "He doesn't," she murmured quietly, "he doesn't understand at all... but maybe someday he will." Considering the other girl for a moment, she whispered, "So you're mine for the whole evening, huh?"

"Yes, ma'am," Hikari confirmed softly, "that's what my Master ordered."

Pushing away from the wall, Asuka stretched out her hand, frowning faintly as she tested the other girl's obedience.

"Lick my fingers."

Without hesitation, Hikari grasped Asuka's wrist and brought her mouth down to the redhead's hand, looking the girl in the eye as she slowly ran her tongue from the base of her forefinger all the way to the tip. "Yes, ma'am," she breathed, moving on to Asuka's middle finger, taking her time as she carefully attended to each digit with a content look on her pretty face.

As Hikari finished with her pinky, Asuka shivered. "Kn-kneel," she stammered, watching the class rep sink to her knees and look at the floor with a well-practiced, downcast expression of abject servitude. "Look at me." When Hikari raised her eyes, Asuka swallowed, understanding why someone like Shinji could easily get into this role. "I want you to call me Mistress."

Since she had been ordered to look at her, Hikari did not pull her gaze away from Asuka's eyes... though her expression grew momentarily defiant as she replied, "I

can't, ma'am... I only have one Master – and to call you that, even once, would be betraying him. If you need to punish me for being disobedient, I understand, but that is the only order I cannot obey... ma'am..."

Asuka pursed her lips, but found that this was a concept she could understand. *She really is loyal to him.* Pulling her gaze away from the subjugated girl, Asuka said, "If I fucked you in front of your master, do you think he would like that?"

Hikari shivered, blushing faintly as she imagined Shinji watching Asuka put her tongue into her swollen pussy. "I know he would, ma'am," she said clearly, "he wanted us to all be together, but he decided that he would leave the choice of how you wanted to... to have me up to you."

"You like being owned by him, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am... it's all I need now."

Considering this, Asuka stepped around the girl and started down the hall.

"Follow me."

Hikari hesitated. "Do you want me to walk, ma'am? ...or crawl?"

Asuka glanced over her shoulder, looking down at the other girl with a faint frown. "Has Shinji ever made you crawl?"

"Only the first time we were together," Hikari said carefully, completely unaware that Asuka had been less than four feet away at the time, "but I..."

"You'd like it if he made you do it more often," Asuka supplied as the class rep trailed off.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Crawl, then... and keep your head down."

"Yes, ma'am."

Asuka's frown deepened. *Fuck*, she thought disgustedly, *if it makes her happy... whatever.*

Walking swiftly to Shinji's room, and forcing Hikari to scramble to keep up, the redhead threw the door open without knocking and stepped in. "Don't pretend to be asleep!" she said hotly as she found the young man with his arm thrown over his eyes, "You KNOW that pisses me off!"

Shinji moved his arm, glancing at her from the corner of his eye as Hikari reached her side and rose up to her knees. "I wasn't," he mumbled defensively, "I was just thinking."

"Sure, fine, whatever," Asuka said dryly, "listen..." she drew a deep breath, folding her arms as Shinji sat up on his bed and directed his full attention towards her.

"I've been thinking about fucking Hikari," she said abruptly, "but I kinda... don't want to now, unless you do it with me." Seeing his confusion, she clarified, "I just... if y-" she cut herself off, clearing her throat and averting her eyes, "if a guy's not involved, it feels wrong, ok? I want to try eating her out, but only..."

She trailed off, unsure of what, exactly, she was trying to say.

But Shinji seemed to understand, rising to his feet and walking over to where the two girls were. "In here?" he asked softly, resting his left hand on Hikari's head as he studied the redhead's gorgeous eyes. "Or your room?"

Asuka glanced down as Hikari very subtly moved her head from side to side, causing Shinji's hand to pet her. "The living room," the Second said softly, confused by the odd combination of jealousy (because Shinji was touching someone else when she, herself, was close enough to be touched) and contempt (for Hikari looking so happy at being treated like a dog). "I want to do it on the couch."

"What about Misato?" Shinji asked, absently patting Hikari's head before pulling his hand away. "She might come home early or something."

"She won't," Asuka countered confidently, glancing down at Hikari. "What about you? You don't have any problem with the couch, do you?"

Hikari's answer was immediate and succinct. "It's not my place to have an opinion, ma'am."

Asuka blew out a breath, making her bangs dance. "Of course it's not... what a good slave you are. Fine, come on."

Together, the three of them traipsed into the living room, where Shinji immediately sat on the couch and waited to be told what to do, and Hikari – also waiting for directions – stopped at Asuka's side and kept her eyes facing down.

"Hmmm... any idea on how we should start this?" Asuka asked slowly. She opened her mouth to say 'Misato usually does all the work when it's the three of us,' but she remembered suddenly that Hikari had no idea that the purple-haired woman was involved with her and Shinji – and that's just the way it would stay.

Shinji shrugged, keeping his eyes on Hikari as he whispered, "I told her to do whatever you want... so do whatever you want."

*Alright*, Asuka thought, giving Shinji a disparaging glance, *THIS is how you control someone, Third Child. Take notes.*

"Slave," she snapped, taking great pleasure in seeing Hikari's eyes widen, "undress me."

"Y-yes ma'am," the class rep murmured, nodding quickly as she crawled over to Asuka and reached up to unbutton her shirt.

Asuka slapped her hands away. "No," she said sternly, "start with my panties."

Hikari's hands trembled. "...yes, ma'am."

"Slowly, slave," the redhead ordered as Hikari reached up under her skirt. "And don't look at me – the floor will be good enough for you."

Shinji blushed, easily catching the gleam of excitement on Hikari's face as she quickly did as she was told. *I'm... not a good master*, he thought tiredly, watching the class rep slowly ease Asuka's clearly damp panties out from under her skirt, moving them down her slender legs with great care. *I just can't push her down THAT low! I mean, petting her and making her kneel is one thing, but I... I'm not a good master...*

Asuka rewarded Hikari's diligent removal of her with a quick pat on the head. "Good girl," she said briskly, "now... eat my pussy."

Hikari's breath caught. "E-eat you... ma'am?" she whispered uncertainly.

She yelped in pain as Asuka casually reached down and tangled her fingers in the class rep's hair, yanking her head back and looking her straight in the eyes. "Eat my pussy," she repeated softly, "now."

"Yes m-ma'am..."

Tentatively – but quickly, to avoid being punished – Hikari eased her face between Asuka's legs, giving the redhead's damp lips a careful lick.

"Eat it!"

Hikari Grunted as Asuka grasped her hair and forced the class rep's face into her pussy, giving her no choice but to start eating. She tried to stick her tongue into it – the way Shinji did it for her – but she immediately pulled back as she found her tongue coated in slippery, pungent juices. Kept from pulling away by Asuka's tight grip, Hikari stuck to licking up and down along the redhead's slit, wondering how Shinji managed to get in so deep when it was so wet and full of flavor. She had never tasted her own juices before, so she didn't know if she tasted as strong as



Asuka, but she reasoned that Shinji must either like it or be used to it, because he never hesitated to get it all over his face when he ate her out.

After several minutes of Hikari's awkward licking, Asuka allowed the girl to pull back. "You're doing it too hard," she hissed.

Hikari's face was flushed and dazed as she nodded. "Sorry, ma'am," she replied miserably, "may I try again?"

"No," Asuka said flatly, "you'll rub me raw."

"Yes ma'am."

Without warning, Asuka reached down and pulled Hikari's hair again, making her whimper as she dragged her head back to look into her eyes. "Not as much fun when someone REALLY treats you this way, is it?" she whispered, keeping her voice too low for Shinji to hear.

To her surprise, Hikari managed to smile. "You really DON'T understand... ma'am..."

Asuka pursed her lips. "Shinji," she said quietly, never breaking eye contact with the panting girl at her feet. "Do you want a blowjob?" Before the young man could reply, Asuka released Hikari's hair and stepped away. "Stand up and strip," she ordered, "slowly – make it a tease. Then kneel at your master's feet and show him how much you want to suck his dick. You can beg him, if you want."

Her voice faint as a brilliant blush lit her face, Hikari rose to her feet and breathed, "Thank you, ma'am..."

Shinji shifted on the couch as Hikari walked over to stand in front of him, smiling seductively as she lowered her gaze and put her hands on her hips, slowly running them up and over her firm young tits before slipping the first button on her shirt free. She turned to the side, offering him her profile as she brought her hands up under breasts, presenting them for maximum effect before turning back and unfastening another button – her expression dreamy and content as her hips slowly began swaying, moved by a rhythm only she could hear.

Slowly, she danced, turning her body this way and that as a third button, then a fourth, were slipped free, exposing her to the middle of her stomach. After two more buttons, Hikari turned to the side again, peeling her shirt off of her left shoulder and giving Shinji a glance that even blind men would understand meant: I'll cry if this show doesn't end with your cock inside of me.

Asuka watched, impressed by the other girl's passion as the class rep finished unbuttoning her shirt and arched her spine, tilting her head back and thrusting her breasts forward as the garment slid down her slender arms to pool around her heels. *Damn*, the redhead thought as Hikari eased her fingers into the waistband of her skirt, turning away from Shinji a moment before slipping it off and showing him only her tight ass, neatly concealed by a surprisingly conservatively cut pair of white cotton panties. For a moment, the two girls' eyes met... and each knew that before the night was over, their relationship would be changed forever.

Hopefully for the better.

Nodding briefly, Asuka gestured for the class rep to continue her show, shaking her head with wonder as Hikari gave her a small smile and turned back to Shinji, covering her breasts with her right arm while the left slid up to unclasp her bra, allowing the straps to fall down and rest tantalizingly on her upper arms. Moving carefully, she pulled one of the straps off, then the other, leaving the cups supported by her forearm for a moment before drawing them with agonizingly slowness down off her chest.

"...wow."

Hikari beamed as the young man's eyes locked onto her proud, slightly upturned breasts, drinking the sight of them in like a wine connoisseur savoring a rare vintage. She knew she was not as big as Asuka, or Shinji's guardian (that woman was HUGE), but he still liked the way they looked... and that was more thrilling to her than being a double-D cup.

*Damn*, Asuka thought again as Hikari crossed her arms, covering her nipples and smiling warmly at her master, *when the fuck did she learn how to do that? Has she been taking hooker lessons when no one was looking?!?*

She shook her head and focused on Hikari as the class rep's fingers slipped into the waistband of her panties. "Stop," she commanded suddenly, "don't move."

Hikari obeyed, freezing exactly where she was and waiting for her next instruction. She let out a small gasp, though, as Asuka stepped up behind her and laid her slender fingers on Hikari's hands. Slowly, the redhead pulled, making Hikari move with her and bringing her panties to mid-thigh before kneeling behind the class rep and directing her not to move before grasping the girl's panties and finishing the job herself.

"There," Asuka said softly, "now – kneel... and beg."

Hikari nodded, dropping to her knees and keeping her eyes on Shinji's face as Asuka leaned down and kissed the small of her back, her gaze never wavering as the redhead experimentally touched her lips to the class rep's sensitive skin.

"Please, Master," she whispered, kissing his right thigh without looking away from his face, "please may I suck your cock...?"

Frowning as he recalled something she had once told him, Shinji replied, "I'm not in the mood yet."

This, naturally, was a lie. He had just seen the girl go down on Asuka for the first time, then slowly strip-tease herself stark naked in front of him... he was about as hard as he had ever been – but he stuck to his falsehood as Hikari's words, 'you could tease me sometimes, if you want, make me beg a little – I'd love that!' echoed in his ears.

The effect on Hikari was most satisfying. A strong shiver ran through the girl as rose a little higher on her knees and leaned forward to gently kiss the front of his pants. "Please sir," she murmured, keeping her eyes low and kissing him again, "how may I earn the right to have your dick in my mouth...? I'll do anything for you, Master, just please, please let me suck your cock."

Shinji brought his eyes up to Asuka's holding her gaze as he barely whispered, "Not yet."

Hikari's shivers intensified as she wet her lips, almost asking again before slowly leaning back to sit on her heels, trying to remain patient as Shinji let the silence stretch out in a clear display of control. Her anxiety grew to deliciously intolerable proportions as she heard Asuka slowly peeling her clothes off and dropping them, one by one, onto her now-squirming form, until she knew the redhead was standing naked behind her. She wet her lips unconsciously, tasting the other girl's flavor on them, and she drew a deep breath to renew her begging.

Before she could speak, however, Asuka leaned over her shoulder, pressing her supple tits into the class rep's back and whispering, "Watch." Rising to her feet, Asuka turned to Shinji and said, "Unzip your pants. Your slave is going to watch you get sucked and stay quiet until I tell her she can speak... or she's going to go home."

A deep moan came from Hikari's chest as she watched the young man immediately pull his zipper down and draw his throbbing cock out of his pants, offering it to Asuka without a word.

"You get one warning," Asuka murmured, sitting on the couch at Shinji's side and pulling her hair up over one shoulder to allow Hikari an unobstructed view, "the next time you make a sound... you leave."

Hikari nodded, her breath coming in short – but controlled – pants as she watched Asuka's soft pink lips wrap around Shinji's tool. She bit her finger... then sucked it into her mouth as the redhead slowly bobbed up and down on her master's crank, imagining that it was her swirling her tongue around the head and humming in the back of her throat to increase the sensations of pleasure for him. It was pure, unadulterated torture.

And she loved every second.

This was control – this was how she wanted to be treated, by her Master especially. She loved every command he issued, particularly the ones that forced her to do things she wouldn't do in her day to day life, but she secretly hoped that someday he would make something like this happen. Quickly averting her eyes as Asuka glanced her way, she offered the redhead a silent thank you for helping her feel absolutely controlled.

"Don't look away," Asuka ordered, stroking Shinji with her hand to allow her mouth to be free for a moment. "Good girl..." She smiled wolfishly as she brought her lips back to Shinji's cock. "He tastes good, Horaki... so hot and hard. Mmm... delicious..."

Hikari's cheeks were sucked tight against her finger, and the lone digit was disappearing over and over between her lips as she stared – almost forgetting to blink – at the torture before her. After several minutes, Asuka pulled away rose to her feet, staring imperiously down at Hikari for a moment before waving her hand and whispering, "I'm done for now... you can suck him for a minute."

With a strangled cry, Hikari lunged forward, putting her hands in her favorite position (one on either side of Shinji's waist, pressed flat against the couch cushion) and opened her mouth as wide as she could, dropping it hungrily around his cock and forcing it all the way into her throat with one gulp. She began sucking him wildly, bobbing her head up and down in a frenzy as she felt his hands settle onto the back of her head. Screwing her eyes closed, she deepthroated him again, moaning raggedly as his nuts brushed her chin.

"Stop!"

Hikari nearly sobbed as Asuka snapped that one, horrible word. *But I just started!* she thought desperately, *Let me finish! Please let me swallow his come... oh God, I'm so hot – I NEED it!!*

Wisely – obediently – she said nothing, trembling all over as she held Shinji's prick all the way inside of her mouth.

"Spread your knees apart," Asuka said, her voice hard with expectations of immediate compliance. "If his cock comes out of your mouth before I order it to... we're done."

Hikari gave a tiny nod of understanding, parting her knees as far as she could and trying to brace Shinji's cock in her mouth with the back of her tongue. The room was silent for a moment, leaving Hikari to wonder what the redhead had in mind... but when she found out, her eyes shot wide open with shock.

"MMMMMM!!!"

"Heh," Asuka laughed softly, "like that, huh? Well let's try this then."

So saying, she slid further up between Hikari's wide-spread thighs, wrapping her hands around the other girl's hips to keep them from bucking and bringing her mouth back to her tender, soaking pussy lips. She licked carefully, trying to get a feel for the best folds and ridges to focus her attacks and paying close attention to which spots produced the sharpest, most satisfied groans from the class rep.

After several minutes of careful exploration, Asuka pulled back one last time and whispered, "Hikari?"

"Hmmm?"

"...don't you ever fucking forget this."

"MMMMMMMMMM!!!"

Shinji gasped as Hikari's throat vibrated violently around his cock, her body being wracked by intense spasms of pleasure as Asuka went to work on her snatch.

From his place on the couch, he could not see exactly what the redhead was doing... but whatever it was, he was going to have to learn it, because Hikari was shaking all over, and the only thing keeping her from screaming out loud was the dick lodged firmly between her dewy lips.

"Mmm! Mmm! Mmm!" Hikari moaned, her vision graying around the edges as Asuka lightly scraped her swollen clit with the very tips of her teeth, driving two of her fingers into the class rep's clenching box with brutal, almost savage speed. "MMMMM!!" Screaming around Shinji's dick, Hikari felt her hole spread wide as Asuka added her other two fingers to the equation, pumping nearly her entire hand into Hikari's squelching pussy.

*Oh no, she thought frantically, oh no! I'm... I'm gonna... come...! Master... please make her stop. I don't want to come for... anyone but you... god! PLEASE! I'm gonna come!!*

With her mouth full of cock... Hikari could voice none of these thoughts. All she could do was groan in defeat as Asuka successfully forced her to break her own personal promise of never climaxing for anyone but her master – setting off a cataclysmic orgasm in Hikari's sweat-slick body.

"Mmm! MMM!! MMMAAHHH!!" Hikari lost her hold on Shinji's dick, throwing her head back and loosing a tortured cry as she kept coming, giving her a true taste of what absolute control was. How long that earthquake of pleasure went on, Hikari did not know... all that she knew was that when Shinji murmured, 'Asuka, stop now,' she could barely gurgle word, "'knyou... 'ster..." before collapsing against him.

"Hmm..." Asuka hummed as she rose unsteadily to her feet. "I... I think I... broke her..."

Hikari floated for a while in a dream-like state of blissful ecstasy, her mind completely void of anything but warm, soothing pleasure. She was peripherally aware of the other two teens (she could not QUITE think of their names just then) talking in low voices, but for a few moments, nothing else registered but the way she was feeling.

When she returned to her senses, she found Shinji staring down at her, his face heavy with concern. Seeing the spark of recognition in her eyes, he sighed, "Guess you liked that, huh?"

Nodding, Hikari whispered the first thing that came to her mind.

"Will you fuck me now, Master?"

"No way!" Asuka gasped. "After THAT, you still want to be fucked??"

"Please Master," Hikari begged, reaching up with a trembling hand and stroking Shinji's cock. "Please...?"

"Alright."

"Mmm..." Hikari moaned, "where do you want me, Master?"

"Just lie back," Shinji told her, easing himself onto the floor, "spread your legs a little more for me... yeah, like that..."

Hikari was always wet by the time Shinji slipped into her, usually from him eating her or fingering her to make sure she was ready... but today she was soaking.

"Uhhhh..." she groaned as his cock glided into her dripping hole, his hips bumping hers almost as soon as he had begun his first thrust. "Mmmmaster," she breathed, putting her hands on his shoulders and closing her eyes, "it's... it's good..."

Though she could not see him, Shinji nodded, glancing over at Asuka as she watched them attentively, her eyes moving nonstop from Shinji's arms to Hikari's breasts to the place the two were joined, and back again, taking in every detail of the spectacle before her. She had witnessed this sight over a dozen times between Hikari's and Misato's trysts with Shinji, but this time was more thrilling somehow – perhaps because she knew she was the reason Hikari was oozing pussy juices all over the floor – so she kept her eyes moving, unwilling to miss any aspect at all.

"I'm gonna... come..." Hikari panted, her voice breathy and hushed, "I... sorry... came for... someone else... Masterrrr!!"

As the class rep cried out, pulling Shinji closer to her and burying her face in his chest as she came, Asuka frowned. Hikari was right, she thought with some amazement: there WAS no way she could relate. Hikari had given such a deep, darkly secret corner of her soul away that it literally terrified Asuka to comprehend it. Beyond self-respect, beyond mere control, Hikari had surrendered to Shinji on a primal level – she had given something so base, so intensely personal, that Asuka wondered if the other girl would hold her breath and smother herself if Shinji commanded it.

Frighteningly... she thought the girl might.

"Mmm...mmmmmm..." Hikari moaned, slowly relaxing on the floor with a soft, dreamy smile. "Thank you Master," she breathed, opening her eyes to regard the man she considered her owner, "thank you for allowing me to feel this good..."

"S-sure," Shinji mumbled, clearly understanding exactly how deep Hikari's loyalties ran.

"Come inside me...?" the class rep whispered, "please Master?"

In a flash, Asuka intervened. "Whoa!" she said firmly, "NO ONE is having any babies around here!"

Hikari looked blank for a moment, then laughed softly. "Master," she said gently, "I thought you would have told her."

"Told me what?" Asuka asked suspiciously, hating the idea that there was something about Shinji's sex life that she didn't know.

"I'm on the pill," Hikari said quietly, stroking Shinji's face with open adoration. "I wanted to be available for him any time, and condoms make it so... dull."

Asuka just stared. Her friend was a slut – plain and simple. She had become a walking, talking, unthinking sex object, existing only to spread her legs for her owner.

It was nauseating.

Before she could express her disgust, however, Hikari finally spoke the words Asuka had never been able to hear – the ones she said after each of their lovemaking sessions, like clockwork.

"You're so good to me..."

Asuka shivered. She had always assumed that Hikari was saying 'I love you' or some similar, overly romantic tripe... but the tone of the other girl's voice said loud and clear that this meant far more than any Hallmark-esque sentiment. Hikari was truly GRATEFUL for Shinji treating her like dirt and forcing her to allow another girl to eat her out. This observation reminded Asuka of how hard it was to get Hikari into bed in the first place, and the fact that she had been rather cold to everyone up at school lately. Asuka still felt that Hikari was a slut... but she was a one-man slut, and that was something the redhead felt she could understand.

Or at the very least, respect.

"Are you close, Master?" Hikari asked softly, "May I be on top so I can please you, sir?"

Before Shinji could reply, Asuka pressed her breasts against his side and whispered, "I want you to come on my face."

"Wh-what?!" Shinji gasped, feeling his cock suddenly grow even harder.

Asuka and Misato both swallowed. Any time Shinji got head, he could count on feeling his dick lodged in the back of a warm, wet throat as one or the other of the two women gulped down his sperm. Even Hikari drank it, when he wasn't coming in her tight pussy... though now that he thought about it, there was that one time she had been stroking him off and hadn't managed to get her lips around the head in time, ending up with a face full of hot come for her bad timing.

And Asuka had been watching at the time... but still, why the sudden desire? Perhaps because she was feeling left out? For the time, it seemed, he was not going to get an answer.

"Come on," the redhead instructed, lying down with her head near Hikari's hips, "I want it on my face, Shinji..."

"Uhh!"

Shinji gasped, so turned on by this simple proclamation that he accidentally sent his first shot of seed into Hikari's waiting pussy. Quickly pulling out, he turned to the side and stroked himself with his hand, sending the rest of his load pattering all over Asuka's lovely face with a low, guttural moan. Closing her eyes, Asuka felt a shiver work through her spine as Shinji's essence sprinkled her flawless skin, and unconsciously, she opened her mouth, catching a few drops of his semen on her tongue.

For a moment, all she could hear was Shinji's rough, harsh panting... then, to her very great shock, she felt something warm and wet running lightly across her face. She opened her eyes, staring with undisguised wonder as she found Hikari leaning over her, gently licking her face clean of Shinji's sticky come. She sat still as the other girl worked, not knowing quite what to say, but she allowed her eyes to close again as Hikari reached her mouth, giving her a soft, tender kiss.

"Mmm..." the class rep hummed, parting from the redhead with clear reluctance, "Master, may I have permission to kiss her again...?"

Though her eyes were closed, Asuka quickly found out what Shinji's answer was as Hikari's soft lips closed over hers once more. Slowly, they kissed, sharing the taste of Shinji's sperm as their tongues languidly rolled together, and before Asuka wanted her to, Hikari was pulling back again.

"Master...?" the hoarse, exhausted whisper filled the air, "may I... may I try to please her, Master...?"

Asuka gasped as she felt Shinji's hands pushing her thighs apart. "No," the Third Child said quietly, his breath blowing against her wet pussy. "You're too worn out, and besides... I want to."

"...yes, Master."

"Uhhhh!"

Being unprepared, Asuka let out a short gasp of surprise as Shinji's tongue dipped into her. Unlike Hikari's amateurish attempt, Shinji knew the redhead inside and out – literally. He knew every crease and valley in her slick tunnel like the back of his hand, and without hesitation, he went straight for the most sensitive locales, driving her crazy by pulling back and probing at her lips when he felt that she was getting close.

"Nnnnoo," Asuka groaned, shaking her head wildly, "don't... tease me! God, I wanna come, Shinji – make me come!!"

"We ARE the same..."

Asuka's eyes opened wide, her passion clouded mind struggling to comprehend as Hikari's breath brushed her ear.

"W-wha...?"

Rising high on the tide of her impending orgasm, Asuka barely heard Hikari whisper, "You've given yourself to him, too," before she was swept away.

"OH GOD!! RIGHT there, RIGHT THERE!!"

Asuka arched her back as Hikari gently kissed her ear and whispered, "You look so pretty when you come."

And come, she did. Hard.

“Ohh – OHH!!”

It was almost painful. Shinji's flicked her clit like a metronome, driving sharp spikes of pleasure into Asuka's brain with every fleeting contact, building the orgasm within her until it practically exploded inside of her, forcing a ragged scream from the redhead's throat at almost the exact second Hikari tentatively caressed her right breast.

“OHHHH!!”

Abruptly, Asuka's body fell slack on the floor, her chest rising and falling in rapid succession as Shinji finally relented and moved down to gently tongue her tired slit. He ate her for several more minutes, easing her back down from the heights of ecstasy rather than just letting her fall. Slowly, Asuka reached down and ran her fingers through his hair, smiling languidly as Hikari caught her eye.

Though she still could not imagine giving herself entirely to anyone, Asuka could definitely understand how Hikari could, and as the other girl gave her a soft smile, the Second Child finally understood how badly the class rep needed to be possessed. *As long as it's you, it's ok...*

Finally pulling back, Shinji rose to his feet and offered Asuka his hand. “God I'm tired,” he whispered, helping the redhead up onto the couch before sitting down himself.

“Mmmme too,” Hikari yawned, resting her head on his knee as Asuka settled in at his side. “Sweet dreams, Master.”

Opening his mouth to say, ‘we're not sleeping here,’ Shinji found himself caught up in an immense yawn. *Well*, he thought, feeling Asuka's body growing limper next to him, *maybe for a few minutes...*

Twenty seconds later, he was fast asleep.

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Shinji awoke to the feel of soft lips pressing lightly against his throat. Slowly, he opened his eyes, becoming gradually aware of a delicate hand, lightly stroking his already hard cock. He expected to find Hikari as the world slowly swam into view, but instead he found himself looking at a head full of sweat-streaked red hair.

“Asuka...? Why are you doing that?”

Asuka continued kissing and stroking him, answering between kisses, “Wanted... to wake you... up...”

Considering this for a moment, Shinji asked, “Why not just turn on the TV or say my name?”

The redhead shrugged, pulling back to look him in the eyes before murmuring, “Didn't want to wake her up.”

Shinji glanced over Asuka's shoulder, sighing as he stared down at Hikari's peacefully sleeping form. The class rep was sprawled on the floor, covered only in Asuka's school shirt, with her head resting on Shinji's feet. She was also, Shinji noted, smiling in her sleep and every so often, a tremor of what could only be excitement ran through her.

He brought his attention back to the Second Child, though, as she swung her right leg across his body and grasped his shoulders, reaching down with one hand to arrange his cock against her pussy and slowly pushing herself down onto him with a content sigh.

“No,” she said quickly as he put his hands on her waist and tried to lift her up, “don't fuck me... I'm not... I didn't put anything in, Shinji – just be inside me for a while, ok? I'll suck you off in a little bit.”

“Ok,” Shinji said quietly, resting his hands on the girl's shapely ass.

Asuka leaned forward and kissed him deeply, gently squeezing his shaft with her pussy. "Mmm," she hummed, pulling back to rest her head against his shoulder, "sometimes... it feels so good to have your cock in me..."

She closed her eyes, marveling at how dirty she was able to talk around him. *But it's just for this kind of thing, she told herself, like Misato's smoking – it's something that I can't do... or, really, I don't WANT to do around other people. Maybe it's just another way this is only for us, I mean...*

Again, she found herself over-thinking and forced herself to clear the useless thoughts away.

"Why is it," she whispered thoughtfully, "that as soon as I find someone I really WANT to fuck... everyone else suddenly wants to fuck him to? There's so many guys at school – hell, even guys up at NERV and on the street – that would beg me to spread my legs for them, but as soon as I give my virginity away... God, I don't even know what I'm saying..." She brought her head up, looking into Shinji's eyes as she said, "Don't ever stop fucking me, Shinji. I can... live with you doing it with other people, as long as I can have you too. I thought at first that I couldn't let myself have you if I didn't have all of you – but I know now that I can be happy as long as I have SOME of you... does that make sense??"

Shinji nodded solemnly. "I can... tell the others that it's over, if you want," he offered hesitantly, but Asuka immediately shook her head.

"No," she sighed, "Hikari's... complicated, is the only word I can think of. For now, anyway, I think breaking up with her would drive her crazy – and I mean literally. Misato, well, she'd get over it – but I guess if I can live with one person having you, I can live with two." She grinned suddenly. "Just don't go chasing after four, you greedy little hentai!"

With a weak laugh, Shinji asked, "What if they chase me?"

Asuka snorted. "Look," she said dryly, "you're already fucking three women, Shinji... do you really think more are going to just come knocking on your door and asking for your dick? You know what, don't even answer that... I'll tell you what, if another woman actually ASKS you to sleep with her, go right ahead, I won't stop you! ...anyone desperate enough to beg for it must need to get it really bad."

*Like it'd ever happen anyway, she thought dismissively, he's... god, he's a great fuck – but it's not like word is spreading all over town about how incredible his dick is! Yeah, I don't think I'll have to worry about sharing him with anyone else.*

After a moment of silence, Asuka bit her lip and looked into Shinji's eyes. "I'm... gonna get on the pill, too," she informed him softly, "there's been like, three times, just in the last week, when I've thought 'this is the perfect place for a quickie,' but didn't have any VCFs with me. I want to be more spontaneous, you know? Like... doing it in a park, or up at school, or wherever we want to – wouldn't that be hot??"

Shinji had to swallow before replying, "Yeah, it would."

The image of having Asuka bent over one of the school desks while he hammered into her sweet pussy was the one that really clinched the deal – not that he would have objected to it either way, but this particular idea made him want to hop on a bus and ride all the way over to school just to try it out... and it was two in the morning.

*Two in the morning?* he thought suddenly, wrapping his arms around Asuka as she let out a deep sigh and settled in against his chest. *Where the hell is Misato?!*

The End... for now

Author's Notes: damn it, you just got three-way sex with heavy dom/sub action! You don't need any fucking notes!! :P



Once again, Avalon helped make the story a little less sucky. Thanks, bro-ther.

Feedback is always welcome, if you know how to get me.

-Rx7

## Fifth Stage – Just a Couple Revelations

Shinji yawned expansively, trying to cover it as he shifted uncomfortably in the seat opposite Ritsuko. “Tired?” the blonde murmured, entering a final comment on her computer terminal.

“Y-yeah,” Shinji admitted, “a little.”

“Not getting much sleep lately?”

Frowning, the Third shrugged. “I’m fine.”

“Good.”

Ritsuko nodded to herself, closing down her connection with Melchior and leaning back in her seat to study the young man across from her. *Well, she thought pragmatically, guess I should get this started before I lose my nerve. He DOES look a bit run down, but I’m sure it’s nothing major. His sync scores are still fine. If anything, I’m the one that should be worn out – I’ve been juggling three different lovers, and he’s only got two.*

Of course, she had no way of knowing about Hikari, but that was neither here nor there. She had an entirely different person in mind to broaden Shinji’s horizons with.

“It was your birthday a week and a half ago.”

Since it was not a question, Shinji simply nodded.

“Did you get what you wanted?”

Shinji thought back, frowning as he distinctly recalled Asuka and Misato taking turns sucking his cock and touching him all over before Hikari had stopped by to give him her gift – which consisted of nice pair of khakis and a blowjob (both given to him in his room rather quickly while the other women were cooking dinner). All in all, it was a fine way to spend a birthday... unless the only thing you REALLY wanted for a present was a good afternoon nap. Having three lovers was far more exhausting than he would have guessed.

“No,” he replied quietly, “I mean... I had a great birthday, but I didn’t get what I was hoping to get.”

*Wow, he thought as the blonde digested this, I’m complaining because I got sucked off by three women in one day instead of getting a little rest. I should see a shrink, or something.*

“Shinji,” Ritsuko said carefully, “do you know the date today?”

“Ummm, the 24<sup>th</sup>?” Shinji asked hesitantly.

“And can you think of anything... particularly outstanding about today?”

“...no.”

Ritsuko nodded, taking a long drag off of her cigarette. “Today is Maya Ibuki’s birthday,” she said coolly, “she’s turning 24.”

“Oh,” Shinji said brightly, “cool, I didn’t know it was so close to mine.”

Smiling faintly, Ritsuko said, “You like Miss Ibuki?”

Shinji nodded. “Yeah,” he said honestly, “she’s always really nice to me.”

“Do you think she’s attractive?”

Silence fell – along with Shinji’s smile – as the question hung in the air, echoing Asuka’s interrogation on the subject of who Shinji would be willing to sleep with at school. “Umm, sure,” he said finally, shifting in his seat, “hey, it’s kind of late, so umm I should g-”

“Maya is my lover.”

Shinji just gaped.

“She has been for some time,” Ritsuko went on, ignoring Shinji’s astonished stare.

“Oh,” the boy said after a few moments quiet, “well, er, she’s really nice...”

Growing weary of beating around the bush, Ritsuko whispered, “Listen, Shinji... Maya and I have been living out a lot of fantasies lately... but today is her birthday, and I wanted to help her fulfill one that she’s never quite had the courage to ask for.”

With an oddly tired feeling, Shinji intuitively guessed where this conversation was heading. Being who he was, however, he pretended that he was ignorant and said, “Well, I hope it works out for you. I’ve gotta get go-”

“Shinji,” Ritsuko interrupted, stubbing her cigarette out in the ashtray on her desk, “as a favor to me, and Maya, would you be willing to come over to my apartment later and join the two of us?”

Shinji paled, starting say that he was still a virgin, but Ritsuko raised her hand, cutting him off.

“I know you’ve been having sex with someone from your school,” she informed him flatly.

“How did you know??” Shinji gasped, his eyes wide.

“HOW I know is not as important as the fact THAT I know, Shinji,” Ritsuko said dismissively, “and you’d be smart to keep in mind that others know as well... and they are watching to see what comes of it.”

“Will it... affect my piloting?” Shinji asked uncertainly.

Ritsuko snorted. “Don’t be absurd,” she said dismissively, sticking another cigarette into her mouth and lighting it before continuing. “Your sync scores ARE a little down, but sexual activity has nothing to do with that. It’s not like you have to be ‘pure’ to pilot, or something ludicrous like that.” She joined her hands together and settled them on her stomach, leaning back in her chair and regarding him closely. “Maya has never been with a man before,” she said softly, “and from... everything I can gather, you would be rather... gentle, when you make love to a woman.” Her eyes gleamed in the low light. “And I want Maya’s first experience with a man to be one she can remember as kind and pleasurable. Will you join us, Shinji?”

Considering the offer, Shinji quietly murmured, “I doubt she would be interested in being with me, Doctor Ak-”

“Ritsuko.”

By now familiar with people insisting that he use their first name, Shinji simply continued, "...if she's happy with you, I don't think she would want me. I'm... not very good at it, really."

A thin smile lit Ritsuko's face. *Bullshit*, she thought immediately, *I've slept with Misato three times so far, and twice she's ALMOST said your name. You don't do that with a BAD lover, Shinji.*

Out loud, she said, "You don't have to be good at it – she wouldn't know the difference anyway. All you have to be is gentle."

"I don't know," Shinji said softly, "I don't think-"

"You don't have to," Ritsuko cut in calmly. "I'll do all the thinking for you on this – you just come with me back to my place and help me make Maya's birthday special. You... would like to see her happy, wouldn't you?"

"Well... yes, but-"

"Are you exclusive with the girl you're sleeping with?"

"No, but-"

"Do you like Maya?"

"Yes, I do, but I-"

"I don't see a conflict here, Shinji," Ritsuko cut in briskly. "Maya likes you – she's told me – and you like her. You're not hurting anyone by doing this, and if you don't enjoy yourself tonight, you are under absolutely no obligation to be alone with either of us ever again. Come on, Shinji, help me make her happy, just for one night... alright?"

Shinji opened his mouth to protest, but closed it again as he found every reasonable excuse completely, logically cut off. He understood that he could just say 'no, I don't want to,' and leave, but the image of Maya's open smile made him hesitate. *Just once*, he thought slowly, thankful that Ritsuko was silent as she allowed him time to make up his own mind. *And it really sounds like Miss Ib-Maya, I might as well think of her that way now. It sounds like Maya would be really happy if she got to try it...*

"...alright."

"Excellent. Then let's get going, she's going to be at my house in an hour."

"Th-that soon?" Shinji gasped, paling as Ritsuko rose from her desk and started for the door.

"Yes," Ritsuko said bluntly, "I left this until the last minute because..." she sighed, giving him a sly smile. "I had to work up the nerve, Shinji. I know it's not a casual question, so I really had to think about how to ask it without offending you."

*Well, you did a bang up job of it*, Shinji nearly snorted, swallowing his words as he realized that he was neither offended, nor reluctant.

He was looking forward to it.

*God*, he thought guiltily, following the blonde towards the door, *I better not EVER tell Asuka about this. Yeah, she said if women asked me it was fine – but I'm not STUPID, I know she didn't mean it.*

Slowly, he drew a deep breath, reminding himself that with this step, none of the women in his life would know about ALL the others. Hikari didn't know about Misato, Misato didn't know about Hikari, Ritsuko knew about ONE of the girls he was with, but not the other two... so really, Asuka was the last to be kept in the dark about one of the others, and she would be the least uneducated of all of them.

He just wished that this thought did not sound quite so much like a justification.

Maya sighed as she opened the door to Ritsuko's apartment, mildly disappointed to find all the lights burning as she kicked her shoes off. "Sempai?" she called cautiously, frowning as she spotted a second set of shoes on the mat.

*Who could she have over?* she thought, preparing the most plausible of their agreed-upon excuses for such a late night visit as she started down the hall. *I guess we won't have a repeat of the other week... God that was hot! I wish-*

"S-Shinji!" the tech gasped, coming up short as she came into the living room and found the Third sitting on the couch.

*He looks... nervous,* she thought, biting her bottom lip as Ritsuko appeared at the door to the kitchen and gave her a small, friendly wave. *I wonder if he's having trouble with his sync ratio or something.*

Her own nervousness grew as the blonde crossed the room and put a hand on her shoulder, steering her into the room. "I can... come back later," Maya said uncertainly, tensing slightly as Ritsuko's hand slid down from her shoulder to her tight, shapely ass. "Sempai," she hissed, keeping her voice too low for Shinji to hear. "Your hand..."

"Happy birthday," Ritsuko whispered, giving Maya's ass a soft squeeze, "relax... Shinji's here for your party."

Confused, Maya glanced from the pilot to her superior, then back again. "O... kay..." she said uneasily.

Her party, the blonde had promised her, was to be unforgettable, which – to Maya – meant that the two of them would be spending the evening engaging in some SERIOUS sheet rumpling, so the presence of the pilot was more than a little unexpected. Clearing her throat, she turned to Ritsuko.

"I'm sure that Shinji's probably got better things to do than hang around with a couple boring people like us," she said, licking her lips as she glanced to the door, trying to catch Ritsuko's eyes and get her to make the young man leave. "We were just planning to hang around and pop some popcorn – you know, watch some chick flicks and-"

"And fuck."

Maya's mouth kept moving... but words no longer came out. So shocked was she by Ritsuko's casual statement that she even kept gesturing, her dazed brain still proceeding with its initial 'clear the apartment' order.

"Shinji's here because I invited him," Ritsuko said calmly, lightly rubbing Maya's ass. "He's part of your present, Maya... why don't you unwrap him?"

"WHAT?!" Maya backed up so suddenly that she hit the wall, knocking the wind out of herself. Gasping for air, she rubbed her back. "S-sempai, I don't know what you mean, I-"

"It's alright, Maya," Ritsuko said soothingly, "this is your fantasy."

"M-my fantasy...?"

The blonde nodded, gesturing for Shinji to stand. "You've been telling me for six months how you've always wanted to do it with a man," she said levelly, "and you said you liked Shinji, so I asked if he liked you enough to be with you."

"You told him about... about us...?" Maya whispered, lowering her head and breaking eye contact.

"I had to," Ritsuko said with a shrug, "this was your fantasy, and-"

"...I've never told anyone."

"Maya, now don't be unreason-"

"We promised," Maya cut in, her shoulders shaking as she swiped at her eyes, "never to tell anyone about what we had... because it was ours. You t-told me that we'd always have that one thing – that one thing no one could ever take away... and you just... just gave it?"

For the first time that Shinji could remember, Ritsuko was entirely at a loss for words. The blonde simply stood, rooted to the spot, and stared at her lover, her generous, pouting lips opening and closing as her face revealed – with stunning clarity – the understanding of her current situation.

In a way that Shinji could never comprehend, Ritsuko had just betrayed Maya.

"I... I wanted to give you something spe-"

"How could you?" Maya cut in, her voice so soft that Shinji had to strain to hear it. "How could you...?"

Before Ritsuko could reply, Maya pushed away from the wall she was leaning on and turned to Shinji, bowing formally.

"Please allow me to apologize for my Sempai's rudeness," she said, her voice shaking with shame and anger, "if you would please just forget that this happened, I'd... I'd appreciate it." Rising, but keeping her eyes deliberately away from Ritsuko's face, she concluded, "It's late, Shinji, let me drive you home... I've clearly got no other business here."

"Maya!"

Ritsuko cried out, finding her voice as the other woman strode across the room and seized Shinji's hand, tugging him towards the door.

"Maya, come back – I did this for you! Don't-"

"My car's a little messy," Maya told Shinji, ignoring her lover entirely as she pulled the young man along behind her, "I'll apologize in advance, but I just haven't had time to clean it."

"Maya!" Ritsuko's voice had taken a desperate edge. "Don't do this! I'm... I'm sorry, I didn't-"

"Thank you for your hospitality, Doctor Akagi," Maya said flatly, keeping her back turned to the woman as she marched Shinji out of the apartment. "Goodnight."

"Maya!!"

Without looking back, Maya slammed the apartment's door, forcing Shinji to run to keep up with her as she dashed through the apartment building's narrow hallway.

Stunned, Ritsuko could only stare at the closed door, unable to believe that what had just happened was reality. This had to be a dream – it had to be! Maya was so timid and quiet – there was no way that furious woman that had just stormed out of her house was the same as the one who had shyly asked if it was alright for her to sleep there sometimes.

Covering her face with one hand, Ritsuko lashed out, driving her fist through the thin drywall next to her front door as she thought that this time, she might have REALLY fucked up.

"Damn it..."

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Shinji stared out at the sparkling lights of Tokyo-3, trying to calm his heart as it threatened to beat hard enough to jump out of his chest. He and Maya had driven in silence for ten minutes before the woman had exploded in tears, pulling to the side of the road and sobbing an endless stream of apologies as Shinji had awkwardly patted her arm, assuring her that he understood.

When she had calmed down, Maya had asked him – with an odd mixture of shame and sullenness – if he wouldn't mind stopping for some ice cream before

she took him home. It was her birthday, she'd explained, and it looked like her party had just been cancelled, so she planned to drown her sorrows in a double-thick protein-enriched strawberry coconut pineapple swirl smoothie blast.

Looking into her red-rimmed, still streaming eyes, how could Shinji say no?

"I'm... sorry," Maya said, finally breaking the silence that had fallen since buying their drinks, "Semp- ...Ritsuko doesn't think things through, sometimes. Kinda funny when you think about it. I mean, she's so smart! Then she does stuff like this, and-"

"It's really ok," Shinji assured her quickly, seeing that her eyes were shining with new tears, "really! I mean... I should have just said no, then you could have been with her right now."

Maya shook her head, brushing at her eyes. "No," she sighed, "I'm umm... I'm flattered you know... I didn't even know you'd ever looked twice at me."

Nodding, Shinji put his hand over his heart. "I have," he said firmly, "but I never thought you'd want me, since I'm so much younger."

"Oh that doesn't matter to me," Maya said, waving the hand not holding her drink, "you're more mature than Hyouga, and he's twice your age."

Shinji returned his eyes to the city view, letting the conversation fade away.

"Kinda stupid, huh?" Maya reflected, thoughtfully swirling her smoothie for a moment. "I've never even done it with a guy, and I turn down everyone that asks me out, since I'm with Ritsuko."

"I don't think that's stupid," Shinji said honestly, "even though you've... you've done it with her, you want your first time with a man to be something special, not someone you don't have any interest in."

Maya smiled. "I AM interested in you," she said gently, "but it's just... because she set it all up it feels like it's forced, you know? Like if it wasn't for her, you never would have asked me out – and that seems kinda wrong."

Looking out over the city, Shinji shrugged. "I might have, eventually," he mused, "you're really the kind of woman I like, but I probably wouldn't have thought you would have gone for someone like me, since I'm so much younger... but if I didn't have anyone else, and you weren't seeing someone else, I-"

"You're making it sound like I'm your last option," Maya cut in dryly.

"S-sorry," Shinji mumbled, "I'm... not that good at talking to people. What I WANTED to say was that, if I thought I had a chance with someone LIKE you... I would have asked YOU, because I like you."

Maya frowned, taking a sip of her drink before whispering, "You have a chance with someone like me."

"Yeah," Shinji nodded, "but you don't want ME."

Leaning against the rail, Maya averted her eyes. "You're starting to grow on me," she murmured, glancing at him from the corner of her eye. "I just... wow, how do I say this without sounding like a whore? Umm... there is not a chance – in Hell – that I want Ritsuko with me for my first time." She lowered her voice to a whisper. "I love her, Shinji, I really do... and I DO want to know what it's like to be with a man – at least once – but I don't think I could do it with her eyes on me. It would feel..."

"Like cheating?" Shinji provided as she trailed off.

But Maya shook her head. "No," she said simply, "it would feel wrong, that's all. I think... being with a man is MY fantasy, does that make sense? I have things that I want... and then I have things I want to do with HER, and they aren't always compatible."

God, she thought tiredly, *I DO sound like a whore...*

Shinji pondered this for a moment, glancing out over the city before whispering, "She isn't here now..."

Maya slowly turned to face him, staring at him in silence. "No," she said finally, her voice soft and considering as she pulled her eyes away and stared at the ground, "she isn't, is she?"

Waiting only a heartbeat, Shinji put his hand under the tech's chin, lifting it slightly as he leaned up and gave her a soft kiss. "Happy birthday, Maya," he said warmly, "I'm gonna... catch a train and get home."

"Wait," Maya said quickly, trying to organize her thoughts as Shinji waited patiently for her to speak again. "Oh fuck it."

Before she could think about it anymore, Maya wrapped her arms around the young man and pulled him to her, letting her mouth find his as she closed her eyes. She kept her eyes and lips closed, simply kissing him and trying to decide if it felt right or wrong. After a few moments, she broke away, opening her eyes and slowly bringing her lips back to his as she concluded that right and wrong meant exactly shit. There was only the here and now, and damn it – she was going to live in it.

It WAS her birthday, after all.

The second kiss lasted much longer, and while it was still closed-mouthed and mostly dry, it carried much more intensity than the first as Maya pushed more and more of her nervously clamoring fastidiousness down into the most secluded part of her heart, and locked it there, throwing away the key for at LEAST the night.

...and possibly much longer.

"We should... let's go," Maya said, her voice sounding altogether too choked as she broke away and took a quick step back from Shinji, her smoothie tumbling from her fingers and falling to the ground with a quiet splash.

Shinji nodded, but instead of turning towards the car, he stepped forward and put his hands on the tech's hips, feeling uncharacteristically bold as he whispered, "Where are we going...?"

Maya's breath quickened as she found herself leaning closer to him, and though she intended to say, 'do you want to go home?' what came out instead was, "My place...?"

"Yeah."

Though the car was only twenty feet from them, it still took them several minutes to reach it – mostly because Shinji's 'yeah' was the cue for Maya to start kissing him again, feeling the same, familiar rush of heat she had experienced several weeks ago in Ritsuko's darkened hallway. The butterflies in her stomach and the tremor in her shoulders was unmistakable... they were the telltale, personal indicators of sexual excitement she always got before a particularly satisfying round of intercourse.

"Mmm," Maya hummed, putting a steadying hand on the hood of her car as Shinji leaned against the passenger side door and wrapped his arms tightly around her. "K-keys... we can be there in fifteen min-"

"No."

The tech frowned, confused by the flat refusal. "But I thought... oh..."

She swallowed as Shinji reached to the side, yanking the handle to open the car's back door and pulling her mouth back to his. *Damn, she thought dizzily, I can't believe we're doing this... I can't believe we're doing this!*

Still kissing her, Shinji pushed away from the car, steering her around the open door and guiding her carefully through the narrow space, making sure not to hit her head on the frame. Situating her on the back seat, he broke away long

enough to reach back and pull the door closed... then he fell on her, kissing her hungrily as she embraced him and moaned into his mouth.

Maya let herself go with the flow, rubbing her thigh against Shinji's waist as he put one hand on the seat next to her head and used the other to tug her tee shirt free of her jeans, sliding it up until it was bunched up under her chin. She shivered as he sucked greedily at her tongue, nipping the end with his teeth as his hand sought and found the clasp on her bra, fumbling with it for a moment before yanking it open and exposing her ripe, luscious little tits. She shifted on the seat, allowing him to settle in between her legs, her breathing growing more and more erratic as he ground his cock against her, the fabric between them only heightening the sensations.

"Oh!" she gasped as Shinji suddenly leaned back, reaching down to pull her jeans – still buttoned – awkwardly down to her ankles, leaving it to her to kick them into a ball on the floor of the backseat as he nestled in against her once more, pressing tightly against her swiftly dampening panties and wrapping his fingers in her hair to give her another intensely demanding kiss.

The temperature in the car rose quickly and dramatically as Shinji kissed her and ground into her but neither of them felt very much like pausing to open a window. Soon both were sweating freely, rubbing up against each other as their tongues twirled and danced, the friction from his pants rubbing against her cotton-veiled pussy driving them to move faster and faster until they were writhing together in the cramped confines of the car's passenger section.

*Here it comes,* Maya thought, draping her right arm across Shinji's back as he reached down between them and drew his zipper down. *He's going to fuck me. God, I can't believe I want this so bad!*

Shinji had succeeded in getting his dick out of his pants, but decided that taking Maya's panties off would take too long... so he simply pulled them to the side, lining himself up with her pink pussy lips and immediately starting to slip himself in.

"Ahh!" Maya screamed, her left hand flying out and seizing the headrest on the front seat as Shinji tried to push into her. "Slow," she panted, shaking her head as he offered to pull back, "just... just take it slow... I want to remember how it feels..."

Shinji nodded, trying to relax as he felt soaking wet ecstasy waiting a mere thrust away. He wanted very badly to just drive into her – to say hell with it and really FUCK the young technician, who gave a damn what she said?! But he managed to keep his composure, taking a few calming breaths before starting to work his way into her snatch.

Maya gasped as Shinji sank in, offering no more protests as he dipped his throbbing cock into her. She had used some 'toys' with Ritsuko before, so she was not a virgin in the most technical sense of the term, but she had to admit – dildos and strap-ons were one thing... but a stiff, pulsing prick being slowly worked into you was another.

And damned if she didn't love the way it felt.

"Faster now..." she gasped, "put it all in me... oh god this is good!!"

"Y-yeah..."

Shinji was beside himself. Maya's pussy fit him like a glove... it was tight, hot, and slippery without being dripping, giving him the perfect amount of friction and heat as he plunged all the way into her, taking a moment to rest before he began to pump – and the more he stroked her, the better it got. It was as if her pussy needed a few strokes to adjust to his cock, and once that was accomplished, it opened up to him like a book, giving him all of its secrets and fitting itself around him for maximum pleasure and comfort.

Despite her request to go slow, Shinji was soon dipping in and out of her as fast as he could, loving the way her hot, spongy walls gripped his cock, and the increasingly wet slurping sounds her body was making.



And her moans, he thought deliriously, were like music.

"Oh... oh yeah," Maya whimpered, sounding almost childish as she linked her ankles behind his thrusting buttocks. "Oh fuck... oh fuck me, Shinji! Christ this is good...!!"

The young man wasted no time with words – instead he braced himself with his hands on either side of her head and began slamming in and out of her, mentally patting himself on the back for stroking off before leaving the ice cream shop's bathroom and relieving the pent-up pressure he had felt since leaving home. A deep, satisfied groan was his reward for this move, giving definite, verbal confirmation this was the right way to proceed.

Shinji's cock pumped ruthlessly into Maya's hole, blowing her mind with the sheer nastiness of it all. She felt more mature, somehow – as if by having what she had always thought of 'generic sex,' with her pussy making wet, almost grunting sounds as a real, hard as rock DICK hammered her, had completed the journey begun back in tenth grade when her friend Azusa had ever so casually asked, 'have you ever kissed a girl?'

She nearly cried with disappointment as Shinji suddenly pulled out. "Wha...?"

*I can't even ask what he's doing*, she thought, confused as Shinji moved down her body, *I can't even think stra-* oh YES!!

Unable to resist the temptation of knowing what she tasted like, Shinji latched onto her box and drove his tongue inside, lapping hungrily at her delicate coral-hued folds... and she was sweet – not honey-sweet as all the pornographic stories he had guiltily skimmed over said, but lightly sugary, as if the ice cream she had eaten had migrated through her body and tinged the heady flavor of her secretions with the faintest hint of saccharine.

And though it made him feel even guiltier for thinking it, Shinji suddenly understood why Ritsuko kept Maya as her lover, even though they seemed very different... she was actually delicious in her own way, so much so that he had to blink his eyes and pull away from her pussy to ask her to repeat what she had said three times so far.

"F-fuck me more," Maya groaned, "I want your cock back inside me..."

Reluctantly, Shinji moved back up and slipped easily back into her sopping passage, gasping once more as he felt her body welcome him back in with heat and moisture and tightness and immediately returning to the pace he had attained when the urge to eat her had struck him. Then, remembering one of Hikari's favorite positions, Shinji lifted Maya's left leg up a bit higher, turning her slightly onto her side and exposing her ass. Keeping up his punishing rhythm, he reached down and pulled her asscheeks apart, slipping his hand into her crack and lightly tickling her asshole.

"Holy shit!"

Maya bucked, her back coming up off the car's bench seat as she felt Shinji's fingertip probing her ass. No one had ever touched her there before, and to her very great surprise, it felt incredible. Ritsuko had tried to lick her there once, but Maya had not allowed it, blushing and pulling away with a murmured 'don't'... and now she regretted it. The sensation was thrillingly, wickedly dirty – like carrying on a conversation with your boss at work while your secretary is under your desk giving you head. It brought all of her senses to life, intensifying the feeling of his shaft burying itself repeatedly in her super-sensitive pussy.

And it was all she needed to come.

"Ahhhhh!!"

Shinji nearly stopped thrusting as Maya arched her back and screamed, throwing her head from side to side and clenching her eyes closed as she reached up and dug her nails into his back, scraping long, angry furrows in his skin as the climax exploding through her body overwhelmed her.

"Oh... oh... oh..." she continued panting in time with his thrusts, pulling him down and kissing him deliriously. She tried to tell him again how incredible it was, but all that came out was the same litany of breathy gasps, coming in perfect synchronization with his deep, forceful thrusts.

She was brought back to her senses, however, as Shinji gasped, "Fuck, I'm gonna... come."

"D-don't... come in me..." Maya panted quickly, thrusting back at him with all of her remaining strength, "Not... on the p-pill..."

Shinji nodded, blinking a drop of sweat from his eyes. "I underst-uhh!"

Before it was too late, he reluctantly pulled out of Maya's gloriously tight pussy, yanking his cock up and letting his load shoot across her stomach and chest with a deep groan. Over and over his cockhead spurted, sending droplets of white rain all over the tech's trim belly, coating her in a light sheen of warm, sticky sperm.

Mesmerized by the sight, Maya simply stared at Shinji's glistening cock, amazed that it would be THAT wet just from being inside of her. She parted her lips in a soft sigh as he slowly moved closer, offering it to her, and without a second thought, she took his tool in her mouth, sucking lightly.

In the cramped back seat of her own car, with her stomach covered in gooey semen, Maya willingly gave Shinji head, sucking with more and more enthusiasm as he wrapped his fingers in her hair and forced her to take more of his shaft – already slick with her juices – into her mouth, pumping slowly deeper and deeper until it grazed the back of her throat. She doubted that he would come again so soon, and after only a few moments, she could feel him starting to soften... but she did not mind sucking him off, as she could now say she knew what it was like to have a man in her mouth as well as her pussy.

"Mmmm... sorry," Shinji gasped, releasing her hair and slowly easing out of her mouth. "I just... I've always loved the way your lips look. I got a little carried away..."

"It's... ok," Maya panted, licking her lips almost absently as she wiped a bit of sweat from her brow, "I... it's ok..."

Shinji nodded gratefully, finding himself caught in the awkward position of having to make conversation with a woman he had just made love to for the first time – an oddly familiar scenario, by this point.

"Umm... happy birthday," he offered, giving her a weak smile as she laughed softly.

Maya closed her eyes, taking a long, deep breath and letting it out in a rush as she whispered, "Will I get the same present next year?" Before Shinji could answer, she opened her eyes and added, "Never mind... there's other holidays between now and then." She smiled gently as Shinji averted his eyes, clearly at a loss for words. "This is a complicated situation," she murmured thoughtfully, draping her arm around Shinji's neck, "but I think I should tell you that what just happened was... unbelievable – and I want to know if I can have more. I'm not asking you to be my lover, and I'm not offering to leave Ritsuko and be yours... I just want to know if you'd be willing to help me... explore a little bit more."

Shinji considered the question, struck by how very similar it was to the question Hikari had posed after their first time. *Only with Maya there's no real commitment*, he reminded himself, *I don't have to be her master – just show her a little bit of what it's like with a man.*

"...ok."

Maya smiled, but it faded as she stared at his cock, slowly sitting up on the back seat and laying her hand on it. "...can I?"

Shinji glanced around, checking to see if they were still alone. When the streets outside proved to be dark and empty, he nodded, rising up on the seat a little to give her a better angle, and frowning slightly as Maya Ibuki, a woman he had only

fantasized about once or twice before because she seemed so pure and unattainable... ignored the load of come oozing down her stomach and knelt on the floor of her own back seat to suck his cock, wanting nothing more than to know how it felt to have it in her mouth.

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"Done!"

Hikari groaned with frustration at Asuka's triumphant cry. "How can you be done so much soon than me?!" she complained, "It's not fair!"

"I'm just better at it than you," the redhead crooned, "maybe with practice, you could-"

"Shh!" Hikari snapped, biting her bottom lip, "Let me concentrate!!"

Asuka grinned, rising to her feet and listening to the soft rustling sound Hikari was making for a moment before taunting, "Aren't you done YET?? Do I need to help you?"

"I'm almost... there..." Hikari whispered, "just a little more."

Asuka sighed, dropping into the kitchen chair next to Hikari and looking down at the page of homework the girl was working on. Pursing her lips, she began idly played with one of the class rep's pigtails.

"Need any help?"

"Nah," the other girl replied easily, "I got it. Thanks."

Asuka nodded absently, stroking the side of Hikari's head with her fingertips. "No problem," she murmured, letting the conversation die down so that the only sound in the kitchen was the light scratching of Hikari's pencil as she made her notes. After a moment, Asuka leaned forward, gently pulling the rubber bands out of Hikari's hair, one at a time, and arranging it first over the class rep's shoulders, then in a loose bun, before finally tucking it up over her ears.

Hikari offered no protest as the redhead played with her hair. It was actually rather relaxing for her to have someone touching her – even if it was not her master – and she found her shoulders (tense from waiting for Shinji to come home) loosening up as Asuka moved from playing with her hair to massaging her scalp.

She hummed softly, though, with her pencil hesitating in mid-stroke as Asuka leaned closer to her and blew a gentle stream of warm air against her earlobe. "What are you doing...?" she whispered, closing her eyes as the redhead repeated the action, sending a warm shiver along Hikari's spine.

"Distracting you," Asuka whispered simply.

This, Hikari decided, the other girl was definitely succeeding at. "Ohh," she groaned, "gimme a sec... I only have like, two more questions to go..."

"Finish them later."

"Mmm...k..."

Willingly, Hikari allowed her head to be turned by the pilot, accepting a soft, moist kiss as Asuka's right hand slipped up under her arm to fondle her right breast. She let her pencil fall to the table, enjoying the attention the redhead was giving her and resisting the urge to try to escalate things. Since the first time they had been together, there had been two more, mind-blowingly incredible evenings, but Hikari had quickly learned that unless Asuka wanted you to, you did NOT touch her – and you certainly did not suggest anything that hinted at one-on-one intimacy.

Even something as simple as asking her over for dinner.

"You wanna make out for a while?"

Hikari blushed as Asuka pulled back, but she nodded immediately, licking her lips in anticipation.

"Yes."

"Good... 'cause I've been thinking about it all day."

Closing her eyes as Asuka leaned forward, Hikari could not help but smile. When she had awoken after their first three-way, Asuka was in the shower, allowing her time to apologize to her master for coming for the redhead. Shinji had assured her that it was alright, as long as it was Asuka, and let her know that it would be ok for her to do things with Asuka when he was not around, if she was in the mood.

Hikari had tried to protest that she would never be in the mood without him there, but he had shushed her and murmured, 'Never say never – it's ok, if it's Asuka...'

*But no one else*, Hikari thought, returning Asuka's slow, unhurried kiss. *I'll never have another man inside of me unless you force me, Master – and... and I don't think I'd be able to enjoy it.*

She knew, though, by the possessive look in Shinji's eye, that he would never let her be with anyone else. She was his plaything, his servant, his slave. Even though he only occasionally said anything domineering, the way he looked at her when he whispered 'if it's Asuka,' let her know, loud and clear, that he would not let anyone else have her.

Which was just fine by her.

Expertly, Asuka drew back, forcing Hikari to come with her and maintaining the deep, languid kiss they were sharing. *I still wish Master was here*, Hikari thought, sinking to her knees as Asuka sucked lightly on her tongue, *I love it when he looks at me. When we're fucking, when Asuka and me are fucking, God, I just love-*

Hikari hissed as Asuka's fingers tangled in her hair, pulling her head back and forcing her to meet the redhead's icy blue eyes as she rose up over the class rep. "Is it better when it hurts?" Asuka asked, bringing her mouth ALMOST to Hikari's. "That's it, isn't it? You like the pain..."

"N-no," Hikari gasped, shivering as Asuka nipped at her bottom lip, "it's not the pain..."

"Tell me," Asuka demanded, staring down into the other girl's wide, barely blinking eyes. "Tell me what you like, Hikari."

"You... you know," the other girl stammered, unable to look away, "Asuka, you-"

"I know!" the redhead snapped, "I know that I know – but I want to hear you SAY it!"

Breathlessly, Hikari whispered, "If someone else is in control... it's not my fault – I don't have to admit that I'm the one that wants it..."

Slowly, Asuka loosened her grip, giving Hikari a warm, deep kiss.

"Sit on the chair and spread your legs open, Hikari."

"Are... you going to eat me?" Hikari asked softly. "You've never-"

"-done it without Shinji being here, I know," Asuka cut in. "Stop questioning me and do what you're told..."

Lowering her eyes in a grateful half-bow, Hikari whispered, "Yes, ma'am."

Asuka stayed on her knees as the other girl quickly got up, turning the chair until it was facing the redhead and sitting down with her knees spread wide apart, waiting for further instructions.

Slowly, the Second looked up into her eyes, putting a hand lightly on Hikari's knee. "You still wear white panties?"

Hikari blinked, unprepared for this question. "Y-yeah," she murmured. "... shouldn't I?"

Asuka shrugged, brushing her fingertips up and down Hikari's thighs, stroking the girl through her panties without any hesitation – as if her pussy was just another part of her leg, worthy of no more attention than her calf or ankle. "I only wear white to school," the redhead said levelly, "but here... I like stuff a little more mmm... naughty."

"I... I know," Hikari said breathlessly, longing to thrust herself forward every time Asuka's fingers brushed her sensitive, cloth covered sex. "I've... seen them..."

"You should try to excite your master more," Asuka admonished, continuing her slow, teasing strokes. "Try some lace... or some satin – satin feels great."

Hikari licked her lips. "I only want... what he wants," she said simply, "if he says satin... I'll wear satin..."

Feeling moisture starting to bleed through the thin fabric of Hikari's panties, Asuka whispered, "Unbutton your shirt – and even though he hasn't ASKED for satin, you could always... suggest it..."

The class rep drew a sharp breath as Asuka punctuated her statement with a light press against her wet hole. *When did she... slip her fingers in...??*

Almost casually – keeping Hikari's soaking panties pulled to the side – Asuka ran her forefinger up and down the class rep's soft nether lips, watching the other girl as she quickly unbuttoned her shirt. "Don't take it off," she said quickly, "just unbutton it and pull it open in front."

"Why...?" Hikari wondered, doing as she had been told.

She gasped as two of Asuka's fingers slid easily into her tight passage.

"Because this is sexier."

"Uhhh..."

Hikari groaned as Asuka pulled back, slowly circling the class rep's swollen clit with the tip of her finger. She bit her lip as she realized that she was literally on the edge of her seat in anticipation of having the redhead's tongue inside of her. Normally, when they were with Shinji, she had some trouble concentrating on how it felt to be eaten by the Second because she was too busy thinking about whether or not he was enjoying himself.

Tonight, however, there was nothing else to distract her – and she had been told, explicitly, that enjoying herself with Asuka was allowed.

"Nnn... nnnnn..."

Asuka smiled to herself as Hikari moaned low in the back of her throat, clearly enjoying the feel of Asuka's hands on her firm tits. Carefully, Asuka massaged the tender mounds through Hikari's plain white bra, rubbing the soft fabric against the class rep's sensitive nipples and feeling them grow even harder. Softly, she blew a stream of warm air against the front of Hikari's wet panties, loving the shiver that ran through her.

*If you're a part of what we have, she thought, bringing her hands down and pushing Hikari's skirt up around her hips, then I want to be able to see you pleased, too. Shinji seems happy when he's with you so I guess... I guess this is ok.*

"Asuka..." Hikari sighed, putting a hand on the Second's head, "that's... that's nice..."

*Nice?* Asuka nearly snorted, slipping her forefingers into the top of Hikari's panties. *You'll be feeling a lot more than 'nice' when we're through...*

As she began to pull, the front door rolled open.

"Hey," Shinji's voice called, "I'm home."

"We're in here," Asuka called, dropping Hikari's panties and feeling her juicy breasts once more. "Kitchen."

Shinji came into the kitchen, rubbing his eyes and yawning broadly. "Hey," he said through the yawn, "what are you guys... oh."

Asuka grinned as Shinji pulled his hands away from his eyes and stared.

See? she thought triumphantly, noticing the quick shift from foot to foot as the Third surveyed the very hot and horny Hikari squirming in a kitchen chair with her shirt pulled open in the front and the Second Child kneeling between her legs with her hands on the class rep's gorgeous tits. *Sexy!*

"Come on," Asuka said enthusiastically. "Join us. Hikari's been waiting for you for hours, the least you could do is give her a proper fucking."

"I'm... I can't tonight," Shinji replied, rubbing his forehead tiredly. "I'm not up for it. Sorry."

Asuka shrugged, too worked up by what she was doing to be terribly upset by his refusal. After all, she had sex with him right before he had left to go to his mysterious meeting with Doctor Akagi, so she was currently not too much in need of his cock.

She would not have MINDED a second round, certainly, but she could wait for tomorrow.

"Whatever," she said bluntly, "but don't think for one second that we're not going to have fun without you."

"...k."

Hikari started to reach out to her master, taking a breath to beg him to stay, but before she could speak Asuka was moving between her knees... and a moment later, her breath was taken by the soft, supple tongue dipping easily into her wet pussy.

"Uhh!"

Keeping her hands on Hikari's tits, Asuka ran her tongue all the way up the girl's tender pink slit, relishing the gasps she wrung from the class rep. *I've only done this a few times*, she thought giddily, *and listen to her – you'd think I'm a pro at this!*

Of course, with Hikari's only experience being with Shinji and Asuka, the redhead WAS a pro... to the class rep, anyway. Her master was more experienced, but Asuka was more demanding, roughly fondling Hikari's breasts as she drove her tongue deep into the class rep's hole. Where Shinji was gentle and careful – which WAS sexy – Asuka was bold and aggressive, taking what she wanted without apology or question.

Exactly the way Hikari liked.

*God*, she thought dizzily, hissing with pleasure as Asuka slid her tongue in and out of the brunette's tight pussy in a quick, almost frantic-paced tonguefuck, *why can't I have both?? Why can't my Master own me the way she tries to? Oh, that would be like Heaven...*

"MmmmAHH!!" Hikari cried out as Asuka lapped at her clit, pinching her nipples at the same time and making her hips buck. "That's... oh... oh don't stop...!"

*Wasn't gonna*, Asuka thought with some satisfaction. *Man, it is SO easy to get you off!*

Hikari threw her head back and moaned deeply as the redhead rolled her nipples between her fingertips and lashed her clit with the tip of her tongue. "G-good..." she panted, rolling her hips in time with Asuka's movements, "that's so good! I'm... I'm close – I'm already close!!"

Pulling back, Asuka stopped licking.

"N-no!" Hikari gasped. "Please... please ma'am! I wanna... come..."

"I want to eat you from behind," Asuka said quietly, "I read that that feels really good. If you want to come, kneel down with your stomach on the chair and pull your skirt up."

Quickly doing what she was told, Hikari arranged herself with her upper body draped over the seat of the chair, lifting her skirt to allow the redhead unblocked access and tucking her arms under herself for added support... and to show that she was entirely submissive.

"Like thi- oh! OH YES!!"

Asuka put her hands on Hikari's hips, framing her firm little ass and immediately driving her tongue back into the class rep's hot pussy, wriggling it around like a snake as the girl cried out in pleasure. *That's better, the Second thought, I can get really deep this way – and she loves it! Mmm, I have to have Shinji do this to me tomorrow... she's going crazy!*

Lost in the feeling of Asuka's delicate tongue buried in her snatch, Hikari thrust back, seeking even more penetration as she unconsciously echoed the other girl's thoughts almost word for word.

*I have to tell Master about this... it feels so GOOD!*

"Gonna... come..." Hikari panted, praying that Asuka would let her this time, "I'm gonna... OH!"

Shoving her face forward, Asuka drove her tongue as deep into Hikari's box as she could, flicking it rapidly in and out in an unbridled fit of passion, aching to hear the other girl come for her – to submit to her. She was not Hikari's Master... but no matter how she denied ever wanting to own another person, she could not deny the excitement that dominating the class rep gave her.

It was so arousing to her that the last time they had been together with Shinji, he had not even gotten his cock all the way into her before she was coming on it, the taste of Hikari's pussy strong and all-encompassing as the class rep shuddered on the bed next to her in the throes of a follow-up orgasm.

*I'll have to play with myself tonight, she thought dimly as Hikari screamed, her pussy clamping down convulsively around her tongue as the girl reached a cataclysmic orgasm, she tries... but she's just so bad at it!*

As Hikari shuddered and groaned, Asuka lamented the fact that she would never get this level of pleasure from the class rep. Hikari was just... bad at female oral sex. She could suck Shinji almost as well as Asuka – and with FAR more enthusiasm – but when it came to going down on a girl, she just had no clue.

*And Shinji looked like he was about to collapse... yeah, I'm on my own tonight... oh well.*

Finally pulling away, Asuka wiped Hikari's juices off of her chin, rising to her feet (with a little help from the table) and offering the class rep a hand up, already deciding that she was going to be fantasizing about this same situation with her bent over the chair when she went to her room – because honestly, there was no way she was going to masturbate in front of Hikari.

Some things were too personal, after all.

\*\*

"Master...?" Hikari called hesitantly, squinting into the darkened room and trying to pick out a path between the door and the bed. "Master, are you ok?" A tired

mumble encouraged her that he was not dying, at any rate, but Hikari still stepped into the bedroom, closing the door behind her and making her way over to Shinji's side. "Master, are you feeling ok? Do you want me to get you some water or rub your back for you?"

She sighed as Shinji mumbled again, clearly on the verge of sleep. *Oh well.*

"Sleep well, Master," she whispered, putting her hands on his back and leaning down to kiss him on the cheek.

As her weight settled on him, however, Shinji let out a sharp hiss of pain, trying to pull back from her hands as he was forced back into full consciousness.

"Wha...?"

"Master?!" Hikari gasped, quickly pulling her hands away. "Are you hurt? What's wrong?"

"kari?" Shinji murmured blearily. "It's... no, I'm fine..."

But it was too late – Hikari had her hands on the back of his shirt and was lifting it gently up to his shoulders, an eerie silence falling as she stared at the long, deep scratch marks – unmistakably made by a woman in the throws of passion.

*Damn it, Shinji thought tiredly, now she's gonna be mad. I don't care if you're someone's 'slave,' if you find out their sleeping with another woman TOO, it still hurts! At least Maya said she and Ritsuko would be ok... I can't even imagine a fight WORSE than that, but she said they've had them. Unreal...*

Hikari sighed, shaking her head sadly as she surveyed the damage. "Poor Master," she murmured, slowly kneeling at the side of his bed, "you have to tell Asuka not to be so rough with you, Master... this could get infected." Before Shinji could answer, Hikari lowered her lips to his torn flesh, gently kissing the scratches as she reached out and stroked his hair. "Poor Master..."

One by one, Hikari touched her mouth to Shinji's wounds, pouring all of her affection for him into this simple, almost childish romantic act. *It must have been good,* she thought enviously, *Asuka's usually so... controlled.*

Over and over, she kissed her master's injuries, feeling his body slowly relaxing on the bed as she carefully tended to him. The taste of his blood was oddly satisfying, though not in a sexual way... it touched a place deeper inside that mere physicality, reminding her rather forcefully that she needed to be more attentive to his needs.

*I should have come to see what was wrong the second he got home,* she told herself bitterly, *but I was too busy letting Asuka eat me. God, I'm so selfish!*

"Master," she said softly, "is there alcohol in the bathroom...?"

Shinji sighed. "You don't have to..."

"Please, Master," Hikari cut in, her voice trembling, "let me help, ok? I'm... what good is a slave if she can't serve, Master...?"

There was a moment of awkward silence, broken when Shinji softly murmured, "Third drawer down on the right, near the back, white bottle... there's cotton balls in the medicine chest."

Hikari was on her feet in a second. "Yes, Master!" she cried, nearly running to the door.

Before she could open it, though, Shinji whispered, "Stop."

"Master...?"

"Come over here and kneel by the bed."

Nodding her understanding, Hikari crossed the room once more, sliding to her knees and bowing submissively. "What does my Master wish of me?" she



breathed, warm all over as Shinji turned onto his side and stared at her in the dim light.

"I want a kiss, slave," he said clearly, using the word he knew Hikari longed to hear, "but do it softly – your master is in pain."

With her heart beating somewhere in the back of her throat, Hikari leaned forward to do what she was told, very nearly swooning as Shinji reached up and stroked her hair. *He called me slave*, she thought, thrilling to the sound of his voice echoing in her mind, *Oh, I love you, Master!*

As she pulled back, Shinji added the finishing touch.

"You're a good girl."

Her face breaking into a radiant smile, Hikari scooted back from the bed and pressed herself down onto the floor, bringing herself as low as she could before whispering, thickly, "Thank you... Master..."

"Mmm," Shinji hummed, grimacing in pain as his shirt rubbed one of his scratches. "Go do what you're told, slave," he said quietly, wishing the girl would not look QUITE so ecstatic every time he said that.

"Yes, Master!!"

Hurrying to obey, her heart soaring somewhere near the stratosphere, Hikari scrambled to obey... completely missing the expression of profound sadness on Shinji's face as he finally understood just how tightly she was now tied to him.

The End... for now

Omake!

"He what!?" Armisael thundered, rounding on the angel making the evening 'human report,' "ANOTHER one?!?"

"Y-yes sir," Arael replied, trying not to stammer too much as Armisael's notoriously short temper snapped. "This evening at eight PM, human-standard-Japan-relative time."

"Son of a bitch!!"

Arael scanned the notes on the human paper and shook what passed for a head. "No sir – human female."

"It's a human expression of annoyance, dumb-ass!" Armisael roared.

"S-sorry sir!"

The 'residence,' if you will, of the angels is a very hard place to describe... so let's just not and pretend it looks like any old command post from a WWII movie and leave it at that. While we're at it, let's cover the fact that Armisael and Arael, being angels, have no true sexual designation past behavior and attitude... but we'll just say, for the sake of brevity, that Armisael behaves rather like your average hard-ass military guy and Arael acts a lot like a nervous, jittery woman.

Understandable, if you take into account Armisael's aforementioned short temper.

"Is he trying to repopulate the planet single-handedly?" Armisael wondered, pacing back and forth on what passed for legs with the angels.

No, I'm not going to describe those either.

"Well sir," Arael murmured, "I consulted with Tabris – the contact was discrete, all under human level of detection – and he suggested that the boy might be..."

"Might be what?" Armisael demanded. "Spit it out!"

Arael shifted uncomfortably, scared to even say the words. "...Tabris thinks the boy might be trying to achieve Complementation with every member of the female of the human species."

Armisael made a sour face (or would have, if 'he' really had a face). "At this rate, the little fucker might just succeed..."

"Should we step up our timetable, sir?" Arael asked nervously, "All operations have been on hold since, well, since the dual-coupling with his associates."

"Yeah," Armisael muttered disgustedly, "who would've seen that one coming, huh? Sure caught me way the fuck off guard. No, continue holding operations at observation level until the brat stops fucking everything in sight. The plan was to wait until he was vulnerable before striking, or he'll do that damn lance merging with Unit 01 shit and fuck us all over." Armisael rubbed his 'eyes.' "Christ, what a fucked up scenario."

Arael bowed. "Understood, sir."

"Hey," Armisael called as the lower-ranked angel turned to go, "all this worrying is making me tense. How about a blowjob?"

Arael rolled what passed for – oh you fucking get it now, don't you?? – and dropped to 'her' knees, sighing, "Yes sir..."

*Fucking military*, she thought disgustedly as her superior produced his angelic cock and prepared to anoint her mouth with it, *should have gone to work for the post office – I could have been a fucking Cherubim by now!*

Omake End

Author's stupid babble: what? Angels need them some lovins too! God bless the chain of command! :P Sorry if there was too much talky shit in this chapter, but I had to make it at least REMOTELY believable that Shinji would nail Maya in the backseat of her car. I tried just having him follow her to her car and jump her for no reason, but it just didn't seem to QUITE fit. Ya know? -\_-

Avalon pre-read this chapter too. What can I say? He's a glutton for punishment.

Feel free to feedback if you know how to find me.

-Rx7

## Extra Stage – Hikari's Wish

Hikari smiled at the banter going on at the table, glancing from Shinji to Asuka before returning her attention to the Children's guardian, Misato. For the last four days, she had found herself preoccupied with the woman, though she had done her best to keep this fixation from both of the pilots, as she was not sure how they would take it.

Nor was she sure, in all honesty, how she was taking it herself. After all... the only woman she had ever had any real attraction to was gently rubbing her thigh under the table – and even if it had not been for her affair with Shinji, she probably never would have even given any woman more than a second look.

*But her*, she thought, staring at the purple-haired woman's generous lips, *she has that... way about her...*

Keeping this personality quirk in mind, Hikari let her thigh muscles flex, imaging what it would be like to have the pretty, older woman lying on the bed between her legs. It was not often that she fantasized about sex with someone other than

Asuka or Shinji, but this particular fantasy was potent enough that Hikari had actually masturbated when thinking about it in the tub the night before – a pastime she had not partaken of since becoming Shinji's slave.

Why practice when you were given an overabundance of the real thing, she figured.

"Get me another beer, can you?" Misato was saying, gesturing at Asuka with the nearly empty can in her hand, "there's a couple in the fridge."

"A couple," the redhead snorted, her hand slipping dangerously high on Hikari's thigh, "is that what you call it? Kinda like you're missing a COUPLE brain cells from drinking all that shit."

"Just get me another one," the older woman grumbled. "Geez – you really need to learn to respect your elders."

Before Asuka could snipe back, Hikari chimed in. "I'll get it, Miss Katsuragi."

Misato grinned triumphantly as Asuka rolled her eyes. "Thank you, Hikari," the operations director said warmly, inclining her head as the girl rose to her feet. "See, Asuka? You should take a page from her book."

"She's not a very good writer," Asuka muttered dryly, brushing the front of Hikari's panties before pulling her hand away and letting her stand. "...but she's getting better."

"Hmm?" Misato hummed, upending her beer. "What was that?"

"Noth-ing," Asuka replied in a sing-song voice.

Accepting the new beer from Hikari, Misato murmured a thanks and rose to her feet. "Well, I've got some paperwork to get done," she said with a yawn, "you kids have fun. Thanks for dinner, Shinji."

Hikari blinked as the older woman's eyes lingered a bit longer than they should have on Shinji. *Nah*, she thought dismissively, *must be my imagination...*

"I'm gonna put some laundry in," Shinji announced suddenly, "I'll be back in a second."

Waiting until the young man had departed, Asuka turned to Hikari and whispered, "You little slut!"

"What?" Hikari gasped, "What do you mean?"

"I saw that," Asuka chuckled, "you almost needed a drool-bib, you pervert! And Misato? ...setting your sights pretty high, aren't ya?"

Blushing, Hikari leaned across the table. "I can't help it," she hissed, "just... for the last couple days I've had this fantasy that she's my master."

Asuka's smile faded. "You haven't told Shinji that have you?" she asked seriously. "He already thinks-"

"No, no!" Hikari cut in sharply. "I'm not STUPID, you know, it's just a fantasy... but every time I see her she's so strong and commanding – I just can't help imagining what it would be like to have her-"

"Hsst!"

Hikari straightened as Asuka hissed a warning, glancing over her shoulder – fully expecting to find Misato standing there... but instead finding, "M-master."

"What are you guys talking about?" Shinji asked lightly, putting a hand on each of the girls' shoulders.

"Just girl stuff," Asuka said mildly, shooting Hikari a warning look. "Nothing important."

Shinji nodded, glancing from Asuka to Hikari, then back before humming, "Hmm, well, Misato said she's gonna get going in a little while... so it's probably ok to go to my room."

"Yes, Master," Hikari replied, thankful that she could refer to him properly now that his guardian was absent.

"Well, you guys have fun," Asuka said coolly, "I'm gonna see what's on TV."

"You're not coming?" Hikari asked, only half disappointed. She loved being with Asuka and Shinji at the same time, but she had absolutely no complaints about being alone with her master.

Asuka's nose wrinkled with distaste. "I just started my period yesterday," she said disgustedly. "I don't really like getting blood all over the place, and I know that just watching isn't gonna be enough, so I'll pass."

Hikari nodded, blushing faintly. Sex was getting easier to talk about – especially with these two – but discussing bodily functions always embarrassed her. When she was on her cycle, she simply told Shinji 'it's not a good time,' and satisfied him by going down on him. It was the only time she could even imagine being reluctant to have him inside of her, and while she knew that some people did it regardless of their periods, she could not quite bring herself to just shrug it off.

The one time she had been foolish enough to watch Shinji and Asuka do it when she was on her period, Hikari had discovered that it was quite possibly the worst torture ever, particularly when you take into the account that when Asuka got REALLY excited, she tended to swear, scratch, and DEMAND to be fucked harder, often leaving Shinji struggling to catch up.

Quite the show, for a submissive just one degree too shy to say, 'Fuck it, we can change the sheets later!'

Shaking her head to clear it of the uncomfortable thoughts, Hikari raised her voice and said, "Let's go study in your room, Shinji."

This was their – admittedly lame – cover whenever Hikari came over while Misato was home. Shinji knew that his guardian must suspect that they were doing something, but thankfully she had never confronted him about it. Also, to reinforce their cover, they would actually spend the first fifteen minutes or so looking at their textbooks, that way if Misato looked in on them, they would not technically be lying.

Asuka waved at them as they headed into his room, and as soon as the door was shut, Hikari found Shinji pointing at the ground at his feet, unzipping his pants and staring her straight in the eyes as he pulled himself out.

"Suck your master's cock."

Hikari was on her knees in a second, wrapping her lips around his warm shaft and bobbing her head slowly up and down – not too fast, at first... her master did not like it to start out fast.

Slowly running her tongue from the base of his cock to the head, she wondered what was wrong. *He seems upset about something*, she thought, easing his shaft all the way into her mouth, *I wonder...*

"Stop now," Shinji ordered, pulling himself out of her mouth after only a moment. "If you do what you're told, you'll get to suck it more later."

"Yes, Master," Hikari said, nodding her understanding as she waited for his permission to stand.

Shinji made her wait, staring down at her with an unreadable expression until she was almost tempted to ask what she had done wrong. Finally, he pointed to the bed. "Put your hands on the mattress and bend over."

As quick as she could, Hikari did what she was told, remembering quite vividly that these were his exact instructions the day he had fucked her in her room. Instead of pulling her panties down, however, Shinji flipped her skirt up and

slapped her hard on the ass, drawing a sharp, surprised cry from her throat, but when she tried to look back over her shoulder to ask what she had done wrong, he slapped her again.

"You don't have permission to look at me right now," he said quietly, gently caressing her ass with the same hand he had slapped it with. "You want to know what you've done, right...? Well I'm not ready to tell you yet."

"I understand, Master," Hikari whispered – though in all reality, she did not.

*He sounds really mad... was it because I was-*

"Lie down on your back," Shinji's voice cut into her thoughts. "In the middle of the bed... that's right."

Hikari stared straight up, remembering that she was not allowed to look at him just then. She certainly did not want another smack – they had hurt! He had slapped her a few times when they were having sex... and those were pretty hot, but these had been unmistakably punishing, and there was no way Hikari was going to make her master angrier than he already was.

Even if she did not understand WHY he was mad, she was not stupid enough to worsen her situation. *I just have to prove that I'm a good slave*, she thought, growing uncomfortable with the silence, *that way I can make up for whatever I did wrong*.

"Put your hands up by the headboard and close your eyes," Shinji said, stepping away from the bed. "Don't peek... or I'll send you home."

Hikari's hands shot up so fast that she cracked her knuckles painfully against the hardwood, and her eyes clamped down so tightly that stars flashed behind their lids. Being turned away was the worst punishment she could imagine... and whatever Shinji had planned must be truly serious, because he had never even told her that it was getting late, let alone that she HAD to go.

*Don't look*, she told herself, *God, even if you hear him sharpening a knife, don't lo-*

Her eyes flew open, though, as she felt cold metal wrap around her wrists. "Wha-?"

She cut herself off, her mouth going dry as she looked up to find bright circles of steel binding her to the headboard, a soft, ratcheting click sounding from each as Shinji pushed them closed and sat up to survey his work.

"Try to pull them off," he said quietly, watching closely as Hikari gave the handcuffs a cautious tug. When it was clear that she was held fast, Shinji brought his gaze to her eyes, looking into them for a long, long time before whispering, "You said you wanted me to own you, Hikari. Tell me – right now – if this is too much... because this is just the beginning."

Slowly closing her gaping mouth, Hikari whispered, "For you, there's no such thing as too much, Master... how can I make you see that?"

Unsmiling, Shinji replied, "This is a start. To be honest, I never really... I dunno, LET myself believe that you were serious about being treated this way." Slowly, he leaned forward, covering her mouth with his own and giving her a soft, deep kiss. "If it ever gets to be too much," he murmured as he pulled back, "you'll have to make sure to tell me. One reason I've never done anything like this is because I'm afraid... afraid I won't be able to stop."

"You don't have to," Hikari said quietly. "I belong to you, Master – anything you want is fine."

Shinji nodded, reaching out and laying a hand on her cheek. "Then... I'll take it."

*Oh HELL yes!* Hikari thought ecstatically, licking her lips in anticipation. *I'm ready, Master...*

With a small sigh, Shinji put his hands on the bed and leaned back, staring up at the ceiling with an intensely thoughtful look on his face. "Misato's a pretty strong person, huh?" he said carefully, pursing his lips as Hikari stammered an affirmative. "Stronger than me – lots stronger." He glanced at the girl from the corner of his eyes. "Would you let her be your master if she asked...?"

Hikari shook her head emphatically, horrified at the very thought. "No!!" she said firmly, "No, Master – I belong to you!"

"But you were fantasizing about her."

"Well, that was... I was just... thinking about what it would be like – I don't want to be anyone but y-"

"I'm not a very good master, am I...?"

Fumbling for words, Hikari started to deny this, but Shinji raised his hand, cutting her off.

"Don't ever lie to me," he said flatly. "I know I'm not good at this, Hikari, I'm just too hung up..." he rose to his feet, keeping his back to her as he concluded, "but tonight I'm not going to think. I'm going to do what I want and see how it feels – just once... just to see if I can without hating myself in the morning."

Not knowing what else to say, Hikari simply whispered, "Yes, Master..."

"I like it when you say that," Shinji admitted softly, "have I ever told you that?"

"No, Master... you haven't."

"Well I do."

"Thank you, Master."

"Mm... another thing – from now on, you may not speak," Shinji said levelly, "if you do... you'll be punished. The only time I want you to speak is if I ask you a direct, yes or no question, do you understand?"

"Yes, Master, but-"

Hikari cried out as Shinji suddenly reached down and grabbed her right leg, lifting it straight up in the air to expose her sensitive ass and giving it a hard, open-handed swat.

"You may not speak," Shinji repeated, his voice taking on a harsh edge Hikari had never heard before. "If you do, you WILL be punished. Now again, do you understand?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good... now there is one more sentence you are allowed to say tonight," Shinji whispered, slowly easing her leg back down to the bed and stroking the inside of her thigh. "Can you guess what it is?"

"No, Master," Hikari confessed, her heart tripping hard against her ribs, fueled by excitement so intense she almost asked what else she could say, earning her another slap on the rear.

"The only other words I want to hear passing your lips are... 'I'm... coming.' Do you understand?"

"Y-yes... Master..."

"Ok," Shinji drew back crossing to his nightstand and pulling something out of it. "I wasn't really sure about this part," he admitted softly, slowly bringing his right hand out from behind his back, "but the more you keep hinting that you want to be REALLY powerless... the more I want to make you that way."

Hikari's heart actually skipped a beat as she stared at the small, padded black blindfold Shinji held in his hands. *This is a dream, she thought dizzily, it has to be*

*a dream! God, I think I might just come right now!*

"There's a couple other... things I picked up," Shinji said slowly, turning the blindfold over and over in his hands. "Nothing that would HURT you... I don't care how strong you want me to be, Hikari, that's something I'll never do for you... but I did get a few other things that I thought might make you happy."

*No, Hikari almost screamed, don't make me happy! I want YOU to be happy! That's why I live now...*

As if reading her mind, Shinji bowed his head. "Don't get me wrong," he said guiltily, "I... I got these things so I could try them on you, not so you could try them, does that make sense? This is for me, too..."

Hikari smiled, nodding to show that she understood.

...she did not necessarily BELIEVE him, but she understood what he was saying.

Shinji stepped up to the side of the bed. "Lift your head up in back," he said softly. "Good... now hold still."

Hikari held her head in place as soft, padded fabric blotted out her vision, leaving her in total darkness.

"Can you see anything?"

"No, Master..."

"Ok... here's one of the other things I got."

Listening to Shinji shuffling around in his desk, Hikari found herself seized with impatience. What else could he have purchased? A gag? Lotion of some sort? ...a whip? A thousand ideas, each one wilder than the last, cruised through Hikari's mind. A gag sounded the most feasible... but then why the order to stay quiet? And hadn't he just said that she would get to have his cock in her mouth again before the night was over? No, on second thought a gag didn't make sense... but what else-

"Found it," Shinji announced. "Now – do... not... lick..."

Hikari nodded, remembering her order not to speak, and waited breathlessly for what was to come. She felt so alive, having no idea what was coming next... and she prayed that only words were forbidden, since she found herself moaning softly as she felt some warm, thick liquid slowly drizzling onto her bottom lip. The temptation to lick was so basic and elemental that it was almost overpowering... but her master had said not to, so she would not. She simply lay still, waiting patiently for his next instruction.

A soft sigh escaped her, though, as she felt Shinji lean forward and gently run his tongue over her bottom lip, slowly lapping up whatever was clinging to her with diligent, thorough attention, covering every millimeter before moving up and delving his tongue deep between her parted lips, giving her a taste of what was covering them.

*Honey! It's honey!!*

Unable to resist, this time – and having no specific instruction not to – Hikari sucked lightly on Shinji's tongue, moaning softly as he slowly slid it in and out of her mouth, a slow-motion parody of what she prayed would be coming soon. His tongue felt hot and soft, and the coating of honey sent a deliciously warm shiver down her spine as he continued the deep, sticky kiss.

At a guess, Hikari would have said it took about five minutes to get the honey from her lips, to his tongue, to her mouth – not that she was truly paying attention to the time, of course, or that she would have given even one second of that heavenly kiss for a million dollars... but for posterity, she decided that was a good time.

She cried out, though, as Shinji pulled back and reached down with both hands, Yanking her school shirt open. "You can borrow one of Asuka's," he told her as

her jaw hung wide open.

Again, she nodded, squirming as he unclasped the front of her bra.

Front closure bras, she had quickly learned, were VASTLY preferable to the kind that snapped in the back. With a front close bra, Shinji could unfasten it and caress her without unbuttoning more than two buttons on her shirt... so any time he wanted, he could touch her body.

It made her more available. Which made her a better servant. Which made her happier each day Shinji allowed her to belong to him.

"Mmmm..." she hummed, biting her lip to keep from speaking as Shinji ran his forefingers around her areolas, making her nipples quickly stiffen as if requesting more contact.

After a moment of this attention, Shinji rose to his feet and stepped closer to the end of the bed, grasping her skirt and lifting it up until it was sitting at her waist, revealing her snow-white panties. She kept her rear lifted for a moment to make it easier for him to take her them off, but Shinji put his hand on her stomach and gently pushed her back down on the bed, leaving her confused.

*I... we're not going to fuck yet?* Hikari thought, dismayed as Shinji stepped away from her.

There was a moment of quiet, then Shinji hummed to himself and laid down on the bed next to her. "I'm going to read for a while," he said absently, "don't move until I tell you to, or I'll spank you so hard you won't be able to sit down for three days."

Behind the blindfold, Hikari's eyes were wide with disbelief. *Just... just SIT HERE??* she thought incredulously, *While you... READ?! Master – how can you be so mean?!*

She stayed perfectly still, though, as Shinji lay beside her, calmly leafing through a magazine. She was already very hot, but in the mood Shinji was in, she knew that even a peep or a twitch would result in heavy discipline. Was he really that upset about her looking at his guardian?? She had not meant to make him mad... it was just a fantasy. It's not like she would ever do anything with the purple haired woman, though she had to admit that the way she snapped commands when she was in a foul mood was incredibly sexy.

*Stop thinking about it,* she told herself firmly, *think about doing what you're told. Think about being a good slave for your master. ...God, I never thought he would actually CUFF me! I-*

"Don't move," Shinji said quietly, slipping off the bed.

Listening intently, Hikari heard the door to his room slide open... but not closed.

*Oh my god!* she thought, her breathing picking up to almost double its normal rate. *She could look in any time! Master... Master, please hurry back!!*

For several agonizing minutes, the only sound was the continued chatter of the TV from the living room, the soft hum of the dryer, and Hikari's panicked breathing. What would Miss Katsuragi say if she happened to walk past Shinji's room and found Hikari with her skirt hiked up to her waist and her shirt and bra hanging wide open – handcuffed to the bed, no less?!

Hikari could not even imagine.

She almost called out as she heard a footstep in the hallway, but she held her tongue, her heart beating wildly as Shinji's door slid closed.

*Oh thank God!!* Hikari thought, nearly crying with relief, *He's ba-*

Soft, warm lips pressed against hers as a curtain of hair brushed her face. Someone was kissing her... and it was not Shinji.



*Asuka?! Hikari thought hopefully, but... no, Asuka always pulls most of her hair back with that headband all the pilots have – even when we have sex! It can't be that... Shinji did you...??*

"Huhh!"

Hikari gasped into the other woman's mouth as Shinji's lips brushed her earlobe. "I hope you like what we're going to do to you, Hikari," he whispered softly, his left hand easing down to caress her right breast. "Think of this as my first attempt to be a real master for you..."

Had her mouth been free, Hikari still would not have replied. She had been given an order... and Shinji had not asked her a question. *It has to be Asuka*, she told herself, cautiously caressing the other woman's tongue with her own, *HAS to be! He wouldn't... just bring HER in... would he??*

Since the woman had yet to speak, Hikari had no way of knowing.

"Doesn't she look gorgeous this way?" Shinji whispered, tweaking Hikari's nipple and making her gasp. "Go ahead and do whatever you want to her..."

*It isn't Asuka! Hikari thought wildly. No way! He... he brought his guardian in to have sex with me – with US!! Oh my God, oh my God! What do I do??* As the other woman's mouth pulled away from hers, though, Hikari's mind provided the obvious answer. *I'll do whatever my master says. I just... I never thought he would WANT anyone else with us! I-*

She cut her uselessly circling thoughts off with an abrupt mental snap.

What good was it to question when you were guaranteed not to get a reply?

"Here," she heard Shinji murmur, "try this."

Hikari groaned as a moment later, she felt warm, thick liquid on her skin. More honey – just two tiny dollops... gently drizzled onto her sensitive nipples.

"Ohh..."

Shinji's chuckle was soft, but somehow reassuring in its familiarity. Her master would never do anything that would hurt her. No matter who was with them, Hikari knew she would be ok. It was a little strange to have to wonder whose lips had been touching hers, but as long as Shinji was ok with it, she would have to be too.

She was just a slave, after all.

"I told you she'd like it. Go ahead... see how it tastes."

A soft hiss was drawn from Hikari's chest as the woman's tongue tentatively lapped at her right nipple. After a moment, there was another soft lick... and then a wonderfully warm mouth closed around Hikari's nipple, lightly sucking and licking the delicate tissue, drawing all the honey off of it with quickly growing enthusiasm.

As the woman moved over to Hikari's other breast, Shinji whispered, "Open your mouth."

Hikari did as she was told, and a moment later, she Shinji's cock laid lengthwise against her lips.

"Don't lick it."

Groaning with disappointment, Hikari kept her tongue in check, feeling him slide his dick slowly against her mouth – knowing with maddening certainty exactly how it would taste if she could only suck it. Surely just one taste would be ok... wouldn't it?

"Ahh!"

Retribution was swift. Seconds after the tip of Hikari's tongue grazed his tool, Shinji was down near the foot of the bed, lifting her leg high in the air and slapping her ass with all of his strength. Again and again, his hand rebounded off her tight bottom, until Hikari was on the verge of tears, her back arching off the bed in the most agonizing combination of pleasure and pain she had ever experienced... because the woman was still sucking her left nipple, and it was starting to feel REALLY good.

Breathlessly, she settled back onto the bed, whimpering as Shinji's fingertips caressed her aching butt.

"It will only get worse," he whispered, drawing another gasp from her as he leaned down and gently licked her burning skin. "Better be obedient."

"Y-" Hikari barely cut herself off as Shinji tensed, clearly intending to spank her again. She relaxed slightly as he gently laid her leg down on the bed.

He hummed thoughtfully. "Your panties are wet," he said softly. "Don't worry... we'll get them off you pretty soon."

*No*, Hikari thought desperately, *get them off now, Master!*

"Uhh..."

"Yeah," Shinji murmured, lightly rubbing his hand against the front of her panties, "pretty wet... should we take them off now, Hikari?"

"Yes, Master," Hikari said quickly, lifting her ass off the bed again... and again feeling Shinji push it back down.

"No," he said quietly, "I don't think I'm ready yet."

She wanted to beg... but even before she could remind herself of her master's order, she felt something cool and damp press against her lips. Carefully, she opened her mouth, feeling the item slip gently inside.

"Chew," Shinji ordered. "You told me you liked watermelon... right?"

Nodding, Hikari carefully chewed, trying to control her breathing as the woman moved between the valley of her breasts, pressing them together and inhaling deeply, drawing in the teen's scent while caressing the sides of her breasts. Not being able to see was taking the experience to a whole new level, and as a morsel of something else – peach, this time – Hikari realized that even if she could see, her eyes would be fixed on her master.

Shinji's voice was soft as he whispered, "Yeah, go ahead... I think she'd like that."

*When did she speak??* Hikari thought, confused as the woman slipped out of bed for a moment, rustling the contents of Shinji's desk for a moment before returning and laying down between Hikari's thighs, pressing her stomach against Hikari's wet panties. *What is she d-*

"Ooo!"

Two bits of cool, stiff metal ran lightly around her damp nipples, making her breath catch in her throat.

Hearing her gasp, Shinji murmured, "If you concentrate, I'll bet you can feel what they are... even though you've probably never seen them before."

Nodding again, Hikari bit her bottom lip, focusing on the feel as one of the objects was tilted and drawn around her areola. *It's... metal*, she thought, immediately drawing a mental image of a steel rod. *What would you use one of those... oh...*

Her mouth dried up as the rod was turned over, a softly rounded side revealing itself to her senses as the woman slid it down between her breasts, running it lightly around her sensitive bellybutton. In her mind's eye, Hikari could imagine the slender rod circling her clit, or slipping gently into her tight asshole. It was too small to provide any real vaginal stimulation, she realized – it was definitely a toy designed for precision stimulation.

And in her opinion, it was doing its job admirably.

“Are you looking forward to being fucked tonight?” Shinji asked her, tucking a strand of hair up over Hikari’s right ear as the woman pulled back a bit, running one of the metal rods down the front of Hikari’s panties.

“Y-yes... Master...” Hikari whispered hoarsely, shuddering as the little rod pushed lightly against the thin fabric, sketching the outline of her labia as the woman set the other rod on the bed and rested her chin gently between Hikari’s breasts, her eye undoubtedly on the teen’s face.

Shinji gently slipped another piece of melon into her mouth before murmuring, “You’re going to be eaten out first... I want you soaking wet before I put my cock in your pussy.”

Nearly laughing out loud, Hikari thought, *I’m there already!!*

Another piece of fruit was placed in her mouth as the other woman dropped the metal rod next to the other on the bed and buried her face between Hikari’s breasts, pressing them gently against her face and running her tongue lightly up and down against Hikari’s breastbone. It was very arousing, Hikari thought... because every time the woman touched her chest, she seemed to lose control – just a little – as if just having the soft globes touching her skin was making her drunk.

As if to confirm this thought, the woman brought her mouth back to Hikari’s right breast with a quiet moan, licking languidly at the nipple as she gently squeezed her neglected breast in her palm, caressing it almost reverently as her soft, pebbly tongue teased at her throbbing nipple.

Hikari squirmed under the woman’s soft, almost delicate ministrations, trying not to pant as she grew more and more excited. *This is too good, she thought dizzily, my Master feeding me... Asuka or... or Miss Katsuragi licking my tits... bound... blindfolded... totally powerless... can it get better than this??*

“Mmm...” she hummed deep in her throat as Shinji’s hands settled on her shoulders, gently rubbing her tension-tight muscles.

“Are you sore?” he asked, carefully working out some of the stiffness.

Hikari slowly shook her head. “No, Master,” she whispered, longing to say more, but wisely holding her tongue.

“Good.”

With her senses heightened by her blindness, Hikari had no trouble picking out the soft sound of Shinji drawing his zipper down and slipping his pants off.

Instinctively, she wet her lips as she felt one of his hands rest against her cheek, turning her head to face the side of the bed he was standing on.

After only a moment of waiting, she found her mouth filled once more with her master’s hard cock, and she wasted no time sucking him, bobbing her head awkwardly in an attempt to please him.

“Don’t,” Shinji whispered softly, applying just the slightest amount of pressure to her head to make her stop. “Just stay still.”

The immediate concern that he might simply hold himself in her mouth was unfounded as Shinji started gliding his prick in and out of Hikari’s soft lips, gently fucking her face with controlled, even strokes, whispering a soft warning to hold her breath before slipping the head into her tight throat.

“Take off her panties... if you think she’s wet enough.”

*How could I not be wet enough??* Hikari thought, squirming on the bed as she tentatively licked the side of his prick.

The woman continued sucking Hikari’s nipples for another moment before sliding slowly down her chest and stomach, dropping little kisses as she went and

drawing a surprised grunt from Hikari's throat as her tongue trilled the teen's bellybutton.

Shinji resumed stroking Hikari's mouth as the woman reached her panties... and Hikari found herself on the verge of crying out as the woman unhesitatingly pressed her face down between her legs and drew in a long, sustained breath – as if she was trying to taste Hikari with only her sense of smell.

*Maybe she's blindfolded too,* Hikari thought, finding her thoughts growing a little scattered as Shinji's fingertips lightly caressed her face. *Maybe she doesn't even know who I am... but it COULD still be Asuka, doing what Shinji wants her to – I just don't know!!*

"Uhhh..."

Hikari could not keep herself from groaning as she lifted her ass off the bed for a third time, finally feeling the delicious sensation of her white cotton panties gliding down her slender legs. Where they landed, she had no idea, but she felt the woman's body tense, as if bracing to throw them. Unbidden, the idea that she might not be able to find them occurred to Hikari, leading to the image of her riding the train all the way home with nothing under her skirt.

With a jagged hint of rebellious intent, she decided that even if she COULD find her panties, she would stuff them in her purse.

It was her turn to inhale sharply, however, as the woman put her hands on the backs of Hikari's thighs and her legs them up in the air, exposing her slippery pussy to the night air and lowering herself down on the bed.

*Here it comes,* Hikari thought, tensing as Shinji pulled his cock out of her mouth, *Here it...*

"Ohh!!"

"Is it good... slave...?"

"Yes... M-master..."

Good was a little bit of an understatement, Hikari thought dizzily. Maybe it was the buildup, she thought, but when the woman's tongue slowly ran from the bottom of Hikari's pussy to the top, the teenager nearly came on the spot, her thighs flexing involuntarily with pleasure as a moment later, Shinji took the woman's place between her breasts.

"Get comfortable," he murmured, "this WILL take a long time..."

*No it won't!* Hikari thought immediately her breathing already growing short as the woman pressed her face tightly against her pussy and began licking her with deep, slow moving strokes. *If she'd go a little faster... God, I'm so hot I could come right now!*

It was not until five minutes later that Hikari realized that this was exactly what would NOT be happening. The woman eating her out was never going to move any faster... Shinji was not going to suck any harder... and she was not going to be able to come – not with this pace.

After an additional five minutes (approximately, Hikari was not entirely sure) Shinji backed away from her breasts, contenting himself with stroking her from her stomach to her face with the tips of his fingers... a very satisfying, sensual feeling, but nothing that would help her get off.

*Is this... a new kind of torture?* Hikari thought, rolling her head from one side to the other and flexing her thighs to keep her muscles from growing stiff from disuse. *It all feels GREAT... but I can't... God, I can't come! ...how long is she going to eat me?? It has to be fifteen minutes already – and she hasn't even touched my clit!*

The woman must have felt the tremors of tiredness in Hikari's legs, as she slowly lowered them onto her shoulders, putting her palms on Hikari's hips and making small circles there as she continued to gently lick the young woman's tender hole.

She found herself licking her lips as the woman down between her legs hit a particularly sensitive spot inside of her pussy, lingering for several seconds before moving to another location.

*Ooo, go back there*, she thought distantly, finding Shinji's hands resting possessively on either side of her head and forcing her to 'look' at him.

"If you're getting close to coming," he said flatly, "say 'stop.' I don't want you to come until I fuck you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master," Hikari groaned, wishing she was able to tell him that she was now literally aching to come, her nipples and clit throbbing with the need as her stomach quivered, the desire to get that wonderful release almost overwhelming her senses and making her beg for it.

But there was no respite for her – the woman seemed tireless, licking her endlessly as her master lay at her side and gently caressed her body, touching her breasts, her stomach, her face, everywhere... everywhere except the sensitive places that could tip her over the gradually narrowing line between normal existence and the ultimate satisfaction.

*Doesn't she ever STOP!?* Hikari thought almost frantically, very nearly writhing on the bed as the woman lapped and probed at her moist slit.

Slowly... painstakingly... nerves and synapses that had never seen more than a second or two of stimulation were teased into life, bringing all of Hikari's senses to levels she had never experienced before. She could hear and feel Shinji's fingers rasping on her skin, smell the mingled sweat of three bodies (and the faintest hint of lavender?), and taste the lingering mixture of melon, peach, and her master's cock all swirling together on her taste buds as she panted for breath, straining now to push her hips up and somehow brush her clit on the woman's tongue or chin.

Only her eyes remained useless, showing her only velvety blackness as she tried to angle them down at a steep enough angle to peer under the blindfold and catch a glimpse of her master's face.

*I want to see you*, she thought, finding cohesive thought more and more difficult, *Master... Master this is incredible! ...but please let me come! PLEASE! I need it so bad!*

Suddenly, with a soft, almost playful kiss on Hikari's sopping pussy, the woman was gone, slipping up on the bed beside and resting her hand lightly on the teen's stomach, making room for Shinji to take her place.

"Ohhhh...!"

Hikari groaned deeply as – finally – Shinji sank his cock into her aching pussy, taking it slowly as if deliberately keeping her from coming too soon. When he was fully buried inside of her tight hole, he held still, whispering, "Lick her."

"UHH!!"

The woman's mouth – that slow moving, incredibly hot mouth – eased back between Hikari's legs, coming in from the top and gently lapping at the only exposed part of her pussy... her clit.

*Oh, I'm gonna DIE!!* Hikari thought deliriously, her hips instinctively trying to buck against the pleasure shooting through her... but no matter how her body strained, it was useless – Shinji was holding her hips tightly in place, and the other woman had situated herself halfway across Hikari's stomach, helping to keep her pinned down.

*Just a little harder...!*

But as much as she wanted it, Hikari was denied. Instead of applying more pressure, the other woman simply contented herself with light, short, teasing strokes on Hikari's clit, barely grazing it with her nimble tongue. She thought she might be able to come when Shinji started stroking her, but he was moving so slow that it was impossible.

Slowly... Hikari realized that instead of coming, the tension inside of her body was building again. *I've... oh wow... she thought faintly, it's usually so fast and hard... I've never... this is new...*

Instead of the quick orgasm she was used to, Hikari was being taken higher than the usual plateau, her body instinctively responding to the new pace by building up more of the sexual charge that prefaces a truly fantastic climax. Had her hands been free, she would have touched herself, rubbing her clit or pinching her nipples until she could find that intense release she always got from coming hard. She was so close... she could practically feel herself coming already – if she could just have a LITTLE more stimulation! That's all!

"Should we let her...?" Shinji whispered.

*Please say yes!!* Hikari's mind entreated, still adhering to her directive to remain silent.

"No?" she heard Shinji chuckle. "Ok... I guess we can keep it going a little longer."

Hikari wanted to scream, 'you bitch!!' at the top of her lungs... but as much as she was aching to come, she was just as terrified that breaking one of her master's commands would result in her immediate ejection of the small trio of bodies on the bed. The way she figured it... there was another warm, clearly willing woman right there – Shinji could just fuck her if he wanted to.

After all, what use did a master have for a slave that could not even follow a simple instruction?

"OhhHHHHhhHHHOOOOooo..." Hikari let out a long, deep groan as the woman shifted positions, gently cradling her right breast in her palm as her mouth descended on the left, closing around the nipple... but not sucking or licking at all, just letting Hikari feel the warmth and moisture.

Alarmingly, Hikari realized that the world was losing focus – or rather, that some things (the sound of the dryer, and the chatter of the TV) were growing dimmer, while others (her own breathing, the soft, wet sound of Shinji penetrating her) were growing louder and louder, as if the sum of her entire being was contracting down to a single point, one single objective.

Release...

"Ok," she heard Shinji whisper from a thousand miles away. "We should give it to her... she looks exhausted."

"Yes..."

The voice that replied was so soft and out of focus that Hikari could not identify it. All she knew was that it was familiar... and before she could even latch on to this simple observation, a supernova was exploding inside of her.

"...oh! OH!! OHHHHH!!!!"

All of the air burst from Hikari's lungs, and for some reason, the signal to refill them was not quite getting through... perhaps because she was caught in the throes of an orgasm so massive that until she experienced it, she would not have believed it was possible.

The cataclysm was brought about by three simple actions – Shinji burying himself all the way inside of her soaking pussy... someone – she REALLY had no one which one of them it was – lightly caressing her clit... and the woman's hot mouth sucking gently on her throbbing nipple.

These three movements, combined with all the buildup of the extended touching and licking session, literally shorted Hikari's higher brain functions. All she could do was gasp, her eyes rolling to the back of her head as powerful waves of pleasure unlike any she had ever experienced before drowned out everything from her ability to speak to her very concept of who she was.

Nothing mattered... nothing else in the entire world mattered besides the icy spike of ecstasy stabbing through her veins at the speed of light. Her muscles fired randomly, receiving disjointed orders from the overloaded pleasure center in her brain to escape – it was too much to handle. Over and over, her body contracted, lost to the feeling devastating her senses as her back arched and a soft, gasping moan was drawn from her already empty lungs.

How long it lasted, Hikari had absolutely no idea. All that she knew was that when she came back to her senses, the other woman was gone and Shinji was lying at her side, cradling her in his arms and shushing her as tears streamed down her face, tremors of leftover pleasure shooting all through her body as she struggled to control her breathing.

“Ma... ster...” she sobbed, “p-please...”

“Shh,” Shinji whispered, brushing sweat from her face, “it’s ok... just rest now, we won’t do any more tonight.”

Obediently, Hikari closed her eyes, darkness immediately swirling up to meet her as a final thought burst and faded across her consciousness like a terrible shooting star.

*...but I WANT more.*

\*\*\*

Hikari woke up glowing, every cell in her body feeling as if it was suffused with energy. She could feel her arms resting at her sides, so she knew that the handcuffs had been removed, though if she was pleased or disappointed by this she could not quite tell. Half of her had hoped to wake up still bound, with her master waiting only for her eyes to open before starting a second round.

*Can’t have EVERYTHING, I guess*, she thought guiltily, stretching her tired muscles long and hard before snuggling down further into Shinji’s covers. *God that was so GOOD...* she thought, sliding her legs together under the blankets and relishing the sensation of total nudity. She never slept without at least a shirt and panties on, and as she lay there, she figured that this was probably what had awakened her. She bit her lip as she realized that she had absolutely no recollection of having her clothes taken off of her.

“Man, I must have been OUT of it,” she thought, blushing as a pleasant tingle ran up and down her spine.

Several of her deepest fantasies had been played out in one sitting, she mused, tucking her fists under her head and staring at the closed door in the dim light seeping into the room from the half-open curtains. Could she be satisfied by regular lovemaking after being so thoroughly OWNED, she wondered? ...had Shinji enjoyed it even half as much as she had? And what of the woman that had joined them – was it really possible that Shinji had brought his guardian into the room with them, or was it Asuka, helping to fulfill Hikari’s wish?

She blinked as she realized that the chair normally sitting by Shinji’s desk had been pulled closer to the bed. Raising her head, she could see that her clothes had been carefully folded – complete with one of Asuka’s spare school shirts – with a note laying on top, bearing her name in large, hard to miss letters.

Reaching up over her head, she turned on the small lamp by Shinji’s bed and picked up the note, quickly scanning it. “Dress yourself and come into the kitchen,” she read aloud. “I am making dinner. If it is cold when you wake up, you can put it in the microwave, but unless I wake you, I will be waiting there for you. -S.”

Clicking the light back off, Hikari set the note on the bed and got to her feet, searching through the pile of clothes until she found her panties, but pausing for a moment as she found them clean and dry. *Man, how long was I out??* she wondered, quickly pulling on her clothes.

It was not until she slid Shinji’s door open that she noticed that what she was wearing was entirely different than what she had come to the apartment in. Instead of conservative light blue, the skirt she now wore was a deep shade of

midnight, and while it came down past her knees, it was slit on one side all the way up to her lower thigh. Also, what she had mistaken for one of Asuka's school shirts was actually a pale, cream colored blouse, shot through with lighter threads of what could only be silk.

Catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror down the hall, Hikari could only stare. With her hair down, and her new outfit, the class representative was gone... in her place stood an elegant, sophisticated young woman, unafraid to display her blossoming young body for all to see.

Breaking into a pleased smile, she hurried into the kitchen, reminding herself that her master might not be alone and calling out, "Shinji, I was-"

She came up short as she found Shinji and Asuka sipping tea together and playing – *A board game? We just had killer sex, and they're following it up with Monopoly??*

"Hey Hikari," Asuka said, picking the dice up off the board and rattling them in her hand. "Have a nice nap?"

"Umm, yeah," Hikari said slowly, glancing from one Child to the other in confusion.

*It... wasn't her...??*

"You looked pretty worn out when I checked on you, so I didn't want to – oh wow!" Asuka glanced up from the game, noticing Hikari's clothes for the first time. "Nice outfit!"

"T-thanks," Hikari stammered.

She had assumed, naturally, that Asuka had picked out the clothes... but in looking at them, and based on the redhead's surprise, Hikari realized that they WERE a bit more on the adult side, taste-wise. Yes, the more she thought about it, the more she realized that this was exactly the kind of outfit a certain purple-haired woman would put together.

"...bad it's so late," Asuka was saying, now openly looking Hikari up and down, "if it wasn't so close to your curfew, I'd drag you back into the bedroom and get those clothes right back off. I'm serious! You look hot!"

Hikari's eyes darted to Shinji as she mumbled another thank-you, but he was looking down at the board, contemplating his next move. Impulsively, she asked, "Is... Miss Katsuragi here?"

Glancing up from the board, Shinji shook his head. "She left a while ago," he said vaguely, appraising her with a critical eye for a moment before whispering, "You forgot something."

Frowning, Hikari looked down, wondering if she'd missed a button. "What?" she asked, noticing that Asuka's smile was completely absent.

"You're giving it to her then?" the redhead murmured, her voice tinged with approval... and maybe the slightest bit of jealousy. When Shinji nodded, she sighed, gathering the pieces of the game as she said, "You'd better do it alone... go on, it's ok."

"Thanks," Shinji said, sounding genuinely relieved. Getting to his feet, he gestured for Hikari to follow him, leaving Asuka in the kitchen and heading back to his room. As soon as Hikari was through the door, he slid it closed and moved to stand in front of her. "Kneel for me," he said quietly, pointing to the floor at his feet. When Hikari did as she was told, her heart hammering in her chest at the boldness of his tone, Shinji lowered his voice and asked, "Do you belong to me, Hikari?"

"Yes, Master," Hikari replied immediately, "only you."

"Are you willing to prove that...?"

Swallowing uncertainly, Hikari slowly nodded. "Of course, Master... what do I need to do?"



Stepping back, Shinji turned to the chair where Hikari's clothes had been sitting, stooping down and picking something up off the floor. "I... this was Asuka's idea," he said slowly, rising to his feet and coming back to stand in front of Hikari, a small length of black ribbon dangling from his right hand as he looked down into her eyes. "She said you would like it."

Hikari's breath caught as he held up the ribbon, the light from his lamp playing off the simple silver clasp affixed to one end. "That's... Master, is that..."

Shinji nodded. "Yes," he said quietly, holding the ribbon up between his hands. "Do you belong to me, Hikari...?"

Blinking hard, Hikari bowed her head, then lowered herself down on the floor, kissing the tops of Shinji's feet as she breathed, "Only you – only ever you, Master." Forcing herself not to shake, she got back up to her knees, her chest hitching as she barely whispered, "May I... put it on, Master...?"

"Look at me."

Hikari brought her head up, looking longingly into her master's bottomless eyes. "Yes, Master?"

Pulling the ribbon – the collar – taut, Shinji stepped forward and carefully wrapped it around her throat. "It's adjustable," he said quietly, fastening the clasp at the nape of her neck and drawing the collar snugly in place. "Is that too tight?"

"No, Master," Hikari whispered unevenly, her face shining with pleasure. Glancing up into his face, Hikari could not resist the temptation to ask, "Master? Tonight... with us... was that-"

"Shh," Shinji cut in, putting his hand on top of her head with a sly, playful smile. "Wear this outfit for me on Saturday, Hikari... I think I'd like to take it off of you."

"But... Master," Hikari said pleadingly, "won't you please tell me who-"

She cut herself off with a whimper as Shinji's fingers twined in her hair, his smile vanishing as he yanked her head back and replied, "You don't ever get to ask me any questions about the time you spend blindfolded, do you understand? That time is for me to own you... and you to be owned – completely. All that should matter to you is that you were with your master and someone else... nothing more. Who I let enjoy you is my business – wouldn't you agree, slave?"

Hikari blushed, a thousand different scenarios exploding in her mind as she imagined people she did not even know touching her when she could not see them, and with a start, she realized that she had never been more turned on in her entire life. She had just lost another freedom, she thought dizzily. How could Shinji even THINK that he was anything but a great master??

"Yes, Master," she whispered finally, bowing her head to hide her dreamy smile as he let her go, "I understand."

"Kiss me."

Rising to her feet, Hikari gratefully embraced her master, leaning back against his door as he pulled her into his arms and gave her another deeply satisfying kiss.

He was right, she knew... it did not matter who it had been that night – or any other night, for that matter. All that should matter to a slave was whether or not she had pleased her master, and considering the silky feel of the collar wrapped so snugly around her throat, Hikari had definitely pleased her master.

With that understanding firmly in mind, Hikari decided that things could only get better from here.

The End... for now.

Useless babbling: ok, why have a lemon side story to a story that's already all lemon?? Well, couple reasons really. First off, I have much of parts 6, 7, and 8

plotted out already, and if I get everything fit into them they'll be pretty text-heavy, so I didn't think I could fit this scene in anywhere and maintain the flow of the chapters as I've planned them. Second – because I FUCKING wanted to! :P  
Actually, there is a third reason... it seems that the Hikari/Shinji/Asuka interactions tend to be more popular than the others, so I wanted to give the fans what they wanted...

...IF that was indeed Asuka. Heh... ahehehehehehehehehe

Pre-read on this drive was by Avalon... who I'm starting to believe must be masochistic, because he keeps saying YES!! Jeez, clue in, dude, my writing is eating your brain!!

Feel free to feed back if you want to. You'll find me if it means that much to you.

## Sixth Stage – Fraying at the Edges

Maya's apartment was quiet save for the soft slurp, slurp, slurping sound coming from her small living room. All the lights were darkened except for the lamp in the bedroom, which cast a dim, fitful light into the living room, barely illuminating what was happening there and leaving much of the scene to the imagination. All that any casual observer could REALLY see was Shinji's back as he stared through the large window dominating one wall of the small apartment and facing out into the inky darkness outside.

One would have to be standing right next to him to see Maya kneeling at his feet and looking up into his face as she slowly sucked his cock, her head bobbing up and down as a thin trail of saliva ran down her chin and pooled at the base of his shaft.

"Perfect," Shinji whispered, finally pulling his eyes from the pretty skyline to look down at the prettier sight of Maya with her lips wrapped tightly around his dick.  
"That's perfect."

Maya sighed, her eyes closing halfway as Shinji put his hand on her head and stroked her short brown hair. She let them close all the way as she recalled that this little tryst had been her idea. For some reason, though it had been a week and a half since the experience in the back of her car, she had been hit with a sudden, unshakable urge to taste his dick again. She had tried to think about other things – work, Ritsuko, her favorite TV show, anything – but had found that no matter how she pushed, she could not stop fantasizing about sucking him off, so she had called him, horribly embarrassed at first but finding herself looking forward to the evening with such anticipation that she could not focus for the rest of her shift and had hurried out as quickly as she could.

And now, feeling warm and incredibly sexy, she found that the buildup was definitely worth the payoff.

*I feel so guilty though, she thought, shifting her position slightly as Shinji gently guided her head, I mean... Ritsuko knows what happened, and she said she was all for me meeting him if I ever had other fantasies that involved men – but I still...*

Maya let the thought trail off, concentrating on the smooth feel of his warm, pulsing tool. There was no use in thinking about it too much, she decided. After all, it was a LITTLE too late to back off now... and there was a second part to the fantasy that she was still hoping to have fulfilled – one that she had not mentioned to Shinji on the phone, but hoped he would be up for at least trying.

*I just hope he doesn't think it's disgusting...*

"Now take it out and lick around the head... mmm yeah, like that..."

As for himself, Shinji found Maya's request to be somewhat of a relief – not because he was disappointed that it might only be a one-time event, but because

in this particular situation, he was the most knowledgeable person in the room. Even Hikari and Asuka, who had just the same amount of experience with sex, knew exactly what they wanted, and how to get him to give it to them.

It was amusing, he mused darkly, that Hikari was supposed to be his slave, yet somehow managed to get exactly what she wanted out of their relationship. *But Maya's practically clueless*, he thought, whispering for her to take it deeper into his mouth, *when it comes to guys, anyway.*

He could only imagine what it would be like to watch a real lesbian couple like Maya and Ritsuko making love. Asuka and Hikari were both amateurs when it came to going down on other women, and Misato, though she was fairly adept at driving Asuka crazy with her mouth, openly declared her love of fucking, and said she only went down on Asuka... though Shinji was starting to suspect that this was not entirely true, as she never met his eyes when she said it.

*I'll bet it's different with Maya and Ritsuko*, he thought, his cock jumping a bit in Maya's mouth as he contemplated it, *it's what they do most often, and for Maya – she's only been with me... so almost every time she's had sex, it's been with another woman.* He smiled as Maya pulled back to ask if she was doing ok. *I'll bet it's sexy...*

"I... bought some condoms," Maya told him, blushing faintly at the admission – though her right hand awkwardly stroking Shinji's dick did not seem to faze her in the slightest. "You won't have to pull out this time..."

"I didn't mind last time," Shinji said honestly.

Maya laughed nervously, still uncertain when it came to dealing with members of the opposite sex. "Well, I was all sticky," she said softly, "and a little trickled down almost to my... my vagina – I think it would be safer if we used condoms."

Nodding, Shinji said, "I wasn't complaining, Maya."

"Oh, right..."

"Though to be honest..."

"Hmm?"

"...I've only used them twice."

Maya's hand stopped moving. "Really??" she asked incredulously. "Well... you have a girlfriend though, right?" though she had never asked before, she assumed that he must have SOME experience, what with the way he had screwed her senseless the last time. "Don't you use condoms with her...?"

Shinji shook his head. "She's on the pill," he said, gently putting his hand on hers and helping her to continue her gentle stroking. "But before that, we used VCFs."

"I never even thought of that," Maya confessed, feeling a little foolish. "I mean, I can't go on the pill... I'm allergic to some of the stuff they put in them, but I didn't even think of using VCFs." She bit her lip, looking up at him as she whispered, "If I buy some... will you come over and use them with me...?"

With a small nod, Shinji whispered, "Sure..."

*As long as no one else EVER knows*, he thought, sighing softly as Maya's warm lips wrapped around his shaft once more. *Four women... God, there's four women that want to be with me.* He screwed his eyes shut as Maya carefully pushed her mouth all the way down on his cock, holding her breath as the head brushed the back of her throat. *...God I'm tired.*

Exhausted would be a better term, he thought glumly. He could not remember the last time he had gotten a decent night's sleep – not just from Asuka, Misato, or Hikari slipping into his room and waking him up with a warm mouth or hand, but from the dreams he had been having lately. Something in his subconscious had decided that he was only going to have dark, troubled nightmares about the women he cared for dying horrible, grisly deaths – often at his hands.

Not what anyone would call a pleasant side-effect to having nearly a handful of lovers.

"That's good," Shinji said, shaking off his dark thoughts and opening his eyes, "now lick around the head aga-

"I'm not intruding, am I?"

Maya froze, her eyes wide with horror as a soft voice spoke from somewhere near the front door.

"D-doctor Akagi," Shinji stammered, completely unsure of what to do. If he pulled out of Maya's mouth, he would have to cover himself, and while he was still fully dressed (at Maya's suggestion) he would have to try to stuff his rock-hard cock back into his pants – always a tricky proposition.

Of course, it was not as if he could wave off what they were doing. What would he say? 'Oh, one of Maya's contacts fell out, and while she was looking for it – naked, of course – she slipped and fell down, and when I rushed to help her, my dick popped out and somehow wound up in her mouth.'

*Does she even wear contacts?* Shinji thought deliriously as the blonde newcomer leaned up against the doorframe and met his eyes.

Maya regained her senses first, slipping Shinji's cock out of her mouth and rising to her feet in front of him – giving him the opportunity to put himself back in his pants. "Ritsuko," she said nervously, "umm... what are you doing here?"

"Tsk," Ritsuko clucked, "that's not a very warm greeting for your lover."

"S-sorry..."

Slowly, the older woman shrugged off the light jacket she was wearing, tossing it over Maya's couch with the familiarity of someone that frequents a location often. Without a word, she walked up to the nervously shifting pair and slipped one hand around to the small of Maya's back, pulling her into a tight embrace and giving the younger woman a gentle kiss hello.

"Mm," Ritsuko hummed, letting her hand slide down to cup Maya's tight ass, "tastes like cock, alright."

"Ritsuko," Maya said desperately, "I can explain – I was just-"

"Sucking Shinji's dick," Ritsuko interrupted, keeping her eyes on Shinji's face. "Don't even TRY to lie when I saw you doing it, Maya... show me a little respect."

"Yes ma'am..."

Suddenly, Shinji was taken with Maya's stance when standing by her sempai. *Almost like Hikari*, he thought shrewdly, *I don't think she calls her Mistress, but Ritsuko is definitely the alpha in this relationship.*

Clearing his throat, Shinji murmured, "I'll, umm... get going."

As he stepped past them, Ritsuko caught his hand. "I'd like you to stay and finish what you started," she said coolly.

"P-pardon??"

Ritsuko ignored Maya's gasp of shock, glancing at Shinji out of the corner of her eye as she said, "You started something with my kouhei... you're not the kind of guy who leaves things unfinished, are you Shinji?"

Sounding remarkably more grownup than he felt, Shinji quietly replied, "No, but I am the kind of guy who knows when he's put his hands on someone else's possession."

"Mm, that's a pretty advanced concept for someone your age," Ritsuko observed, "but as much as you know... you're still horribly inexperienced when it comes to understanding what an open relationship is."

"I don't... I don't understand," Shinji confessed.

"I know," Ritsuko said flatly, "so I'll spell it out. Maya is my lover... but I've never once asked her to stop seeing other people, or dedicate herself to me in any way." She glanced at Maya, lightly caressing the small of her back as the younger woman averted her gaze. "She has chosen that of her own free will, but I do not expect her to hold to it. Furthermore, I know that she's been fascinated with having sex with you lately, and I knew you would be here tonight, so I came by to ask..."

"Yes?" Shinji prompted as the woman trailed off, unable to contain his curiosity.

"To ask if you would mind if I joined in," Ritsuko said levelly. "I'm... curious to see for myself what you have to offer that I don't."

"Sempai," Maya groaned miserably, "it's... please, I-"

Ritsuko raised a hand. "Quiet Maya," she whispered, keeping her eyes on Shinji, "I'm not mad at you, I'm just... jealous, I guess. I thought this was just a one-time thing for you Maya. I thought it was just a little fantasy – I never knew that you REALLY wanted more. If I did... I would have arranged something like this for you – for US – much sooner." She looked down at the woman, her tone entirely serious as she concluded, "I like seeing you happy, Maya. I'd do anything to make that happen."

Maya averted her eyes, biting her bottom lip for a moment before whispering, "You've... never said anything that nice to me before..."

The blonde nodded. "I know," she said flatly, "it's not something I'm good at." She raised her eyes, looking to Shinji with a carefully assessing glance. "Do you have any problems with this, Shinji?" she asked calmly. "On Maya's birthday, I know that you said you would be willing to be with her, and clearly, you have no problem being with her again... but you and I have never had any real interaction in this capacity, so I don't know if you're interested in ME – and I'm sorry to put you on the spot, but this is kind of important, if we're going to spend the night together."

Shinji shuffled his feet, shrugging awkwardly as both women stared at him. "Umm," he hummed, his eyes flashing involuntarily to the older woman's low cut blouse before pulling quickly away. "I would... really like that," he mumbled, his head spinning as he realized that after tonight there was only one woman in his life that he was not intimate with.

*And the way she's been looking at me lately, I don't know how long that will last...* he thought, feeling a pleasant shiver run through him as he contemplated what the First might be like.

Shaking off a sudden, vivid image of Rei's naked body underneath him, Shinji said, "So, ummm... what now?"

Ritsuko began unbuttoning her blouse. "I don't know," she said, arching an eyebrow wryly, "I'm not in the habit of sharing Maya with someone else. I think we'll just have to play it by ear."

*Not that YOU don't know what to do,* she added, shrugging out of her blouse and tossing it over the back of Maya's couch. *You're good at hiding it, Shinji, but you didn't even bat an eyelash when I asked to join you. Things must be pretty advanced at home...* She smiled thinly as Shinji's eyes locked briefly on her large, round breasts, shooting guiltily away as Maya cleared her throat, obviously torn between continuing what she had been doing and greeting her sempai in a more proper fashion.

"Can I... talk to you a second?" she asked finally, her eyes flicking to the kitchen as Ritsuko added her skirt to the small pile of clothes on the couch.

"Of course," Ritsuko said smoothly. "Shinji, would you excuse us?"

Nodding, the young man stepped aside, allowing the two women to head for the kitchen.

As she passed him, Ritsuko whispered, "Maybe you should undress all the way while we're gone, huh?"

"R-right..."

Ritsuko led the younger woman into the kitchen, folding her arms over her lace-covered breasts before murmuring, "Tell me right now... do you have a problem with me being here?"

Averting her eyes, Maya replied, "No, sempai, I-"

"Please..."

"Hmm?"

"You know I hate it when you call me sempai while we're alone," Ritsuko said levelly, "now honestly... do you have a problem with me joining you – tell me if you do, I won't be offended."

Doubting this, Maya still answered honestly.

"Well," she said slowly, "I don't have a problem with it, I guess..."

"But?"

Biting her lip, Maya said, "But I was... going to have him t-try something new with me..."

Ritsuko nodded. "Alright," she said evenly, "what did you have in mind? I DO want to be a part of this, Maya... but if it's something that only two can enjoy, I certainly wouldn't mind watching. I do enjoy watching you pleased, you know."

"Umm," Maya said reluctantly, shifting from one foot to the other, "I thought I might... ask him... to fuck my ass..."

Ritsuko looked surprised. "Oh really?" she said, clearly taken aback as she looked around the kitchen. "Where's your lubricant?" she asked, looking for all the world as if she expected the younger woman to pull some out of a cabinet or drawer.

"I... I don't have any," Maya admitted, frowning slightly.

"You were going to do THAT without lubricant?" the blonde said incredulously.

Maya looked indignant. "Well, I was gonna... have him f-fuck me first," she stammered, "to get it... wet."

With a long-suffering sigh, Ritsuko whispered, "Maya, you don't get wet enough for that to work – he could have hurt you. I'm not trying to make you feel stupid or anything here, I'm serious. Without enough lubricant, you could have torn back there, gotten an infection, all kinds of things."

Blushing, Maya averted her eyes. "...oh."

Ritsuko scrubbed a hand through her silky hair, glancing at where Shinji was sitting patiently on the couch, his clothes, Ritsuko noticed approvingly, sitting in neat pile next to hers.

"You really want to try that...?" she asked softly, bringing her eyes back to her lover.

"Y-yeah," Maya blurted, "I want... I want to try as much as I can, ma'am, that's all... I still... I still love you."

With a faint smile, Ritsuko said, "I know you do, Maya, but this kind of thing... it can be very painful."

"Shinji will be gentle."

Ritsuko nodded. "He will," she confirmed, "but just doing it at all hurts – especially the first time. It's really an acquired 'taste' if you will. And why the sudden interest, anyway?? Did you read it in a magazine or something?"

Maya blushed. "Actually," she said reluctantly, "when we did it in the back seat of my car... he put his finger in my ass." Her cheeks blazed a brighter red. "I've never come so hard in my life, Sempai... I'm sorry."

"I'm not offended," Ritsuko said calmly, "but that explains a little bit more about why you keep seeing him."

"No," Maya protested, "Ritsuko, I don't like him better or-"

Raising a hand, Ritsuko cut her off. "It's alright," she said quietly, "I'm not afraid of losing you, Maya... I think we've gone through a little too much together to let it fall apart over a little fucking. But you really want to try this...?"

Slowly, Maya nodded.

"Alright, then let's do it right..."

"What do you mean?"

Ritsuko took Maya's hand. "Follow me – actually... no, let me talk to him about it alone, first, ok?"

Confused, Maya nodded. "Er, ok..."

She watched as her sempai walked into the living room, sitting next to Shinji on the couch and leaning close to him, talking far too quietly to be heard all the way in the kitchen. *I wonder what she's telling him, Maya thought pensively, God, I'm glad she's here... I don't even know if I would have been able to ask him when it came right down to it.*

After another moment of quiet conversation, Shinji jerked back from Ritsuko, his eyes shooting briefly to Maya's as he blurted, "Really??"

Guiltily, he looked away, returning his attention to Ritsuko as she said something else too quiet for Maya to hear.

Slowly, Shinji began to nod, pursing his lips as he listen to whatever the blonde had to say. Finally, Ritsuko rose to her feet and gestured Maya into the room. "Come on, Kouhei," she said crisply, "we can't just jump into this... it's best to get warmed up first."

Relief flooded Maya as she realized, "It's ok...? Really?"

"Really," Ritsuko said levelly, "but sit down... we want to get you ready."

Perplexed, Maya did as she was told, sitting between the two on the couch. "Get me ready?" she asked uncertainly, glancing from one to the other. "How are we... oh..."

She leaned back, humming through her teeth as Ritsuko and Shinji leaned forward in perfect synchronization, each touching their lips to one of her shoulders and lightly kissing her smooth skin. Maya sighed softly as they slowly began kissing their way down, reaching her pert breasts in a matter of moments and gently lapping and sucking at her nipples.

*Yeah, she thought a little dizzily, that'll get me ready...*

Shifting on the couch, she let out a soft moan, trying desperately to focus as the two began caressing her thighs – and continued sucking lightly on her taut little nipples. After only a few moments of this treatment, and Ritsuko bringing her hand higher to lightly stroke her pussy, Maya decided that she was pretty damn close to Heaven.

"Uhhhhh... that's... mmm..." words, she realized quickly, were pretty much a waste of time.

How could she describe to them how delicious she felt? Or how bright and warm it made her to be the focus of so much attention? Trying to express herself seemed somewhat pointless, and as Ritsuko brushed her pussy with the ridge of her hand a second time, Maya responded in a more physical manner, easing further down on the couch and spreading her legs apart to give either of her partners easier access.

“Huh... uuhhh...”

*I could stay here forever*, Maya thought, hissing softly as she felt Shinji dip his forefinger between her soft pussy lips just long enough to gather up some of her juices before lightly teasing her clit. *And we're just getting started...!*

Her attention was drawn down to her chest as Ritsuko began kissing her way closer to the center. Following her lead, though he really did not know what to expect, Shinji did the same... and when they met in the middle, Maya found that she could not contain a strong shiver of excitement as they engaged in a soft, sensual kiss. It seemed as if she could not break her eyes away from where their lips were carefully exploring one another, almost playfully seeking dominance as the owners of the mouths in question continued lightly stroking Maya's thighs.

“Maya,” Ritsuko murmured as she broke away, “help me with my bra...?”

“S-sure...”

“And Shinji... take off my panties?” The blonde grinned suddenly as Shinji hesitantly nodded. “Sorry,” she whispered, “I just wanted to be the center of attention for a second... it won't take long.”

*I don't mean to steal your moment*, she thought with some amusement as the younger woman hurried to help her out of her bra, *don't worry, Maya... you'll be the focus until you get off*.

Lifting her firm ass off the couch to allow Shinji to pull her panties off, Ritsuko whispered, “There... now we can get down to business. Maya... get on your hands and knees on the floor – no, just right next to the couch will be fine... that's perfect.”

Nodding to herself at the arrangement, the blonde eased herself down on the floor, sliding up until she was positioned under Maya's face. Taking a moment to savor the spot, she reached up and put a possessive hand around the back of the tech's head, pulling her down and taking a long, intensely demanding kiss.

*You ARE mine*, she thought, projecting the thought up at Maya as their kiss broke, *fuck him all you like until you get it out of your system – just remember who you promised to stand beside, Maya*.

As if hearing her thoughts, Maya gave a minute nod, smiling warmly as Ritsuko moved a bit further down her body, arranging herself within easy reach of the younger woman's gorgeous tits. “Shinji,” Ritsuko said softly, “I think you know where Maya wants you...”

“Right...”

Shinji reached over to the coffee table next to the couch, pulling the drawer open and pulling out two small items, the first, he set to the side for later use, the second he unwrapped with obviously inexperienced movements, finally succeeding in pulling the latex object from its foil wrapper.

*Glad Ritsuko's running things*, he thought honestly, carefully unrolling the condom on his stiff prick. *It's always easier when someone else takes charge...*

With his protection in place, Shinji surveyed the situation, moving forward on Maya's thankfully thick carpeting and running his dick against her hot pussy. He knew (from experience) that Maya was tight, hot, and just wet enough to be perfect... but this whole anal sex thing had him pensive, and while he was looking forward to pleasing Maya – and potentially Ritsuko – he was unsure of whether or not he would be able to actually fight himself in. When he had put his finger in Maya's ass, it had felt awfully tight... could he really fit his whole dick inside??



His stalling tactic only lasted for a few moments, though, as one of the others involved in the tryst made her opinion known.

"Ohh put it in," Maya moaned, licking her lips in anticipation as Shinji slowly brushed the tip of his cock up and down over her wet folds. Had she been able to see Ritsuko's face at that moment, she may have questioned the brief flash of irritation that passed over the blonde's features.

Then again, as excited as she was, she may have misinterpreted the annoyance for concern. She was, after all, a woman in love.

"Mmm... that's so good...!"

Shinji entered her slowly, remembering her request on their first time to enjoy the feeling of it. It was only her second time, he knew – unless she was lying to him about holding out for him to sleep with her again... which seemed unlikely, as it had only been ten days since her birthday.

*She does seem to like it, though,* he mused as the technician gave another deep, throaty moan. *Hope she likes the rest...*

Reaching full penetration, he paused for a moment, allowing her to get used to the feeling of having him inside before he began to pump. She was as tight as he'd remembered... her slick walls clutching his dick almost spastically as he wrapped his fingers around her shapely hips for better leverage and greater control.

What Ritsuko thought of this situation, he had no idea, as the blonde's face was entirely hidden from view. *It sounds like she's into it,* he thought, by this point in his life very familiar with the sound of a raspy tongue running over smooth skin. *No idea WHERE she's licking, but she's definitely licking something...*

As for herself, Ritsuko was definitely enjoying the goings on... for the most part. *Does she have to make such a goddamn big deal out of it?* she thought, gently licking the valley between Maya's breasts with long, even strokes – one of her favorite pastimes, for sheer not-quite-stimulating-enough-to-get-you-off value, if nothing else. *It's just a cock... you'd think she's discovered fucking cold fusion.*

Pushing the admittedly jealous thoughts aside, Ritsuko listened to Maya's body, waiting for the signs that the woman was starting to get close to climaxing. She had arranged things with Shinji quiet elaborately, considering the amount of time she had been given to prepare. If it was anal sex Maya wanted to try, it was anal sex Maya would get... and Ritsuko would make sure she never forgot it.

"Oo," Maya murmured, "that feels nice, Ritsuko... please... a little harder...?"

*It's time...* Ritsuko thought, *Maya always asks for more force when she's getting close – even she doesn't know that about herself.*

Slowly, Ritsuko slid all the way under the other woman, wrapping her hands around the backs of Maya's thighs and bringing her mouth to the woman's succulent pussy.

Maya, who had been starting to get pleasantly hazy, brought the world back into focus as she felt something warm and slick trickling between her asscheeks. "Wha-"

"Shh," Ritsuko hushed her. "It's just a little something to make things easier... go with it, Maya... trust me..."

Biting her lip as she felt Shinji gently beginning to work the lubricant into her ass with his fingertips, Maya managed to gasp, "Y-yeah..."

*Christ that feels incredible,* she thought, screwing her eyes shut as Shinji's finger slipped inside of her, *if his cock feels ANYTHING like this, I'm gonna pass out!*

She moaned softly as Shinji continued to massage the stuff into her, switching from his finger to his thumb and gently pressing it in and out of her ultra-tight anus, getting her used to the feeling of having something inside. She did not

even notice that he had stopped fucking her, or that Ritsuko was barely licking around the rim of her snatch.

All she could feel was that single digit, slowly easing in and out of her.

“Are you ready?”

Maya blinked her eyes back open, trying not to vocalize her disappointment at Shinji’s soft question. She had been so focused on what she was feeling that she had been on the verge of a pleasant orgasm.

“Yeah,” she said softly, “let’s try it.”

Though she could not see him, Shinji nodded, pulling his cock out of her incredible pussy and pressing it carefully between her firm asscheeks. *Here goes*, he thought, remembering Ritsuko’s words as clearly as if she had just whispered them to her, *just... push...*

“O-ow!” Maya gasped, frowning slightly as the latex-covered head of Shinji’s prick pressed insistently against her ass. “Not so hard...”

Shinji nodded again, pulling back a little and rubbing her ass with his thumb for a moment. “Sorry.”

He tried again, getting another grunt of pain for his efforts as Maya’s back tensed. *Fuck*, he thought, shocked at the frustration he was feeling, *this isn’t going to be easy...*

“It’s... not going to work,” Maya said after a third attempt. “It’s too tight.”

Ritsuko tapped Shinji’s thigh with her finger tip, signaling the next step as she licked more intently at the technician’s tender slit. Shinji nodded his understanding, wrapping his hands lightly around Maya’s hips and continuing to press his cockhead against her puckered anus.

*Here we go*, he thought, bracing himself for the blonde’s signal.

As she continued to eat the younger woman, Ritsuko wrapped her hands around Maya’s asscheeks, pulling them apart and whispering, “Do it now,” before latching onto the tech’s clit.

Before Maya could protest, Shinji hunched forward, thrusting his cock hard against her tight asshole. “Yahhh!!” Maya screamed as her anus tried valiantly to keep Shinji’s dick out... but ultimately gave in, allowing the young man’s prick to slip all the way into her. “Hurts...” she pouted, panting as Ritsuko continued to work her clit.

Using his thumbs to keep her cheeks wide open, Shinji slowly began to pump Maya’s ass, picking up the pace as Ritsuko hissed, “You’ll have to go faster or her body will push you back out – don’t stop.”

“N-no,” Maya panted, “it’s... too big – take it out, please, it hurts!”

“Don’t, Shinji,” Ritsuko said sharply, “she’ll like this, I know she will... she just needs to relax and get used to it.”

*Damn it*, the blonde thought, *she’s always whiny like this... never gives anything a chance... always waits for me to take the lead... God, it makes me sick sometimes...* Another, far more bitter thought flashed through her mind so fast that it barely registered in her consciousness. *Dick doesn’t feel so good when it’s stuffed in your ass, does it?*

As Shinji reluctantly slid in and out of Maya’s tight rear, Ritsuko heaved a weary sigh. “Guess I’ll have to make sure she likes it,” she murmured to herself.

“Oh... OH!!”

Maya gasped, squirming ineffectually as Ritsuko suddenly buried her face in the young tech’s pussy, licking her with quick, aggressive strokes before jabbing her

tongue deep inside the wet folds. Using her hands, the blonde parted Maya's lips, probing with her tongue for that elusive g-spot and teasing it unmercifully as Maya writhed and bucked.

"Too big," the tech groaned, "Sempai... ohh that feels good, but... but his cock – please make him take it out, Ritsuko, please??"

Ignoring her whining, Ritsuko dipped three of her fingers into Maya's quivering hole, pumping them quickly in and out as she moved back down to the younger woman's clit. *Just relax for god's sake*, she thought disgustedly, *I told you it would hurt – just ride it out...*

Maya, though, was oblivious to her sempai's mental advice. "It's too big," she sobbed, her stomach muscles contracting as a new sensation overtook her. "It's... oh god... OH GOD! Ritsuko right there – you're gonna make me... make... OH GOOOD!!!"

Instinctively, Shinji held still as Maya's entire body trembled, feeling her anus clamp down brutally on his invading cock as a low, shuddering groan of pain-spiked pleasure ripped its way free of the young tech's throat. "I'm comminnng!" she nearly sobbed, collapsing against Ritsuko's body as the blonde continued to work her magic on the young woman's hole.

"UH!"

Maya grunted as if the wind was knocked out of her, fresh sweat popping out all over her body as the orgasm echoed in her slender body. Then, slowly, she relaxed, all of her muscles loosening as she slumped still lower on the floor.

"Maya?" Ritsuko murmured, "Maya are you alri-"

"P-please," Maya gasped suddenly, "it's too big, Shinji... please take it out now..."

Slowly, Shinji pulled his cock out of her ass, feeling awkward and dirty as the brown-haired woman shuddered and whimpered. "Maya...?" he whispered.

"I'm f-fine," Maya stammered, rising to unsteady feet and leaning gratefully on Shinji as her sempai followed her up off the floor. "But I'm gonna... I need to... I ummm..."

"Shh," Ritsuko said, putting a hand on Maya's slender waist and giving her a kiss so gentle that Shinji felt awkward and intruding just watching it. "It's ok, Maya. Go ahead... and when you're done, turn the tub on to warm and soak for a while. Trust me, you'll feel MUCH better."

"But, but Shinji-"

"Don't worry about it," Ritsuko cut in, "just go."

"Yes ma'am."

With a sketch of a bow, Maya hurried into the bathroom, her cheeks blushed bright red as she slid the door shut.

Ritsuko glanced at Shinji, her eyes drawn to his stiff prick as she murmured, "You didn't get to come."

Shaking his head, Shinji replied, "N-no... it – I couldn't get into it."

"Because she was in pain?"

"I guess," Shinji shrugged, "I don't know."

Ritsuko nodded. "Well, let's get you cleaned up," she said, gesturing to the kitchen.

"Ok..."

Shinji followed her into the kitchen, watching as the blonde quickly found a kitchen towel and ran it under the faucet, soaking it in warm water. "Here," she

said briskly, handing Shinji a paper towel, "wrap the condom in that and stuff it in the garbage – we'll take it out before we leave tonight."

Doing as he was told, Shinji found himself entirely naked with a raging hard-on in the middle of Maya's kitchen. *Guess this is what I get for thinking I get too much*, he thought ironically, reaching out his hand for the kitchen towel, *of course... I'm sure when I get home Asuka will want to-*

His train of thought was interrupted as Ritsuko knelt at his feet and gently draped the damp towel over his hard prick, carefully washing the small bit of lubricant that had collected at the base of his shaft off with slow, careful strokes. She worked diligently, cleaning every inch of his tool before letting the towel drop to the floor and replacing it with her hand, stroking him lightly as she looked up into his eyes and whispered a simple question.

"Do you want to fuck me, Shinji?"

Shinji swallowed. "Wh-what about Maya?" he stammered uncertainly.

"She got hers," Ritsuko said calmly. "Eating her out always gets me hot, and I'm really curious what it would be like to be with you... so what do you think? Are you up for it?" Before Shinji could reply, Ritsuko rose a little higher on her knees. "Here, I'll give you a second to think about it."

"Ritsssss..." as Shinji tried to say her name, the blonde dropped her sumptuous lips around the head of his cock, watching him closely with her glittering green eyes as she expertly gave him head.

And expertly was the correct term, Shinji realized immediately. Maya was learning, so he didn't expect her to be that good at it. Asuka was enthusiastic and passionate, so that made up for her inexperience. Hikari was attentive and willing to do anything to please him, and Misato was very, very talented... but Ritsuko... Ritsuko was a professional.

"Uhh!!"

Ritsuko bobbed further down on his shaft, taking his physical cues and pulling her tongue tighter to the bottom of her mouth to avoid over-stimulating him. Where the other women in his life looked to him for guidance through touch, Ritsuko focused on the way he moved, learning what rhythm worked best by subtle jerks of his hips and soft, surprised gasps, barely audible even in the quiet of the kitchen.

*There*, she thought with some satisfaction, *right there...*

Confident that she could make him come any time she wanted, Ritsuko slowed her pace, cupping his testes in her right hand and giving them a gentle squeeze as she pulled back, leaving the head of his cock barely between her lips and circling it lightly with the tip of her tongue. Then she dropped her mouth all the way to the base of his shaft, deep-throating him effortlessly and humming softly to stimulate the head of his cock.

Shinji was entirely at a loss for words. *God, she is hot*, he thought, mesmerized by the way the blonde's luscious tits stood proudly away from her chest – bowing to the will of gravity... but impressively little, considering their size.

Noticing his line of sight, Ritsuko pulled back for a moment, looking up into his eyes as she stroked him with her right hand. "You like my breasts, Shinji?" she whispered.

"Y-yeah," Shinji replied awkwardly, unsure of how to respond to such a straightforward question.

"Would you like to fuck them?"

Shinji frowned. "I don't... understand," he admitted.

"Hmm," Ritsuko smiled, rising higher on her knees, "as experienced as you seem, you've never tried fucking a woman's breasts? And here I thought that's one of the first things guys go for."

Slowly, she brought her chest closer to his cock, watching his curious expression as she positioned his shaft between her tits and carefully squeezed them together.

“Now... stroke...”

Uncertainly, Shinji pulled back a bit, then pushed forward, shivering slightly as the entire length of his dick drifted through soft flesh. Unlike a mouth, or a pussy, Ritsuko's tits were not wet and dripping with moisture... instead they were simply soft, and full, and incredibly warm.

In its own way, Shinji thought, it was more intimate than sex. Ritsuko was cradling him to her bosom and enfolding him in it so gently that it was almost tender... but as he gave a few more experimental strokes, something occurred to Shinji.

“Do you... like this?”

Ritsuko blinked. “Umm... it's not BAD, if that's what you mean,” she said carefully, “but I don't really get any physical pleasure out of it, no.”

Stopping for a minute, Shinji asked, “Then why do it?”

Slowly, Ritsuko continued moving, doing the work for Shinji as she explained, “Because I can tell that you like it. I think of sex this way, Shinji – it's all or nothing. If there's something my partner likes... I'll do it.” She smiled slyly. “And I expect the same in return – not this of course, but I expect that if we're pleasing each other, there might be some situations where one partner might not get any tangible reward out of what they're doing. But hey... that's sex, I guess.”

Deciding that this DID make a lot of sense, Shinji continued stroking his cock between the soft valley of Ritsuko's tits, gradually getting more into the way it felt to have her entirely surrounding him. After a moment's hesitation, he reached down and tentatively put his hands on the outsides of her breasts, pushing them a little tighter together and increasing the sensation of warmth and intimacy.

If this bothered Ritsuko, she made no sign – and actually, she seemed pleased that he was taking a more active role. Breaking eye contact, she bowed her head, waiting until Shinji pushed all the way up between her breasts... and gently licking the end of his dick with the tip of her tongue.

“UHH!”

Shinji's back arched at the unexpected stimulation. *God, she's good!* he thought, releasing her breasts for a moment to bring himself back to her talented mouth.

Willingly, Ritsuko accepted his dick, sucking it lightly for a moment until he pulled it back out and stepped back. “So,” she said quietly, “have you made up your mind yet?”

Nodding, Shinji helped her to her feet. “Should we, umm... use the bed?” he asked, completely unsure of what the blonde's tastes may be.

“Why?” Ritsuko asked calmly. “That's so... pedestrian.”

Glancing around, the woman's eyes lighted on the kitchen table. Reaching out, she put her hand on the hardwood surface and pushed down on it. When it hardly rocked, she nodded to herself and leaned back against it.

“Pull that chair closer.”

Shinji did as he was told, dragging one of Maya's kitchen chairs to within Ritsuko's reach and watching with fascination as she carefully positioned it near the table and lifted her left leg, planting her foot firmly on the seat of the chair, effectively spreading her legs apart and exposing her neatly trimmed pussy.

“That should do it,” Ritsuko said firmly, looking him up and down, “you're short enough that you should be able to get some good leverage.” Suddenly, she gave him a sardonic smile. “Yes,” she said dryly, “I know – I analyze everything. Now come on... it's been a week and a half since I've had a good fuck.”

*This is just like that time me and Asuka tried to do it standing up*, Shinji thought suddenly, stepping between Ritsuko's legs and positioning himself hesitantly at her moist opening. *Well, not JUST like it... this time it might actually work.*

"Mmm..." Ritsuko hummed her appreciation as Shinji finally resolved himself and began easing himself into her waiting hole. "Take it slow... yeah, like that..."

She put one hand on Shinji's shoulder, planting the other one on the table for more stability as the young man pushed slowly up inside of her. *Bigger than I thought*, she thought analytically, *of course... I was expecting him to be tiny, so I really shouldn't be THAT surprised. Now let's see how he performs.*

Slowly, Shinji began to move, pleased to find that the blonde was right – he did have some pretty good leverage at that angle.

*Here goes...*

Ritsuko closed her eyes, luxuriating in the smooth, hard feel of the young man's cock pressing easily into her wet snatch. She could practically guarantee that she was not as tight as Maya, or Asuka... or anyone else the Third Child may or may not be screwing, but she also knew that the Kegels she did on a daily basis were definitely effective, giving her a superior level of control over her muscles.

"Uhh!"

*Let's see Maya do that*, the blonde thought, grinning faintly as she concentrated on contracting her vaginal walls around Shinji's throbbing shaft. *This angle sucks, though... need to switch in a couple minutes – but not right away. Heh, he's certainly getting into it.*

Shinji, who had easily established a nicely paced, deeply probing rhythm, was definitely enjoying himself. *Damn*, he thought, hesitantly stroking the woman's thigh with the tips of his fingers, *how does she do that? That... grabbing thing?? Incredible...*

After several minutes of savoring the smooth, rhythmic penetration, Ritsuko decided it was time for a switch. "Pull out for a second," she murmured, pushing on Shinji's shoulder for emphasis. "I want to change positions... this is killing my legs..."

Nodding, the Third Child pulled out of the Blonde's sweet hole, stepping back to give her room as she stretched to her full height and let out a groan.

"Ok," she said easily, turning around and putting her hands on the table, "I'm ready."

Shinji wrapped his hands around her waist, noticing absently that she had placed one knee on the chair for greater support. *She's so much taller than me...* he thought as he slid himself back into her waiting channel. *She's more like Misato...*

Beginning to stroke once more, he found himself noticing other, subtle differences. Unlike Asuka and Hikari – who both had fantastic bodies for their age – Ritsuko, like Misato... was fully matured. He could tell from the graceful curves of her body that she worked out, and judging from the tightness of the muscles in her thighs as she pushed back against him, it was a vigorous regimen.

But there was more. Her waist, while not wasp-like, was narrow and graceful, leading to generous, flaring hips. With her bent over the table, it also became abundantly clear that the blonde's ass – again, not as small or firm as Asuka or Hikari's – was shapely to the point of being sculpted, and her legs (bent, he noticed belatedly, to give him a better angle) were long and tapered, leading the eye almost magnetically back to her incredible ass.

The only word he could think of to describe what he was seeing was Voluptuous... and in his mind, he capitalized the V.

*God*, he thought, his fingers tightening unconsciously around her sumptuous waist, *she's... just built for sex! Everything about her – when she's not hiding*

*under that lab coat – just screams ‘fuck me!’ ...and I am. Never would have even GUESSED that I’d ever do this with HER, but I’m actually fucking Ritsuko Akagi...*

“Mmm,” Ritsuko hummed, biting her bottom lip, “do it harder...”

Complying with her request, Shinji found that he could not take his eyes off of her smooth, curvaceous ass... and on impulse, his hand came up, descending almost unconsciously on that smooth, creamy surface with a tiny smack.

“Oo!” Ritsuko gasped, grinning as she pushed back against him. “I like that... mm... do it again...”

Obligingly, Shinji gave her ass another soft swat, praying that he was not being too rough. *She said to be forceful*, he reminded himself, *and she DID just say she liked it... but still, it feels kinda weird to do this stuff with her. I mean – I was just fucking her lesbian lover in the ass ten minutes ago!*

Pushing the dark, and slightly mean-spirited, thought from his mind, Shinji concentrated on what he was doing, increasing his tempo slightly and drawing a pleased moan from Ritsuko’s throat for his efforts. More comfortable with the new position, and keeping in mind that she had asked for it this way, Shinji worked up a moderately fast pace, stroking Ritsuko’s juicy pussy with deep, even strokes.

But not matter how he strove, thrusting over and over into the blonde’s silky hole, he never managed to drive more than a soft gasp or light moan from her. *God*, he thought uneasily after several long minutes had passed, *is she even enjoying this at all??*

Ritsuko, as it happened, WAS enjoying herself... but as Shinji correctly assumed, as not anywhere near climaxing.

*Well, at least Maya didn’t ask me why I had anal lube on me*, she thought pragmatically, doing her best to stay focused on what she was doing. *Here’s hoping it doesn’t come up later...*

“Let’s change again...”

Shinji nodded, trying not to show how winded he was as he replied, “Alright...”

*Poor guy*, Ritsuko thought, waiting until he pulled out and stretching again, *we’ve been going at it for at least fifteen minutes – and that’s after fucking Maya... in the ass, no less! He’s got some stamina; I’ll give him that...*

“Here,” she said softly, pulling the chair close to them again, “let’s try this...”

Sitting on the edge of the chair, she propped one foot up on the table, gesturing for Shinji to step between her legs and resume what he was doing. Shinji looked doubtful, wondering how he would ever maintain his balance... but as he crouched down and arranged himself against her wet pussy, he found that – while not very dignified – this new position offered a lot of stability.

*Now maybe I can get her off*, he thought doggedly, pumping back into her once more... but getting only the same, soft moans and gasps – just the same as when he’d first eased his dick into her.

“Mmm...” Ritsuko sighed after several more minutes of strong, deep fucking, “stop holding back... come on, Shinji... just let it go... it’s ok, I’m on the pill...”

“But... but you didn’t come yet,” Shinji protested, wiping more sweat from his brow with the back of his hand and nearly losing his balance for his troubles.

Ritsuko smiled. “Shinji,” she said softly, “have you ever heard the expression, ‘it’s not the destination that makes the trip worthwhile, it’s the journey itself?’” She waited for him to nod, then leaned up to kiss him, whispering, “I just wanted to travel with you for a while...”

Sticking with the analogy, Shinji replied, “But you never got anywhere.”

“But it was a nice ride,” the blonde retorted wryly. “Come on,” she said teasingly, “the women you’re with don’t come just from fucking EVERY time, do they?”

Shinji frowned, thinking back. "Actually," he said almost apologetically, "they do..."

Dumbfounded, Ritsuko muttered, "Boy did I pick the wrong guy." Shaking her head, she said, "Well, it takes me a pretty long time, Shinji... and I'm not all that close. Maybe next time we can – oh! OHH!"

She grasped the young man's shoulders as he suddenly began thrusting into her with all his strength, pounding her willing hole with almost brutal force in a last ditch effort to bring her off... but after only a moment, it was clearly a losing proposition – for while she seemed to be enjoying this latest endeavor, he was far too close to the edge to keep it up for long.

*Guess there's nothing else for it then,* he thought grimly.

"What are... ohh yes!"

Ritsuko groaned as Shinji pulled out of her, dropping to his knees with what must have been painful force and immediately slipping his tongue into her slick pussy. "Mmmm..." she hummed, spreading her legs further apart to give him better access, "yeahhh... right there... uhh..."

She leaned back further in the seat, biting her bottom lip and running her fingers through Shinji's hair as he probed deep between her slick lips. *Fuck*, she thought, allowing her eyes to slip closed, *how long since I got any good head? Maya's ok, but she's so unimaginative – I have to tell her what to do... it's nice to... mmm... have someone that doesn't need to be pointed to the right places.*

Oral sex was something Ritsuko's other lover 'didn't do,' often leaving her frustrated after leaving his house and forcing her to either call Maya late at night or satisfy her own needs with one of the two videotapes she kept on hand for... emergencies. If it wasn't for her deep and abiding love for the man, the lack of cunnilingus alone would have been enough to break up with him.

"Mmm..." she sighed, smiling broadly with pleasure as Shinji slipped his hands under her ass, holding her in place with gentle force as she started unconsciously rolling her hips. "You can go harder if you want," she told him softly, carefully brushing a few errant drops of sweat off of the young man's forehead, "I don't break easy, Shinji...so don't hold ba- yeeaaahhh!! Ohh that's good!"

*God, I'm gonna come...*

In spite of herself, Ritsuko found that she was mildly impressed. She really had not expected Shinji to be very good at lovemaking – let alone oral sex. Certainly, she knew that he was getting it regularly from Asuka and Misato... or thought he was anyway, as the two of them had been in particularly high spirits lately, and Misato had managed to surprise her a few times with some new tricks since they had become lovers, but she had not anticipated that Shinji would be so dedicated to getting her off.

Not that she was complaining, really, just surprised.

"F-Fuck," she gasped, "lick my clit, Shinji – lick it, I'm... I'm gonna... YES!"

Ritsuko threw her head back, letting out a soft, surprisingly contained moan as her thighs – still spread wide for him to eat her better – shook, showing the depths of her pleasure far more eloquently than any vocalization could. Unlike Maya, Ritsuko's orgasm was controlled and short-lived, leaving her winded, but by no means debilitated as she gently pushed him back from her pulsating slit.

"Your turn."

Joining him on the floor, Ritsuko dropped her lips around his throbbing prick, very nearly swallowing it as she effortlessly relaxed the muscles in the back of her throat. Putting her hands on his hips – more to stop him from thrusting up into her face than anything else – Ritsuko began bobbing up and down on his cock, taking it all the way into her mouth and gazing up into his passion-contorted face.

"R-Ritsuko...!" Shinji gasped, trying to put a hand on her head, but finding it quickly pushed aside.



Before he could say anything more, the blonde picked up the pace, cupping his testes with one hand and taking his dick all the way into her mouth, caressing the underside with her tongue as she gave his nuts a gentle squeeze.

“GOD!!”

Ritsuko closed her eyes as the young man erupted, spewing hot sperm into the back of her throat. Though it was not normally her practice, she swallowed, draining every last drop of the sticky fluid as Shinji's back arched with pleasure. *Just a little protein*, she told herself wryly. *Think of it as a 'thank you' for being dedicated enough to actually put in the effort to get me to come.*

Her task complete, the Project-E director rose to her feet, offering Shinji a hand up as calmly as if he had merely stumbled and fallen down. Giving him a brief smile as she released his hand, she picked her purse up and began rummaging in it, quickly finding a half-empty package of cigarettes. Silently, she shook one out, hesitating for a moment before offering one to Shinji. *Don't know if Misato's got you hooked on THAT ritual*, she thought, smiling as Shinji stared blankly at the pack, *but if you can eat me like that, you can sure as hell have a smoke afterwards...*

Shrugging as Shinji politely declined the offer, she reached for her lighter, pondering the question that had been bothering her since she had first approached the young man about sleeping with Maya.

“Shinji?”

“Hmm?”

“Do you love any of the women you're sleeping with?”

Shinji considered the question for a moment, staring up at the ceiling as Ritsuko took a long drag off of her cigarette and blew the smoke up into the air. “I d... I don't know...”

“Mm,” Ritsuko hummed thoughtfully, rubbing her eye with the heel of her right hand. “So in all fairness... you're just fucking them – not making love to them. Oh, don't get me wrong, Shinji, fucking is all well and good...” she grinned, tapping her ashes into a glass on Maya's table, “I certainly enjoyed fucking you, and I hope we get to do it again some time – honestly... but I don't love you. I don't know you well enough to love you, so for now... fucking is all we'll ever have.”

Swallowing, Shinji stared down at his feet, wriggling his toes uncomfortably and trying to think of something more eloquent than, “Oh,” to retort with.

When he failed, Ritsuko continued. “I don't know about the other women that you're with right now, Shinji, but – and this is just my advice, take it or leave it – you might want to keep in mind that THEY might be falling in love with YOU, and if they are... you should break it off with them if you don't feel the same.”

The blonde stared at the ember at the end of her cigarette for a long moment before concluding, “One-sided love is a painful thing to endure... and no matter how much any woman claims to be ok with it, they aren't – not really. Love needs to be mutual and... oh who am I to lecture you? Just... just think about it, Shinji, ok? If you love someone you should tell them... that's how I feel, anyway. If they're fine with just fucking, then whatever, but if they love you... things could get messy...”

“...oh.”

The conversation died away, and after a moment, Shinji slipped back into the living room, returning several moments later with his socks in one hand, tucking his shirt into his pants with the other.

“It's late,” he said softly, unable to meet the blonde's eyes as she stubbed out her cigarette. “I'm... gonna get home.”

“I understand,” Ritsuko said, “would you like a ride? I have my car here.”

Shinji shook his head. "No," he said simply, "I actually... kinda like riding the train. Gives me a chance to think."

Ritsuko nodded. "I'm the same way when I drive," she said, "I don't even listen to the radio – but it looked like it was going to rain when I was on my way here... are you sure I can't at least take you to the train station?"

"Yeah, I'm fine."

"Alright... I'm certainly not going to push you." Rising to her full height, Ritsuko stepped closer to Shinji, draping her hands over his shoulders and leaning in to give him a deep, lingering kiss. "Thank you for a... memorable evening," she said honestly, "we should do this again... maybe just the two of us sometime."

Shinji smiled weakly, biting his tongue before the words, 'I'll see if I can pencil you into my busy schedule' could slip out.

*God I'm tired*, he thought suddenly, bowing to Ritsuko as he made his way to the front door.

He sighed gustily as he stepped out of Maya's apartment building and into a light, misting rain. "Guess she was right," he muttered, considering going back in and asking for a ride, but discarding the idea as he realized that he really needed some time to think.

*Five women*, he thought, starting towards the train station and stuffing his hands deep into his pockets, *how in the HELL is it that I'm sleeping with five women?? And DO I love any of them? ...how am I supposed to know? I like all of them – even Ritsuko, who I don't know all that well – but love? Asuka... Hikari... Misato... I definitely... I'd be sad if any of them pushed me away, but Maya? I just...*

"Gahh!" he growled suddenly, blushing as he glanced around to see if anyone had heard his outburst. Finding the streets mostly devoid of life, he heaved a sigh of relief, yawning expansively and feeling a slight shiver work through him as he picked up his pace.

*It's cold out here...*

By the time he had reached home, cold had turned into hot, and without more than a mumbled, 'I'm home,' he brushed past a surprised looking Misato and Asuka, making his way into his room and barely remembering to kick off his sodden shoes before collapsing into his bed – immediately passing into a deep, troubled sleep.

And as he slept... he dreamt...

The End... for now

Pointless chatter: let us remember now the advice of a close lady friend of mine – "Man, buttsex looks fun in pornos, but it hurts like a sonofabitch!" Heed her words! :P And man, Ritsuko's kind of a vindictive bitch, isn't she?? Gotta remember to tone her down... BUT, as another female friend of mine (and no these aren't lame fuckers with a screen names like LittleKiTten or SexyBitch POSING as women... I DO know some in real life, you know) pointed out – "Dude, out of all the EVA girls... Ritsuko's the best proportioned – really. Nice ass, good tits, legs, hips, waist – all perfect. ...shit, I'D fuck her!" ...hell, I would too, if she wasn't a fucking cartoon character. \*cough\* but yeah, Ritsuko IS pretty dope. Guess that's why Gendou had to hit it in spite of the fact that she's a psycho bitch ^\_^

Avalon pre-read AGAIN... but when it came to the anal part, I'm pretty sure he retched – just a little. Sorry, man, I told you it wasn't gonna be prettified.

Feedback any old time ya want, if you know how.

-Rx7

## Extra Stage (shard 2) – Friendly Advice

When Hikari awoke from the light doze she had fallen into, it was still light outside.

*Thank goodness*, she thought, snuggling against Shinji's chest for a moment with a giddy feeling of relief. *Too bad it's Saturday, though... I have to get home for dinner.*

Saturday dinner was a Horaki family 'event,' meaning that if you wanted to eat for the rest of the week... you showed up and made nice. No matter what fights the sisters were having with each other or their father, Saturday dinner was always a quiet, pleasant event – mostly for fear of what might happen if it was otherwise.

Their father was not a very forgiving man... and the punishment for missing Saturday Dinner was rather stiff – not as stiff as the punishment would be if he found out she had just spent an hour and a half getting screwed by one of her classmates, of course, but stiff all the same.

*And speaking of stiff...*

"Night, Master," Hikari whispered, reluctantly slipping out of her master's warm embrace and lightly rubbing his semi-erect cock. "Sweet dreams."

Tiptoeing to the door, she slid it open, brushing absently at her sweat-matted hair in a futile effort to bring it under control. *No time for a shower*, she thought, glancing back at Shinji with a fond smile, *guess I'll just have one when I get home. I-*

"Ahem."

Hikari gasped, whipping her head around as she found herself face to face with Shinji's guardian.

"Hello..."

"Oh, Major Katsuragi!" she blurted, nervously slipping the door closed behind her. "We were just... just studying for a test, and-"

Misato slowly raised one hand, cutting her off as efficiently as if she had screamed. "Don't lie to my face, Hikari," she said flatly, "at least show me a LITTLE fucking consideration. Sneaking around behind my back is one thing, but don't try to pretend when you got caught in the act. It's tacky."

Paling, Hikari murmured, "Y-you knew, didn't you? You've always known."

"Duh," Misato snorted. "They don't put you in a position like mine for being a dimwit, you know – though I guess I shouldn't talk to you about positions, now, should I?"

Hikari flinched. "Don't tell my dad," she said immediately, her sense of preservation taking priority as she was faced with a member of the most feared and mistrusted group in the world.

Adults.

Arching an eyebrow, Misato replied, "Shouldn't you be a little more worried about what I have to say than your parents? You ARE in my house right now, you know."

"No, ma'am," Hikari said immediately, averting her eyes in shame. "Y-you... with all due respect ma'am, you're not the one that can stop me from seeing him."

"So what I have to say doesn't matter?" Misato asked dangerously.

Hikari shook her head emphatically. "That's not what I mean," she squeaked, "I just mean that... that..."

*Damn it...*

Bowing her head in defeat, Hikari waited for the inevitable repercussions of being caught red-handed.

Carefully, Misato studied her fingernails. "Hikari," she murmured, "if I've known what you're doing for this long... why would I wait to tell your parents until now?"

Blinking, Hikari lifted her head. "Umm... I d-don't know..." she admitted. "But-"

"Don't talk."

"Yes, ma'am..."

Misato sighed. "I'm honestly at a loss for what to do with you," she said seriously. "I can't just ignore what you two were just doing – I'm supposed to be his guardian... but at the same time, it really isn't my business, sooooo..."

Fidgeting as she waited for judgment to be handed down, Hikari nearly laughed out loud. *How ironic, she thought glumly, I was so happy to be with my master that I didn't even try to stay quiet, or check the hall before I came out of his room. God, I must look like a slut – hair's all tangled... panties in my hand... shirt's not even buttoned all the way up. Yeah, we were just studying...*

She redirected her attention as the purple-haired woman nodded to herself.

"I heard you scream, 'master,'" Misato said softly.

Hikari blushed. "That's right," she murmured, knowing it would be useless to deny it. "I belong to him."

Folding her arms over her breasts, Misato hummed. "Really now... hmm..." She looked the younger woman up and down. "Does he hurt you, Hikari?"

"No," Hikari replied immediately, "never... but if he wanted to, I-"

"Yeah, I get it," Misato cut in, waving one hand dismissively, "I know how it works. You submit, he dominates, you both get what you want. I understand the concept, Hikari."

"R-right..."

*Of course SHE would, Hikari thought, look at those tits – and that body! God, I'll bet she's been fucked in ways I can't even DREAM... of course she knows what it means to be submissive. Not that I think she's ever BEEN one, of course...*

One look at the older woman's sharp, attentive eyes confirmed this idea. No, Hikari realized, shifting uncomfortably as she remembered her fantasy of the week before, if there was any role Misato would play, it was the dominant.

"Come with me."

Hikari's mouth went dry as the purple-haired woman started towards her room. "I, umm-

She cut herself off as Misato glanced back over her shoulder. "Come with me," she said coolly, "right now."

Her throat tight with fear and uncertainty, Hikari whispered, "Yes... ma'am..."

Misato lead the girl into her room, sliding the door closed and walking over to drop down on the edge of her bed, regarding Hikari closely as the class rep fidgeted.

"Relax," she said lightly, "I won't hurt you, Hikari..."

Nodding, Hikari replied, "I know that, ma'am, but I... I shouldn't be here..."

"In this house, or in this room?" Misato asked bluntly. "Are you regretting being Shinji's little love slave... or are you afraid of what I might do to you?"

Hikari averted her eyes. "The... the second one... ma'am..." she said, her voice barely audible.

Misato nodded. "Good," she said flatly, making Hikari flinch, "you should be scared – I can do anything I want to you... and I know you won't tell anyone, because if you do, what you've been doing with Shinji will come out."

Horried, Hikari clasped her hands in front of her to keep them from shaking. "Please ma'am," she said quickly, "d-don't-"

"Don't tell?" Misato cut in, arching an eyebrow, "Don't rape you? If you had to choose one, which would it be? Tell me."

With a tear slipping from each eye, Hikari barely croaked, "Don't... tell..."

Misato put her elbows on her knees and rested her chin in her palms, staring at the girl in thoughtful silence for a moment before asking, "So you'd rather have sex with me than lose your place as Shinji's slave."

It wasn't really a question, but Hikari answered it all the same. "Th-that's right, ma'am," she hiccupped, trying to keep her voice from shaking so bad. "I'd do anything to stay with him."

"You," Misato said succinctly, "have issues, Miss Horaki – but you really can relax... I'm not in the habit of raping schoolgirls." She pursed her lips. "You may, however... need to do a few things of your own free will before I let you leave here. Do you understand?"

"What kind of things, ma'am?" Hikari whispered, wringing her hands together as a faint flutter of hope tickled her stomach.

*Maybe she just wants me to clean her room, she thought wildly, or do the dishes, or-*

"Take off your clothes."

Hikari swooned.

"You're welcome to say no," she heard Misato say, her voice coming as if from a great distance. "Like I said, Hikari, anything you do in here is of your own free will... just think very carefully about the position you're in."

*That's blackmail!!!* Hikari nearly screamed, *You can't do this!!*

But in spite of her mental cries... she found her fingers rising to the buttons on her shirt, fumbling them open one by one.

*She's going to do it with me, she thought, slipping her shirt off and letting it fall to the floor. She'll make it so I have to ask her for it or something, but she's going to fuck me... oh God, please let it be just once – I'm sorry, Master, but I don't see any way out of this. I've already started undressing... if I scream, it'll just look like I had second thoughts. If I run, how far would I get? She's so strong. Nearly laughing at the irony of this last thought, Hikari mused, Of course – that's why I was fantasizing about this exact situation not so long ago, isn't it?*

"No panties?"

Freezing with her skirt halfway down, Hikari flushed a brilliant crimson. "I d-dropped them in the hall," she confessed, her voice barely audible, "I was carrying them when I left Shinji's room."

"Mm... finish up."

"Yes, ma'am."

Slipping the skirt down, Hikari straightened, covering her public hair – still damp from her time in her master's room – with both hands and trying not to shake as she waited for the purple-haired woman to make her move.

*Only once, she told herself nearly hysterically, only once, this will only be once – just to... to make sure she doesn't tell. God, if she was someone from school, I could just say she was lying, but she's a grownup! Everyone would believe her, and-*

Hikari's thoughts cut off abruptly as Misato rose to her feet, looking her carefully up and down. "Wh-what are you doing?" she stammered, unnerved as the woman began slowly circling her – like a shark, preparing to make a kill.

Misato frowned, gently lifting the girl's left arm. "Looking for bruises or cuts," she replied absently.

Blushing, the class rep whispered, "I said he doesn't hurt me, ma'am..."

Lowering the girl's arm, Misato said, "Are you a good slave?"

"Ma'am?"

"Are you... a good slave...?"

Hikari nodded immediately. "Yes, ma'am," she said firmly.

"You'd do anything for your master?" Misato pressed quietly. "Skip class for him? Go down on him in a movie theater?"

"Yes, of course – if he-

"Lie for him...?"

Hikari averted her eyes as the REAL question hit home.

Misato nodded, putting her hands on the girl's shoulders. "If I thought, for one second, that he was actually hurting you... I wouldn't let you come back to my house, Hikari. I know that you're devoted enough to him to find a way to belong to him no matter what I do, but if there was pain involved, I would do everything in my power to stop it." She moved one hand up to the girl's cheek, lowering her voice so that it almost disappeared. "Love and sex are not about pain, Hikari... I've seen too many of my friends lose themselves to the point that they couldn't tell the difference anymore. I won't see it happen again – not when I can step in and stop it."

"Shinji's not like that," Hikari said earnestly, almost WILLING the older woman to believe her, "he's... he's really sweet and gentle with me – he'd never hurt me."

Smiling softly, Misato replied, "I never really thought he would, Hikari... but I had to be sure. Shinji's a... complicated person. There's a lot of rage inside of him, and if it got out, I think it would be pretty easy for him to hurt people, especially if the invitation was already there. I'm not saying he WILL hurt you... he's actually a lot stronger willed than he looks."

Hikari felt herself nearly melting with gratitude. "Yes," she said weakly, "he is..."

"I'd... like to help you," Misato said hesitantly. "I'm sorry I had to get your attention this way, but if you can forgive me for that, I'd like to help you with Shinji."

"Why would you do that?" Hikari blurted. "I mean... I know you know more about this kind of thing, but why help me?"

*Because lately, Shinji and I haven't been connecting, Misato thought, keeping her face neutral and calm as she let the girl wonder for a few moments. Because when we first started this little affair, I got as much attention as Asuka – and call it jealousy if you want to, but that hurt me... you, though, you've still got his attention, so if I can't make him happy directly, I'll do it through you.*

"'Why' shouldn't matter," she said finally. "If you want to be a good slave, you'll take any advice you can get, won't you?"

Hikari bit her lip, glancing back over her shoulder at where the door loomed invitingly. *She COULD teach me a lot, she thought reluctantly, turning her attention back to the patiently waiting woman. And she said we don't have to... to do anything, so...*

Slowly, she stepped closer to Misato. "What do you want me to do?"

"Get comfortable," Misato said quietly, patting her knee, "you'll need to be closer than that – I'll need to see how you do things."

Confused, Hikari said, "How I do what?"

Misato smiled, raising her right hand and sticking the first two fingers out, pointing them at Hikari. "I want to see how you perform for him," she said simply, "then, if you'd like... I'll show you how I'd do it."

As unsure as she was about this entire situation, Hikari found the idea of pointers from a woman that oozed sexuality like Misato VERY tempting. Taking another step, she nodded – more to herself than Misato – and leaned forward.

"You'll have to sit down," Misato said calmly. "Your neck will get awfully cramped if you try it this way."

"R-right..."

Trying to pretend that it was Shinji, Hikari slipped between Misato's legs and slowly sat down on the woman's thigh. *She's... warm, the class rep thought with a pang of guilt. Ohh, I'm sorry, Shinji – but if she can teach me something new, maybe I can be a better slave...*

She averted her eyes as Misato whispered, "That's a nice collar, Hikari... have you taken it off?"

"Only to shower," Hikari said evenly. "It... shrank a little when I tried to shower with it on – I didn't want to ruin it."

"Mmm, maybe a different fabric?" Misato mused, her voice taking on a lightly teasing quality. "No, I know... he gave it to you, so it's special, right? Never mind that for now – let me see how you please him, Hikari."

"...alright."

Still a bit unsure about whether or not it was a good idea, Hikari grasped Misato's wrist and started to lean forward, but the older woman whispered, "Stop."

"Ma'am?" Hikari murmured, drawing back in confusion.

Misato stared into the class rep's eyes. "Is that how you handle your master?" she asked flatly, "Like a butter knife you're about to use to spread jelly on your toast? If you're not serious about learning something here, then maybe you should get your clothes on and go home – I told you to treat this," she held up her fingers, "the way you would treat your master. Now... try again."

Nodding her understanding, Hikari reached out once more, lightly caressing the underside of Misato's pinky finger, roughly where Shinji's testicles would be had Misato's fingers been Shinji's cock.

"Better," Misato said approvingly, "much better... you're hand is soft. He must like that a lot."

Hikari felt a slight thrill of excitement at the compliment, but tried her best to push it away. *This woman has no authority in my life*, she told herself, licking her lips as she brought them nearer Misato's fingertips, *her praise should mean nothing...*

In spite of this mental declaration, Hikari still pricked her ears for any commentary Misato might have as she wrapped her lips around the older woman's slender fingers.

Misato nodded. "That's good," she said softly, "not too fast at first... hmm... you're pretty good. Keep going."

Hikari squirmed slightly, feeling the faintest hint of moisture between her legs as she began slowly bobbing up and down, letting her imagination run wild as she gave the older woman a mock-blowjob. *He'd pat my head right about now*, Hikari thought, letting her eyes slip closed as she automatically suppressed her gag reflex, dipping forward and feeling Misato's fingers brush the back of her throat. *He'd sigh... and tell me how good it feels... then he'd push forward with his hips – just a little – and put his hands on the sides of my head so I move the right way... mmm... then a little bit of his... his stuff would leak out, and I'd lick it...*

Misato smiled as she felt the girl's tongue brush the tip of her finger. *That's right*, she thought, intuitively patting the class rep on the head, as any self-respecting master would, *show me how you please him, Hikari... and I'll show you how I do it, and maybe between us we can actually manage to help him forget life for a while. He's always so serious, even when we're-*

Misato shoved the darker thoughts out of her head and focused on what was happening, refusing to let them ruin her little lesson.

Getting more into the experience, Hikari unconsciously shifted positions, straddling Misato's leg as her brow furrowed and a soft moan rumbled in the back of her throat. She drew in her cheeks, suckling at the woman's fingers as she began to slowly grind against her, the smooth, creamy texture of the older woman's skin brushing like silk across Hikari's quickly warming pussy.

The slight movement was not lost on Misato. "Not bad," she said coolly, slowly pulling her fingers from the class rep's, "pretty basic, though... show me what else you do."



Hikari frowned, belatedly stopping her slow-motion grinding and blushing as she offered up a quick mental prayer that the older woman had not noticed. "What else...?" she said hesitantly. "I don't understand..."

Pursing her lips, Misato clarified, "What else you do while you're going down on him. You know, changing speed, licking around the tip, playing with his balls... just... just. Oh," her eyes widened, "you don't... do anything else, do you, Hikari? You just... suck."

Shifting uncomfortably, Hikari nodded. "I... I've thought about trying some of those things, but I don't want to do it WRONG..."

"Give me your fingers," Misato said evenly, "and pay attention."

Thrilled both by the older woman's authoritative tone – and the idea of learning more – Hikari offered up her right hand, sticking her first two fingers out as Misato had and waiting to see what she would do.

Cupping Hikari's hand in her own, Misato whispered, "Fingertips have almost as many nerve endings as the end of the penis... of course, they're not quite as directly linked the pleasure centers, but they DO give a pretty good idea of what might feel good for a man." She pressed her lips gently against the ends of Hikari's fingers, sending a shiver down the younger woman's spine. "To me," Misato explained, lightly squeezing Hikari's hand, "oral sex is more personal than regular sex. If you're making love, you can always pretend it's someone else, or close your eyes... but if you're going down on someone – and doing it right – they'll always know it's YOU making them feel good..."

To illustrate her point, the purple-haired woman opened her mouth, sliding her lips around Hikari's fingers... but not quite TOUCHING them, her eyes locking with the younger woman's as she simply breathed against her sensitive skin. After a moment of this treatment, she closed her mouth, sucking on Hikari's fingers with years of practice the younger woman could not hope to match.

"O-oh..." Hikari gasped, trying to focus on what the woman had said, rather than what she was doing.

It was a losing proposition, of course, as Misato showed her how, exactly, head should be given. She started out slowly, running her tongue the entire length of Hikari's fingers before taking them out of her mouth and kissing the tips again.

*She still tastes like Shinji's dick,* Misato thought, licking Hikari's fingers again, *God, it's been too long since I sucked him off... definitely need to change that.*

Hikari's breath was short as the older woman licked and sucked at her fingers for what felt like forever, her talented, nimble tongue swirling and stroking at Hikari's skin as her own fingertips lightly stroked the class rep's sides. In and out, her fingers disappeared over and over into Misato's hot mouth, the rhythm unmistakably mirroring Hikari's own movements as she unintentionally ground her drooling pussy into Misato's thigh.

*She's so good...!* Hikari thought, moaning slightly as Misato nipped at her fingertips, barely scraping at the pads of her fingers with the very tips of her teeth. *Master says I'm good, but she does it so much faster, and wetter, and hotter – he would love it if I did it like this! I know it! Oh, I want to go right now – maybe I'll wake him up by putting it in my mouth, and I can... I can... oh... god...!*

Misato frowned as the girl suddenly bucked on her leg, shaking her head and trying to pull back as her own thighs began to quiver. *She's freaking out,* the purple-haired woman thought, *I doubt she's ever come for another woman... I better help her along before she loses it entirely.*

"N-n-n...!!"

Moving quickly, Misato put her right hand on the small of Hikari's back, holding her tight against her thigh even as she lifted her knee up off the ground, grinding Hikari's sopping pussy against her with unquestionably satisfying results.

"Uhhhooohhhhh!!"

Helpless against the older woman's strength, Hikari let out a sobbing moan, loosing a fresh batch of slippery fluids all over Misato's already drenched leg and coming to a most unexpected climax, pleasure arching like electricity through her body as her swollen clit lightly brushed the older woman's silky skin. Shivering from head to toe, she collapsed against Shinji's guardian, whimpering ineffectually as she felt more and more of her juices saturating the woman's thigh.

"Shh," Misato murmured, lightly caressing the girl's sensitive ass and keeping the class rep gently grinding against her in an attempt to lower her slowly from the heights of her orgasm.

*No one likes to be dropped, she thought reasonably, wrapping her other arm around Hikari's shoulders as the class rep's moans grew softer and less frantic. I know it sounds cocky to even think this, but I wish more people were like me. You don't just get someone off and then leave them hanging... gotta be there for the afterplay, too – not that I MEANT to get her off, but still...*

Hikari trembled as Misato embraced her, holding her tightly. *M-master, she thought shakily, I did it again, Master... God, I'm so weak...*

"It's ok," Misato whispered. "Hikari, it's ok... there's nothing to be ashamed of. It's... alright to get off, you know, there's nothing wrong with it, and it's not like I went down on your or anything, it was just... intense."

Sniffing, Hikari gasped, "It's... not that it was with you..."

"Oh?" Misato murmured, frowning as the girl huddled closer to her. "Then what is it?"

"I don't want to come for anyone but my master," Hikari explained, her tone conveying shame and embarrassment. "It's nothing against you, ma'am – this was... incredible, but I promised myself I'd never 'get there' for anyone but him..."

"I understand," Misato said lightly, "and I'm sorry – if I had been thinking, I would have realized that that's why you were trying to pull away."

Hikari smiled weakly. "It's ok," she said, allowing herself a moment to enjoy the warmth of the older woman's embrace. "You had no way of knowing – I didn't even say stop..."

*I probably wouldn't have anyway, Misato thought, I'm not into rape... but I do enjoy a little reluctance. God, I'm such a slut these days...!*

They sat in silence for a long moment, Hikari contemplating what she had just learned, Misato contemplating why she was so turned on by what she had just done. Wasn't it enough that she was sleeping with Shinji, Asuka, AND Ritsuko – now she was seriously contemplating easing the girl in her arms down on the bed and eating her until she called HER master? She could feel the wetness from the girl's sex dripping down her leg... and it was remarkably tempting to help herself to a taste – preferably from the source.

*Better send her on her way, she told herself, it's getting dark, and I'm sure she has to get home. Besides – I'm sure she'll be right back here tomorrow to try out what she's learned... she could use a little rest, because even I haven't tried some of the things I showed her on Shinji yet, and if she doesn't end up getting screwed, there's no hope for her because those were HOT!*

“Thank you...”

Misato blinked, glancing down as Hikari pulled back and gave her a tentative smile. “I didn’t do it for you, you know,” she said carefully, wanting to make absolutely sure that her intentions were not mistaken.

“I know,” Hikari said, nodding for emphasis, “but still... thank you.”

Finding that there was nothing much more for them to say, Hikari gathered up her clothes, murmuring an apology for making such a mess on Misato’s leg and thanking her again for helping her understand that there were other ways she could be pleasing her master.

*I wish I had time to go wake him back up,* Hikari lamented as she made her to the bathroom to splash a little water on her face and straighten her hair in the mirror.

*Master... I can’t wait for next time. You’re going to love it!* Staring at her reflection, she bit her lower lip... wondering if she should confess her little encounter with the purple-haired woman to Shinji.

“No,” she told the mirror firmly. “It might hurt their relationship...”

Having no idea that Misato was masturbating in her bedroom – too aroused to wait until she was entirely alone, and herself contemplating waking Shinji up with a blowjob – Hikari made her way out of the apartment and into the warm evening air, already running through her Sunday schedule in her mind and smiling as she realized she had a good three hours in the later afternoon where she could definitely squeeze in some time with her master.

Yes, she decided, tomorrow was definitely going to be a good day.

The End... for now

Notes – ha! I don’t have any notes! That’s right, fools! I... oh wait, I DO have one note. So much for my defiance. \*Sigh\* Ummm what was it I was gonna note?? Oops, forgot it. Oh well, I hope you liked this little extra shard of Home/Bodies goodness. ^ \_ ^

Pre-read on this shard was done by Antimatter and Avalon. Two finer... er... people (??) I couldn’t ask for!! ...or something. \*shrug\*

Feed back if you really want to – you know how to find me by now, if it means that much to you.

-Rx7

## Extra Stage (shard 5) – Home/Room

Shinji hummed to himself as he carefully slid his spatula under the edge of the pancake currently taking up the majority of the skillet, barely repressing a happy smile as he found the underside an unblemished, golden brown. With a practiced combination of movements, he drove the spatula all the way under the pancake and flipped it up, catching it neatly on the plate balanced on his other hand.

“Perfect.”

This time, he did smile, setting the plate aside and turning the burner off as he pulled out a loaf of bread and pulled open the cupboard to get the toaster down. It had been a remarkably good morning so far, he thought cheerfully. He had woken up early, made his and Asuka's bentos ahead of time to avoid having to rush, and had even managed to wake Misato from her usual dead sleep in time to see her off to work – after a quick, thoroughly satisfying kiss, of course.

*Breakfast is cooked, lunch is ready to go*, he thought, mentally ticking off his morning routine as the faint sounds of conversation drifted down the hall. *Just need to get Asuka off the phone so we can eat, and we'll be ready to go.*

He put two pieces of bread into the toaster slots, pushing the handle down as Asuka's voice rose a bit higher, allowing him to hear a bit of her conversation. "...sn't the point!" he heard the redhead growl, "He's not..."

Whatever 'he' was not, Shinji did not get to find out, as Asuka's voice lowered back to its normal pitch. *I wonder if they're talking about me?* he thought curiously, giving a little wave as Asuka finally made her way into the kitchen. *She's been on with Hikari for like, forty minutes... and she just said 'he,' so I guess-*

His thoughts were rather rudely interrupted as Asuka reached his side, lowering her voice to an angry hiss as she pushed the toaster's handle back up and grabbed one of the barely-toasted pieces of bread. "I know YOU like it," she was saying, "but it's boring for me! That's right, I-"

Abruptly, Asuka shot Shinji a suspicious glance.

"Hasn't anyone told you it's rude to eavesdrop, Third Child?" she muttered, not bothering to wait for a reply as she turned on her heel and stomped out of the room, continuing her tirade outside of Shinji's hearing range.

Frowning deeply, Shinji replayed the fragment of conversation he'd picked up... and the picture it painted was not pretty.

"Boring...?" he whispered, absently unplugging the toaster and folding his arms.

There was only one thing – one single, solitary thing – Shinji could think of that Hikari and Asuka held as a mutual point of interest. They did not play the same video games (Hikari was into dating sims, Asuka liked fighting games), their tastes in music were vastly different, and even the books they read were as diverse as could be, with Hikari favoring tearjarker romances while Asuka liked angst or drama.

With their stereotypical tastes aside, the one 'hobby,' if you will, that both enjoyed... was him. *And now Asuka's bored?* he thought, untying the apron he favored while working in the kitchen and draping it over the back of one of the chairs. *She hasn't said anything to me about it... but now that I think about it, wasn't she just a little distracted last time we did it? Maybe it's my imagination...? But if it's not – if she really is getting tired of... of being with me, I have to do something. What, though??*

Biting his lip, he called out, "Breakfast's ready!" and sat down at the table, trying to think of how he could rekindle Asuka's interest in him. Sure, he had four other women available to him... but as he had said several weeks prior, and as he had felt from the first time he had even considered touching her, Asuka was the one he wanted above all the others. He did not have the nerve to tell her this, of course, mostly because it would bring up the question of 'how many OTHERS are there?' but partially because it treaded deeper waters than mere physicality.

And that, he knew all too well, was not a topic he was ready to broach.

"Ok," Asuka said as she came into the kitchen, "I'll see you at school... yeah, I know, I'll talk to you about it later. Bye."

Shinji forced a smile as the girl sat down across from him and scooped up her fork, digging into her pancakes with a murmured, 'thanks.' "So," he said lightly, "is Hikari still dreading the field trip?"

Asuka shrugged. "I dunno," she said evasively, "we didn't talk about it."

"Oh..."

*What DID you talk about?* Shinji thought, focusing on his own breakfast to avoid seeing the way Asuka was avoiding his eyes. *It WAS me, wasn't it...? Why didn't you tell me something was wrong?? How can I make it right if I don't know there's a problem?*

"Are umm, are you looking forward to it?"

"The field trip?" Asuka asked around a mouthful of pancake. "Who cares?"

Twenty minutes outside studying cicadas – big deal. So what if they're here all year now instead of just the summertime? It's just an excuse for that old geezer to get out of the classroom and stop babbling about the same topics he's been babbling about since we started the semester. Practical observation my ass..."

Shinji nodded absently, trying frantically to think of a way to spark Asuka's interest once more. Abruptly, an idea popped into his head. It was risky, he thought skeptically, but desperate times called for desperate measures, didn't they?

Sure they did...

"You ready?" he asked after several minutes of quiet.

"Yeah, sure," Asuka said distractedly, "lemme grab my backpack."

"Right."

Shinji gathered their bentos, slipping them both into his backpack as his mind whirled. *Could work*, he thought considering all the complications of what he was planning, *just need to arrange the right situation...*

"Hey," he said lightly as they stepped out of the apartment and headed towards the elevator, "let's take the train today."

Asuka groaned. "Do we have to?" she sighed. "It's always so crowded..."

Tightening his hold on his backpack's straps, Shinji pressed, "Just today? I'm... kinda tired."

"Fine, whatever," Asuka said after a moment of silence.

*It IS kind of my fault*, she thought without a trace of regret. *But if he didn't want his cock sucked, he should have pushed me away...*

They walked to the train stop in companionable silence, keeping their complicated thoughts to themselves as they waited for the train to arrive. When it finally got there, Shinji immediately made for the spot he had envisioned, thankful that it was clear.

"Let's sit over here," he suggested, moving quickly to the spot closest to the partition by the door and dropping his backpack into the seat closest to the wall.

"Whatever," Asuka muttered, her mind going back to the conversation she had been having with Hikari.

*She really is dedicated;* the redhead thought dismally, *why can't she see how old it's getting? I mean-*

"No," Shinji said suddenly, "why don't you stand over here..."

Barely even registering his suggestion, Asuka simply followed his directions, setting her backpack on top of his. It was not until the rest of the train had already filled in and they had gone several stops that she noticed how he had situated her.

"Why are we standing?" she asked, frowning faintly as Shinji took a careful step sideways, clearly planning something out of the ordinary. "What are you doing??"

Instead of replying, Shinji nodded to himself. *I guess this will have to do,* he thought, taking a final look around before making his move. *I've put it off as long as I can.*

"Sh-Shinji!!"

Asuka's skirt rustled faintly as Shinji suddenly took a step forward and put his hand up against it, slipping it between her legs and boldly stroking at her heavily-covered pussy with the palm of his hand, sending pleasant waves up and down the redhead's spine.

"What are you doing?" Asuka demanded, trying to push his hand away. "Shinji, stop that – everyone will see...!"

Shinji glanced around. "No," he said softly, "where we're standing, the only one that can see you is me."

Asuka frowned, prepared to argue until she noticed that he was right. *With that little partition on the left, and the wall behind me... I'm blocked on two sides, so with Shinji standing right in front of me, and our backpacks on the seat next to us – no one CAN see. Wow... pretty sneaky.*

Easing her legs slightly further apart, the redhead put a hand on the small partition and glanced deliberately away from Shinji so as to avoid focusing on him and arousing suspicion. "A little to the left," she murmured, pushing her hips forward subtly, "I can't believe you're doing this, you little freak... mm... that's nice..."

"Don't be too loud," Shinji warned, "no one can see... but everyone can hear."

Asuka bit her bottom lip as he continued to massage her. "I know, idiot," she breathed, "I'm trying... but it's hard! I mean, you try to... ooo... that's a good spot... what was I saying...?" Shaking her head in a vain attempt to clear it, she whispered, "Should I take my panties off? It feels good this way, but-"

"No," Shinji cut in quickly, "there's no way to get them off without someone noticing... just let me rub you like this for a while..."

"A-alright," the Second stammered, forgetting her undergarments for a moment as she started to feel the effects of Shinji's awkward fingering.

The panties in question, she remembered with a sudden grin, were covered with little strawberries. They were a bit childish, she admitted, but sometimes she liked that kind of thing. *They should be cherries,* she thought, imagining that Shinji's finger was pressing one of the small, printed fruits lightly between her pussy lips, *then later, I can say something stupid like, 'hey Shinji, wanna take my cherry?'*

Of course, she thought immediately, it was far, far too late to make this offer with a straight face, though it would probably get a laugh from the young man.

...and like it or not, she DID enjoy the sound of his laughter.

"Ooo, right there," she hissed softly, closing her eyes and pitching her voice for his ears alone, "right there, Shinji – you're rubbing my clit...!"

Shinji nodded, thankful for the heads-up. Through the thick fabric of her jumper... he could not even be sure he was actually rubbing her pussy, let alone her clit.

*Running out of time*, he thought nervously, pressing a bit harder and hoping the soft his of skin against fabric wasn't carrying past his ears. *We're almost there...*

This thought, ironically, had several applications in this situation – for Asuka, anyway. "Harder," she breathed, "God, this is fucking awesome... mm I want to fuck you so bad right now...!" Her mind spun with heretofore unthought-of possibilities. The janitorial closet, the gym, the locker room, hell, behind a bush – just about anywhere would do at this point, as long as she got to have him inside.

*I love this*, she thought dizzily, *is there anything better than getting touched by someone you know worships you? I don't fucking think so. Oh, wait, there IS something better – getting FUCKED by someone you know worships you! It's so good I want to write a book about it... of course, maybe, worship is the wrong word. With Shinji, it's more like-*

"This is our stop."

Asuka's eyes snapped open. "N-no way," she hissed. "Don't stop... I'm getting close – come on, Shinji, don't leave me like this!"

"People will see," Shinji said reluctantly, pulling his hand discretely away from her body. "I'll make it up to later, I promise."

"Damn you!!"

Pushing the young man away from her, Asuka snatched up her backpack and stomped over to the train's door, fuming as she waited for it to slide open. *Now I'm all hot*, she thought angrily, shifting uncomfortably as the memory of Shinji's talented fingers echoed in her pussy, *and I don't have time to do anything about it before class... damn it, Shinji – you're such an asshole!*

The walk from the train to the school was as silent as the trip to the station by the apartment, though much colder, the heat of the impromptu feeling session quickly bleeding away and leaving Asuka feeling unsatisfied and grumpy. She brushed off several greetings, barely grunting to the people that had called out to her – except Hikari, of course... she managed to keep herself civil with Hikari.

"Don't want to talk about it," she said tersely as the class rep asked what the problem was.

Wisely, Hikari backed off, giving Shinji a vibrant smile when she was sure no one could see, and mouthing, 'Hi, Master.'

Shinji waved absently, his attention still fixed on Asuka as he tried to figure out how he was going to make things right. As Hikari called for everyone to rise, bow, and be seated, an idea occurred to him. He waited until the teacher began the lesson, and then pulled up the school's network messenger program.

An insistent blinking caught Asuka's eye. *Begging for forgiveness already?* she thought angrily, pulling up the text window on her computer terminal and quickly scanning the brief line.

***IS – Sorry about the train. I thought we would have more time.***

Asuka was not placated, and as she typed, her nostrils flared with anger, her fingers hitting the keys almost vindictively.

***SA – I can't believe you did that to me, you jerk! At least in the elevator you finished what you started, but this time I didn't even get to come!!***

The reply came back mere moments later... but when the message popped up, Asuka's fingers froze over her keyboard, her mouth hanging wide open as she stared at the small screen.

***IS – Then why not play with yourself?***

Asuka could not believe what she was reading. *Is this... really SHINJI??* she thought, trying to formulate an answer to the succinct question. Before she could begin typing, however, a second message appeared.

***IS – If you lean forward in your seat, your desk will block everyone else from seeing, plus it will look like you're really paying attention. Then, you can just slip your hand down the front of your panties and touch yourself.***

***SA – What are you thinking? I'll get caught!***

***IS – Might, I guess, but if you're quiet, you should be able to come without anyone noticing. I can help you, if you want, you know – write some messages while you're doing it.***

In her mind's eye, Asuka could actually HEAR Shinji stammering this last offer. She stole a glance around the room, but the Third was staring straight ahead, his hands resting lightly in front of his keyboard – so casually positioned that only someone looking for suspicious activity would notice that he was ready to type at a second's notice.

*Can't believe I'm actually thinking of doing this,* Asuka thought, surreptitiously leaning forward in her seat, as Shinji had suggested. *...this is so fucking hot!*

***SA – Alright, you little perv, but make it good!***

***IS – I'll try.***

Discreetly, Asuka slid her right hand underneath her desk, her eyes darting around the room to see if anyone was staring at her, ready to jump up and shout, 'Aha! Teacher, TEACHER! Souryu's masturbating – see? SEE?!'

But all eyes were facing forward, the entire class oblivious as her first two fingers lightly brushed the front of her panties. *Still a little damp,* she thought, *this could be pretty good.*

She focused on the screen as the first message popped up.

***IS – I was thinking of maybe going somewhere like a park or a field or something. Just a quiet little place where we could be alone, maybe have a picnic, you know? We could talk, and kiss, and then, you know. Does that sound good?***

Asuka gritted her teeth, typing quickly but awkwardly with one hand as she let him know exactly what she thought of this line of thought.

***SA – This is all I get? You get me hot as hell, and then read me corny romance novel trash?? Come on, make it spicy! Make it real! Make it a little dirty, Shinji, I'm in the mood for that.***

The next reply was a little longer in coming... but when it finally popped up, Asuka nearly gasped out loud as she read the text on the small screen.

***IS – Do you know how long I had to work up the courage to touch you in the elevator? I used to sit in my room and think about having you there with me,***



***sucking my dick. I don't know how much Kleenex I wasted pretending that your mouth was on my cock.***

***AS – Now that's more like it! Don't stop now, this is getting good!***

Asuka stole a look at Shinji as she began rubbing herself a bit harder. *Look at him, she thought, he's as red as a tomato!*

But red or not, what Shinji was typing was definitely hitting home.

***IS – When we were driving home that first day, I smelled my hand. It smelled like you, and I really just wanted to do it right then, but Misato, well, you know – she just took over. But all the way home, I just kept sneaking little sniffs, telling myself, 'This is Asuka's pussy.' I even licked it once, to see what it would taste like.***

"God," Asuka breathed, barely keeping her movements small and unobtrusive as she continued to touch herself, feeling her own color beginning to rise as she scanned and rescanned the words on her screen.

***IS – Fucking you that day was incredible, and I know this is kind of 'corny romance trash,' but lately it's been even better. Sometimes when I dream that we're fucking I wake up and my dick is hard, did you know that?***

Asuka shook her head, biting her bottom lip as the first tremors of an approaching orgasm started to seize her. She thought, momentarily, that there was no way this could REALLY be the way he felt. If it was, he could have just come into her room and woken her up, if he wanted to fuck that bad – she sure wouldn't have objected! But she was always the one that started things... unless Misato beat her too it.

Shaking off the too-serious thoughts, Asuka refocused on the newest line of text, her eyes flying over the screen as her fingertips pressed roughly against her swollen clit.

***IS – I hope you like it as much as I do, I really do. I love seeing you come for me – that's why I like doing it 'the normal way.' Fucking you from the back FEELS the best, but when I can see your face, and I know I'm the one making you feel that way, I-***

"Are you alright, Miss Souryu?" the teacher asked, dousing the barely glowing embers of Asuka's climax and turning it from an earthquake into a barely noticeable tremor. "You look a little flushed."

"I am... a little hot," Asuka said, shooting Shinji a desperate look as she eased her hand back up onto the desk, "but I'm ok."

The teacher frowned, remembering his implicit directions regarding the Children. *Having one of them collapse on a field trip would be a disaster, he thought grimly. It's only a short one, but why risk it?*

"Maybe it would be best if you stayed behind on the field trip," he said slowly, expecting the redhead to put up some protest. She was confrontational at the best of times, but if she was actually getting sick, he was sure her temper would be as short as the help wanted section of the paper.

To his surprise, however, she simply nodded. "Can someone stay with me?" she said lightly, "I'm a little dizzy."

"Of course," the teacher said, "Miss Hor-"

"Shinji," Asuka said suddenly, "you've got our lunches in your locker, right? Maybe you should stay."

*Well that worked out*, the teacher thought with some relief as the dark-haired boy shrugged.

"Alright then, we'll be back in about twenty minutes – please send Mister Ikari to the infirmary to fetch the nurse, if you start feeling worse."

"Yes sir," Asuka said quietly.

*She must be sick*, the teacher thought, *maybe she'll go home early, thank God, and let me actually teach. Those NERV goons – making me watch those kids every damn minute! I'm a teacher, not a babysitter... it's getting bad enough that I'm starting to go over the same material in class! How many times can I talk about Second Impact, for god's sake!?*

As the class trooped out, Hikari glanced over her shoulder, catching Asuka's eye and mouthing, 'What's up?' but receiving only an enigmatic wink in reply.

"Now," Asuka said quietly, waiting until the chatter of their class had faded down the hall, "get over here, Third Child – it's time to make it up to me."

Shinji glanced nervously at the door. "They're... not gonna be gone that long," he said hesitantly, "I was thinking when we get home we-"

"Fuck that," Asuka whispered, turning on her seat and pulling her skirt up to her hips. "Look at this," she demanded, lightly brushing the front of her panties, "I'm like, dripping... and it's your fault! I couldn't get off, Shinji – you HAVE to fuck me or I'm gonna scream."

Slowly, Shinji rose to his feet, his hands clenching and unclenching at his sides as he stared at the door. "We'll get caught," he said finally, "we should really-"

"Not if you HURRY," Asuka growled, lifting her ass off the seat and shimmying out of her panties, "now come on and get over here before I just tackle you! If we do it over here on this desk by the wall, no one will see... but I'm so hot right now I'm about to just throw you on the ground and fuck you right there." She shrugged, grinning wolfishly as she concluded, "Your dick, your call, Third Child... but one way or the other, you WILL put it in me..."

Blushing brightly, Shinji hurried over to where the redhead was waiting, too worried by the situation to even wonder whose desk it was they were about to christen.

"Good boy," Asuka breathed, rising to her feet and draping her arms over his shoulders, "now... let's do this..."

Yanking him closer to her, Asuka planted a long, fiery kiss on his surprised lips, slipping her tongue into his mouth and dropping her hands down to squeeze his ass. *Oh fuck yeah*, she thought, thrusting her right breast against the back of his hand as he fumbled for her buttons.

"No time for that," she panted, brushing his fingers away from the front of her jumper, "just stick it in."

With that, she sat on the edge of the borrowed desk, putting one foot on the floor and one up on the back of her seat. Shinji regarded her for a moment, quickly thinking of all the positions they had done it in, and which pleased her the fastest.

*This'll take too long*, he thought nervously, stealing another look at the door, *she's pretty hot already, but this way takes awhile... we need to change up a little.*

Asuka frowned. "Well?" she demanded, "What are you – oh!!"

Shinji stepped forward suddenly, grasping her by one arm and turning her around. "Don't make so much noise," he urged, pushing gently on her upper back with

one hand while he raised her skirt with the other, bending her over the desk and positioning himself behind her. "Ok... here I come."

"Uhhh God!" Asuka hissed, relishing the feel of his hard cock suddenly piercing her tender pussy. "Yeah... oh fuck me – you've been driving me crazy since you started touching me on the train... you OWE me a good fuck, Shinji..." She frowned, though, as she felt him holding her waist, keeping himself perfectly still instead of starting to thrust. "What are you d-"

"You want it...?"

Asuka growled, trying to push back against him and force him deeper inside, but he tightened his hold, preventing her from moving. "There's no time for this shit," she hissed, "come on – they'll be back soon..."

Shinji gave her a short, shallow thrust, still holding her narrow waist in his hands. "You want it?"

*He's been spending too much time fucking Hikari, Asuka thought angrily, trying once more to thrust back into him. God... I shouldn't like this – I'm the one who's supposed to be in control when we do it, damn it!!*

Weighing her options, Asuka decided that it would be in her best interest to surrender control this time. If she argued too long, the entire class would walk in on them in mid-fuck – not that she gave a shit what they thought of her, but it could conceivably cause trouble. Misato had specifically told them not to let anyone at NERV know about what they were doing, and a quickie in the classroom, in broad daylight, would PROBABLY raise a few eyebrows when it showed up on Commander Ikari or Fuyutsuki's desk.

Plus... she was really, really craving a good fuck. Being fingered on the train had gotten her volcanically hot, and the pathetic orgasm she had managed by masturbating had done very little to take the edge off. So, promising that she would DEFINITELY make Shinji pay for forcing her to submit like this, Asuka gave her reply.

"Yes, I want it," she breathed, closing her eyes in anticipation of what her admission would earn her. "I want it hard, Shinji... I want you to fuck me until I can't see straight – I want you to make me scream with your cock, you bastard, are you happy now? Is that what you wanted to hear??"

"...yeah."

"Oh GOD!!!"

No sooner had Shinji spoken than he pulled halfway out and drove quickly back into her, grinding her hips painfully into the edge of the desk. The pain was a surprisingly pleasant counter point to the driving hardness inside of her, making Asuka moan uninhibitedly.

*Can they hear us in the room next to us?* she thought dizzily, moaning again as Shinji began giving her long, hard strokes, working her tight hole feverishly as his hands moved up to her shoulders, pulling her whole body back and making her tight ass collide brutally with his thrusting hips. *God, what was I thinking?! Anyone could walk in on us any time...*

This last thought... was ALMOST as exciting as the first time she had watched Shinji fucking Hikari. The danger – the unshakable knowledge that they could be caught at any time – lent strength and speed to the already frantic pace, until after only a few moments, they were both grunting and sweating and pumping as hard as they possibly could.

*Have to... make it fast*, they thought, their minds nearly perfectly synchronized in this realization.

As if to confirm this thought, Asuka glanced up, her eyes shooting up to the corner of the small window in the classroom's door that was somehow still visible. *Is that...?*

Though the angle was extreme, Asuka was sure that she had seen someone watching them, eyes wide as she stared at what she and Shinji were doing on the desk. Kirishima, Asuka thought, that was the girl's name... if she had actually seen her, that was. She could not be one hundred percent certain she had seen the brown-haired transfer student – the view was too awkward, and in all honesty, she could not say that it was not her imagination that had brought the girl's face to mind.

*It would serve her right for peeping*, Asuka told herself, already starting to feel the familiar tingling of an upcoming orgasm. *Little slut... she was all over him last week – as if everyone doesn't know that Shinji's MINE.*

Though they had never said it aloud... Asuka made sure that everyone knew Shinji was her possession. She always ate with him, she brushed her hand across his whenever she was sure someone – preferably with a big mouth – could see it, and whenever anyone asked if they were dating, she simply replied, 'Oh us, no... we're just... friends,' which, based on her tone, anyone with half a brain cell could tell was a lie.

It would be fitting, she decided, if it HAD been Kirishima that had seen them. She was still a newcomer, so she was unlikely to go blabbing it all over the place, and if she did... well, Asuka would just lightly deny it, further cementing the fact that this was HER lover.

*Not that it's... more than sex*, she told herself, licking her lips as Shinji finally stopped holding back, fucking her mercilessly. *We're just fucking... Hikari can...*

Her eyes flew open as she neared the edge of her orgasm, a violent shudder running through her as she stared down at the desk. Of course, she would think later, of course it was this desk. She had not even consciously chosen it, but there it was – innocuously carved initials on the corner of the desk's otherwise immaculate surface.

A T had once been there, but had been methodically scratched out, an awkward S taking its place on the left side of the H and the plus sign. Already soaring on a wave of pleasure, Asuka could only gasp, the breath leaving her body as certainty hit her like a ton of bricks.

*This is Hikari's desk...!*

"Uhhh!!!"

Shinji grunted with effort as Asuka suddenly thrust back against him, crying out stridently as her pussy began contracting all around his hard cock. What had changed, he would never know, but whatever had taken hold of Asuka, it clearly would not allow her to simply stand still and be screwed.

"Mm! Mm! Mm!"

A litany of tiny grunts resonated in her throat as the redhead wrapped her fingers around the leading edge of the desk, fucking herself violently back on the stiff prick inside of her.

"Fuck me!" she demanded, shaking all over as she came with nearly tidal force.

"Fuck me! FUCK me! FUCKMEFUCKMEFUCKMEEEE!!!"

Hearing this simple phrase from the redhead never failed to set Shinji off, and as she bit her lip to keep from uttering a full-throated scream, Shinji rammed all the way into her, gasping her name as he dropped his load of sticky come into her super-heated pussy. Barely ten seconds after her orgasm was over, Asuka rose to an upright position, turning around and forcing Shinji to pull out as she grabbed him by the sides of the head and yanked him closer to her.

"Wha-mmm..."

Asuka's tongue punched into his mouth, making it impossible to ask him what she was doing – and rather redundant. She kissed him greedily, wrapping one arm around the small of his back and tugging him up against her, leaning her still-bare ass up against the warm wood of Hikari's desk and attacking his lips and tongue until he was as caught up in the kiss as she was.

Finally, after about thirty years or so, she calmed, slowing the pace of the kiss and loosening her brutally tight hold on him until he was able to pull back. "W-wow..."

Laughing softly, Asuka brushed a strand of sweaty hair off of her brow. "Yeah," she panted, "wow works... mmm... that was so fucking hot!" She slid off the desk, letting her skirt fall back down as she glanced around at the clock on the far wall. "Shit," she muttered, "We gotta get cleaned up – they'll be back in like, five minutes."

Shinji gasped. "Has it been that long??" he gasped, glancing across the room with naked disbelief.

"Come on," Asuka said with a reluctant sigh, "I'm starting to drip."

By the time the rest of the class filed in, Shinji and Asuka were back at their desks, their faces – now clear of sweat – composed into perfect masks of boredom. Only Hikari gave them a second glance, actually going so far as to stop at Shinji's desk, hesitating on the verge of asking him something before going over to her desk and sitting down.

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The afternoon train was even more crowded than the morning one had been, but Shinji's hands remained at his sides, his eyes fixed on a spot across the narrow train car as Asuka stood silently at his side. His thoughts since bending Asuka over Hikari's desk had been remarkably calm and collected, displaying not so much a hint of panic as he thought about how easy it would have been to have someone walk in on them.

*It's not something I want to make a habit of, he thought reasonably, but it was pretty damn hot – especially that kiss. Hikari knows something happened, I think. The way she looked at me, I-*

"Shinji...?"

Glancing around, he found Asuka staring intently into his face. "W-what?" he stammered, "What is it?"

Asuka stepped closer to him, slipping her right hand into his and bringing her mouth right next to his ear before whispering, "I wasn't saying I was bored with you, Shinji. That's why you did all of this, isn't it? Because you heard me and Hikari this morning?"

Shinji nodded reluctantly. "Yeah," he sighed, "I just-"

"Shh," Asuka cut in, squeezing his hand lightly to make sure he was listening. "We were talking about something else, Shinji – we weren't talking about you."

She leaned up against him, resting her cheek against his shoulder as she said, "Believe me, Shinji... I am NOT... bored of this..."

Tentatively, Shinji slipped his free arm around the redhead, relishing the rare moment of tenderness before it evaporated. "...I'm glad." After a moment of quiet thought he murmured, "What WERE you guys-"

"Uh!" Asuka grunted, whipping her head around and biting him playfully on the shoulder. "It's a secret, idiot! Why do you think I left the room, hmm? God, you have NO tact! It wasn't about you, and I didn't tell you what it WAS about, so don't you think that maybe I don't want you to know?? GOD!!"

At a loss for words, Shinji simply nodded, wondering what – in the world – could still be worth keeping as a secret. Certainly, he did not know everything there was to know about his lover – any of them, when you came right down to it... but things with Asuka had grown quite comfortable lately, and as she gave him a quick peck on the cheek and stepped away from him, Shinji realized that there wasn't anything he could think of offhand that he would not feel comfortable asking her, if she asked him flat out. Of course, he was not likely to volunteer the fact that he was now fucking Ritsuko and Maya, but if she asked...

Asuka, for her part, felt the same... though if the topic came around to parents and childhood, she would always find a way to redirect it elsewhere. *Not yet*, she thought, stealing a glance at Shinji's profile as he looked out the window on the train. *Maybe not ever... but definitely not now. I'm just... not ready.* She smiled ironically. *Though I have to admit... it might be easier to talk about that than to admit that Hikari and I were talking about our favorite soap – I'd never live it down!*

Deciding that this secret must never be revealed, Asuka leaned against Shinji and let out a soft, content sigh. Normally, she would have pulled her hand from his after only a few moments – God forbid she should seem weak, even to him... but today, just for a while, she figured it would be ok.

They were still holding hands when they reached the apartment...

The End... for now

Meaningless babble from the loser what wrote this: aww, how sweet – a WAFFy ending to three rounds of heavy petting, masturbation, and hawt sechs. ^\_^

Special thanks on this shard going out to the, er, people(?) over at forumtastica for plotline ideas and motivation. Anyone who really digs this little side needs to bow down to [Rommel](#) especially, since he came up with like, 70% of the plot single-handedly. Sorry I couldn't work the vibrator in, my man, but it just wasn't in the cards for this one...

Pre-read on this shard was by Tuxedo Jack and Avalon – two fine, upstanding citizens who just... happen to really like reading about Asuka getting nailed. Not that I can fault them for that, of course – hell, I WROTE it, didn't I??

Feel free to give me feedback, if you really care enough to track me down.

Rx7

## Stage Seven – Fever Dream

"Is he ok?"

Shinji tried to open his eyes, but found it far too difficult, groaning weakly as a cool hand was laid against his brow.

"It's just a fever," a quiet, familiar voice (drawing images of sweat-soaked hair and breasts shining with sweat) reported, "he'll be fine if he gets some sleep."

"Should I stay home from school?" another familiar voice (images of blue and red and gorgeous lips parted in heavenly moans) asked hesitantly. "We were supposed to have a test today, but I could-"

"No," the first voice cut in quietly, "he'll be fine – it's not like he's gonna pick up and leave while we're gone, right? Let's just let him sleep. I'll leave him a note and a couple bucks to order some takeout."

"Al...alright..."

There was a pause, then soft, moist lips were pressed lightly to Shinji's burning forehead.

"Rest up, Third Child," the second voice murmured – sounding absurdly tender, "I'm looking forward to... well, you know. I've been thinking about it all day, so be better when I get home, ok?"

"Slut," the first voice whispered teasingly.

"Whore," the second voice countered, moving away in a dreamy hazy as Shinji drifted back to sleep.

*Time in dreams was always a topic that fascinated Shinji. It simply amazed him that a person's subconscious could bring them from a place like an apartment to down in the city streets without any logical explanation of how you got there. He thought he remembered slipping his shoes on, but even that was hazy.*

*It was a fuzzy, surreal sort of dream, the kind that's blurry and vague one second, and so hyper realistic the next that you can actually imagine whole conversations between yourself and other people.*

*"Your pass is about to expire, you know."*

*"Yeah, I know... I'll get a new one at work on Monday."*

*"Heh... work, that's funny. You NERV brats are all the same."*

*"Uh huh."*

*"Hey, you ok, kid? You look kinda..."*

*Shinji blinked, and found himself stepping off the train, the rest of the conversation lost to him as he glanced up and down the vaguely familiar street.*

***Hope I didn't say anything TOO stupid,** he thought ironically, feeling particularly lucid as he crossed the street and made a left. **Hey, I know where I am...huh.***

*Finding nothing unusual about being in this neighborhood – especially based on his thought patterns when he had slept with Doctor Akagi – Shinji made his way towards the huge apartment building across from him, amazed that the heat from his fever was making itself known even now, in his sleep.*

***Fever dream,** he thought sagely, **that's what they call it, right? Everything seems so real.***

*Everything did, indeed, seem very realistic. Shinji imagined that he could actually FEEL the thrumming of the construction equipment that was always hammering away in this area like a thumping in his chest. Ducking into the apartment building, he made his way to the fourth floor, pushing the door to unit 402 open and stepping casually inside.*

"Weird," he muttered to himself, putting a hand on his forehead and making his way into the kitchen, "you'd think if I was going to dream about her, she'd actually be home. God, I can't even do THAT right..."

He laughed weakly, taking in his surroundings. It was still a sty. Instant food wrappers (all of them vegetarian, he noticed) were tossed haphazardly into the garbage. Dust was on every unused surface. Bandages – hadn't he cleaned those up LAST time he was over?? – were piled in one corner. The only things that were even remotely clean were the bed and the kitchen counter.

**Should really cover that butter, though,** he mused, feeling a faint throbbing behind his eyes as he licked his lips absently, **it'll go bad...**

A soft noise drew his attention to the door... and there she was – soft blue hair perfectly framing her porcelain face, from which her placid red eyes gazed unblinkingly at him, a small bag of groceries dangling forgotten from one hand as she coolly regarded him.

The girl said nothing, showing no surprise that the Third was in her apartment. Shinji stared at her, the pulsing in his temples seeming to grow exponentially the longer his eyes lingered on her smooth, flawless skin. Suddenly, though he could not tell precisely how, he was across the room, his fingers digging almost cruelly into her upper arms as he pulled her lips to his and kissed her, offering her no alternative but to give in. After a moment, the girl parted her lips, allowing his thrusting tongue to invade her delicate mouth, the bag of groceries slipping from her fingers as her arms hung loosely at her sides.

Shinji felt like laughing as the girl's flimsy school shirt disintegrated, immediately surrendering its structural integrity to his roughly grasping hands with a loud, satisfying tearing sound, and a soft gasp filled the air as his mouth descended onto her right breast, his right hand darting up between her legs as he took absolute control of the situation. It was like being with Hikari, in a way... only knowing that the girl had not been intimate with him in any way before – not even so much as using his first name – made it that much more exciting. It was conquest, pure and simple. He was going to take what he wanted from her, and she was going to surrender to his every whim.

Overall, he thought as he fingered her pussy through her thin panties, not a bad dream at all.

The girl gave another small grunt as he grabbed her by the shoulders and hustled her to the floor, leaving the shreds of her shirt hanging loosely on her slender body. He attacked her firm tits with gusto, sucking and licking at them one at a time, unable to get enough of her succulent, taut nipples – so round and hard that he was sure they must have been aching.

"Spread your legs," he hissed, leaning back to pull his pants down to his knees as she stared up at him. "Do it!"

Silently, the girl obeyed.

White cotton peeked out from between smooth-as-cream thighs, enticing him – enraging him – and in a breath; this final barrier had been torn free. Still, the girl made not a sound, her beautiful red eyes slightly wide with surprise, but otherwise holding no fear. He hoisted her legs high into the air, pressing himself against her – iron on silk – and sought to claim her, but no matter how he strove, he could not force himself in. He knew there was moisture there – could feel it on the tip of his cock -- but it simply was not enough to allow him to get into her pussy.

Casting around the kitchen, Shinji smiled. "Perfect."

Leaving the girl on the floor for a moment, he grabbed a stick of half-melted butter off the counter, smearing it all over his raging prick before kneeling between her thighs once more. He pressed himself against her, and with the added slickness of the makeshift lubricant, he felt her pussy lips finally relent and part for him, allowing him to work himself in with painstaking slowness. As soon as the head was in, Shinji knew that he was home free... and with a triumphant shout, he fed the rest of his cock into the girl's slippery hole in one hard thrust.



*The girl uttered a short cry as Shinji's cock lanced through her maidenhood, but since this was merely fantasy, he felt no need to hold back, driving hard and fast into her tight pussy and taking great pleasure in the soft whimpers of satisfaction that this drew from the girl's throat with ever-increasing frequency. She was so lovely – and so much smaller than he'd thought. Her legs, her waist, her breasts, her lips, every part of her seemed suddenly fragile and delicate, waiting only for a simple miscalculation or deliberate act to inflict terrible damage on her petite frame.*

*Her petal-like lips were parted slightly, and the quiet cries he was pulling from her chest were growing more and more frantic as he continued to fuck her, pumping her tight hole relentlessly in search of his own climax. She was close... Shinji could feel it – and when the moment arrived, it was so unlike anything that he had experienced before that it took his breath away.*

*The girl's already pale skin seemed to go dead white, losing all color save for two brilliant spots of rose on her cheeks, and her arms, still until then, came up, allowing her to wrap her slender fingers around the back of his head. Her body shuddering with ecstasy, the girl drew Shinji's lips down to her own; sharing her erratic, rapid-fire breathing with him as she awkwardly gave him what he knew must have been only her second kiss.*

*Their tongues carefully intertwined, a surprisingly tender counterpoint to the almost-brutal fucking he was giving her. The girl whimpered into his mouth as she continued to rise, her slim body hopelessly lost to the age-old dance of passion. He leaned back to admire the way her firm tits shuddered with every thrust, the rock-hard nipples swaying with the force of each impact.*

***I hope she's liking this, he thought suddenly, even if it is a dream... it's always better when Asuka and Hikari like it...***

*Reluctantly, his eyes traveled up to hers, starting into their red depths as she stared right back. The expression on the girl's face was unmistakably ecstatic. Her lips were slightly parted, allowing her breath to puff free with each thrust of his rock-hard prick, and her small hands, idle at first, slowly fluttered to his shoulders, settling there as the girl crooned with pleasure.*

*Their eyes locked, and the girl's lips and tongue slowly formed his name.*

*"Shin... ji..."*

*With a cry, he buried his shaft all the way in her ultra-tight pussy, sending spurt after spurt of his seed deep inside of her as she whimpered her approval. Over and over he erupted, filling her to overflowing before pulling his shaking, tired tool out of her.*

*His strength spent, Shinji collapsed next to the girl, his arm resting across her stomach as his eyes rolled closed in exhaustion. He could feel her breath coming in deep, winded gasps as a soft, slightly disappointed hum filled his ears. It was this combination of sensations that accompanied him to sleep.*

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Shinji awoke from his intense dream feeling well-rested and calm, if a bit sore. *Must have fallen off the bed*, he thought, shifting around on the hard floor as he contemplated the fantasy he had just experienced. *Man... that was... wow...*

He swallowed, hearing a dry click in the back of his throat as a faint frown creased his brow.

*Was my floor always this hard?* he thought, squirming slightly as he realized that there was something on his stomach. *Asuka?*

With a feeling of unreality, Shinji opened his eyes.

*"Oh... no..."*

In most romance/comedy genre movies wherein a dream sequence takes place and the hero wakes to find it reality, there is a brief, blissful moment of confusion

or doubt, wherein he or she is allowed to believe – if only for that short time – that maybe it really WAS all a dream.

Shinji was not allowed this luxury as he opened his eyes, finding himself flat on his back, staring at Rei's ceiling. The weight on his stomach, of course, was Rei's arm, and as he followed it up to her face, he found her studying him closely, clearly waiting for him to awaken before confronting him.

"Are you going to take me again...?" she whispered, staring unblinkingly into his eyes.

"Ayanami, I-"

"I was not aware that it was so... tiring," Rei said softly. "I am also very sore." She laid her head on his chest, lightly stroking his stomach with her fingertips as she observed, "You were very rough with me, Ikari."

"Why didn't you... stop me?" Shinji whispered, his face entirely crimson as the full weight of what he had done began to settle on him.

Rei considered this carefully, staring up at her wall as her fingers continued to idly stroke his stomach. "Because I wanted to experience it," she said finally, offering a small shrug. "The idea of lovemaking has always fascinated me... but I have not ever had the time or the inclination to pursue a relationship." She glanced up at him as he stammered another apology, damning himself for raping her. "I would not have allowed this to happen with another, Shinji," she informed him quietly, "it was only because it was you that I surrendered without a fight..."

Shinji honestly had no reply for this simple statement, so he kept his silence, shivering slightly as the First finally pulled away from him and rose to her feet.

"May we do it again...?"

Unable to believe his ears, Shinji stammered, "You... you want me to fuck you again?"

Rei blinked, cocking her head to the side. "That is the term you like?" she asked, sounding hesitant. "Yes, Ikari, I would like you to... to fuck me again..."

Shinji scrambled to his feet, trying to cover his erection. *God, he thought wildly, why does it sound so wrong when she says it??*

"But I... I raped you..." he blurted.

"No," Rei said calmly, "rape implies lack of consent. I was willing, and I would have stopped you or cried out for help had I been unable to stop you myself." As Shinji chewed on this, Rei added, "I... believe I would have preferred it if you had asked me, so I was more prepared... but I enjoyed myself very much., and I would like to experience it again, if you are willing. I cleaned myself while you were resting. That is proper, correct?"

"I, umm..." Shinji bit his bottom lip. "You're sure you want to do it again?"

Rei frowned slightly. "I would not ask otherwise, Ikari," she said simply.

Brushing a strand of sweat-laden hair off of his forehead, Shinji fought back the urge to utter a mad laugh. *Sure, he thought crazily, take a number, Ayanami – oh, too late, I already fucked you!*

"Please?" Rei asked softly. "I... enjoyed it very much."

Shinji sighed. *How does this keep happening to me?*

"Sit on the bed."

Rei nodded, walking to her bed and sitting on the edge of it with her hands resting lightly in her lap. She waited patiently for her next instruction, pleased that the other pilot would consent to be intimate with someone as lackluster and dull as she.

Crossing the room to stand in front of her, Shinji looked down into her deep red eyes. "I want to do something that's just for you, first," he said quietly, "would that be ok?"

"Yes," Rei said slowly, a small note of uncertainty creeping into her voice as she considered what this mysterious something might be. "But I wish to please you as well."

Shinji knelt in front of her, putting his hands on her knees and nodding his understanding. "Alright, but for now... just put your hands next to you on the bed and close your eyes, ok?"

"Yes..."

Rei did as she was told, closing her eyes as she put her hands on the bed. *This is very... comfortable*, she thought languidly, willingly parting her legs as Shinji applied gentle pressure to the insides of her knees. *Strange. I had hoped to experience this type of intimacy sometime in my life, but honestly I had not expected to – not with my duties – and I certainly did not expect it to be with Shinji. I wonder what he is...*

"...oh!"

The lingering taste of butter was heavy on Shinji's tongue as he gently licked at Rei's dewy pussy, taking great care not to brush her sensitive clit just yet. He blushed faintly as he recalled the reason why this flavor was mingled with Rei's juices, but he had to admit that it added a certain exoticism to the experience. Her own natural taste was faint and understated – a light autumn rain compared to the heavy, earth-tinged musk Asuka gave off.

How strange, he thought as he diligently ate her out, he had five other women to compare to what he was currently doing... and each of them was different. Maya – without question – was his favorite for going down. She simply tasted delicious, and the other women were not UNPLEASANT, but if given the choice, Shinji would lick the young technician's box for hours, any day of the week... with Rei as a close runner-up.

"Mmm..." Rei sighed quietly, unconsciously slipping an inch closer to the edge of the bed to allow Shinji better access to her wet hole. "Mmmmmmm..."

Greatly encouraged, Shinji carefully grasped the girl's slim ankles, lifting them until her legs made a broad V in the air before sliding his palms down to the backs of her thighs and leaning his face in to give her an earnest and thorough licking.

Rei wet her lips. "Ooo..." she breathed, letting her head roll back on her shoulders as the young man delved deep into her sensitive hole. "uh... uhhhhh..."

Every sound the girl made was like music to Shinji's ears. Her pussy – succulent and tender as a summer peach – soon had his face coated with a thin layer of its delicate juices, the scent clinging to him as she had clung to him at the moment of her climax and making him crave more. Closing his eyes and concentrating on the feel and taste of her, Shinji dipped his tongue past her swollen labia, longing to explore her as he had the other women he had been with.

"Ooo!" Rei breathed, opening her eyes and looking down into his face with a wholly understated combination of newly born affection, desire, and curiosity for what he would make her feel next. Shifting her balance to her left hand, she brought her right around from behind her and ran it slowly through Shinji's hair, fascinated by the feel of the heavily saturated strands as she brushed them away from his familiar face.

No, she realized, no one else would do for her.

Shinji's eyes opened at her light touch, and he pulled back, gazing up at her watchful expression for a moment before hesitantly asking, "Do you... is this ok...? Do you like this?"

Rei nodded, once, and moved her hand behind her for better support, deciding that her elbows would make the position less strenuous, since it seemed as

though Shinji was not planning to stop anytime soon. “MmMM...” she hummed deeply as Shinji brought his mouth back to her pussy, this time licking it from the bottom to the top and giving her clit a gentle swipe with the tip of his tongue before repeating the procedure.

Closing his eyes once more, Shinji continued to eat the First with long, almost casual strokes of his tongue, luxuriating in the taste and smell of her seeping slit. *Her skin is kinda... cold*, he thought distantly, trying not to get too worked up too fast, *I dunno, not cold I guess, just... really smooth – like glass or marble or something...*

After several minutes of lapping at her tender slit, Shinji felt Rei’s hands brushing his hair once more. “Now...?” he said hesitantly, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand as she nodded and held her arms out for him to join her on the bed.

*Well*, he thought, settling in on top of her and grasping his throbbing dick by the base of the shaft for better control, *here goes...*

Though Rei was wet from climaxing twice, and still had lingering traces of butter and his own saliva all over her, Shinji still had trouble working his cock into her pussy. She was so tight it was almost uncomfortable, and it took more than a minute and a half to fit himself all the way inside, holding his position and feeling her smooth walls pulsing in time with her heartbeat around his aching prick.

“Uhh!”

Rei gasped as he pulled halfway out and slowly stroked back into her. At this slower pace, she could feel every minute detail of his organ as it plunged into her, and she concentrated on the sensation, trying to commit each ridge and vein to memory.

“Uhh! Uhh! Uhh!”

Each stroke yielded a corresponding gasp, driving Shinji crazy as he tried his best not to just pound her willing hole. And her eyes – her eyes were so intense... watching him closely as he worked at pleasing her for a third time. *She’s so quiet*, he thought suddenly, realizing that the only reason he could hear her breathy cries was that he was on top of her, *I’ll bet if I was standing on the other side of the room I wouldn’t hear a thing.*

“Hu...uhhhhh...”

Carefully, Rei wrapped her legs around Shinji’s back, applying gentle pressure to get him to stop with his shaft buried all the way inside of her. For a moment, she simply held him within her, relishing the rhythmic thumping of his heart as she ran her fingertips across his sweaty chest, marveling at the way his taut muscles shivered under her touch.

Bringing her eyes up to his face, Rei parted her moist lips, drawing a deep breath before slowly settling back on her bed and spreading her legs wide open, giving him full access to her luscious body. She put her arms up over her head, and pushed up with her hips, showing that she was ready for him to continue.

Shinji, taking the hint, began to stroke her again, watching as her eyes rolled closed and her lips parted in a soft hiss, her pearl-white teeth touching lightly together as she wrapped her fingers tightly around her headboard.

“Oo...hhhhh...”

It was good... damn good. More than just the tightness of her silky smooth pussy, Shinji found himself entering into Rei in a very different way. His eyes, he discovered, simply would not pull away from hers, locking with her crimson orbs and penetrating her on an emotional level, taking his cues from the tightening around her eyes and the shape her mouth took when he hit certain spots, Shinji began to pump Rei’s superheated box with long, deep, commanding strokes, ignoring everything but the look in her eyes as he bonded himself to her on a psycho-emotional level.

There was, he decided after several minutes, an undeniable thrill in taking a woman for the first time. So far in his life, he had slept with six women... and of

those six, four of them had been virgins. *Well*, he thought, trying not to be too drawn in by the soft whimpers of ecstasy coming from Rei's slender throat, *Maya wasn't TECHNICALLY a virgin...*

But it was not so much the knowledge that he had been the first for these women – it the electric uncertainty of asking himself 'what will SHE do when I touch her this way?' or 'will this turn her on the way it turns Asuka on?' With a sudden burst of insight, Shinji found that he could easily understand how some people grew addicted to sex. If you let yourself forget another person's feelings, or drowned out everything but the physicality of the act itself... you could easily reduce the importance of what was happening and render it insignificant and meaningless.

And if there was one thing he prayed would never happen, it was that...

Especially not with Rei... or Asuka... or Hikari. For some reason, (and the inclusion of Rei caught even HIM off guard) these three were somehow more to him than the others.

*I included Rei because she's so fragile*, he told himself, leaning down to claim a small, gentle kiss before continuing to move inside her. *Asuka can take care of herself... Hikari, well, when she's on her own, and not busy being my slave, she does ok for herself. But Rei... I don't know, she just-*

"Shin... ji..."

Shaking his head to clear it, Shinji refocused his attention on Rei's eyes.

His name... that was all she had spoken since they had begun. She had barely managed weak, breathy moans the entire time, and now she was calling him by name, her eyes growing hazy as she looked up at him.

*It's because she's about to come*, he realized with a jolt.

As if his thought was the trigger, Rei's back arched, her slender, delicate hands coming up under Shinji's arms and caressing his shoulder blades as she climaxed. Her pussy, already on the edge of impossibly tight, grew unbearable – clamping down around his slow-moving cock and clenching it so hard that he was forced to hold still for fear that further movement might hurt her.

Allowing her to pull him down, Shinji gave the red-eyed girl a soft, intimate kiss as she shuddered and gasped against him, slick sweat plastering her azure hair to her forehead and making her seem even frailer somehow. When he had been seized by the fever dream, he had come deep inside of her, barely even conscious of who he was, let alone what the consequences of his actions may be.

Now, however, he knew that he could not let himself go. With a grunt of effort – and a pang of regret – Shinji pulled out of Rei's magnificent hole, groaning softly as he lay on the bed next to her. It was not often that he did not get to come during sex, but he did not mind it.

After all, he had gotten to the top fairly effortlessly when he'd fucked her on the kitchen floor.

*God, I'm such a scumbag*, he thought miserably, averting his eyes as Rei wiped sweat from her brow, panting for breath as the aftershocks of her orgasm sent minute muscle spasms all through her body. *This is the second woman I've taken by force... and it's going to be the last. If – IF, damn it – I have sex with any women besides the ones I've already slept with... I will never force it again, no matter how much they say they want it. It's just too hard...*

"Is this..." Rei panted, barely starting to regain her breath, "a time... that I should be smiling...?"

Shinji felt a sudden spike of intense pity shock through the pit of his stomach. "I don't know," he said softly, staring up at her ceiling to avoid meeting her questioning gaze. "Do you feel happy?"

Rei's reply was immediate and decisive. "Yes. Happy... and very, very tired..."

Laughing softly, Shinji said, "Yeah, that can happen sometimes..."

Slowly, Rei's breathing returned to normal, leaving them in relative silence for a moment. "Will you fuck me again soon?" she asked finally, staring at her ceiling with a faintly thoughtful expression. "I would not mind experiencing it with you again."

Shinji closed his eyes. "Can you... call it something else?" he asked, Ritsuko's words echoing cruelly in his ears as she glanced at him from the corner of her eye. "It... that word doesn't sound right... from you..."

Rei nodded. "What term would you prefer?" she asked quietly.

"I don't know," Shinji admitted, "but that one seems... wrong..."

"Alright..."

Slowly, Rei rolled onto her side, resting her head on both hands and gently brushing her thigh against Shinji's.

"Will you take me again soon?" she asked, speaking as if the conversation of the last few seconds had never taken place. "You are welcome to any time you would like. Truly, Shinji..."

Biting his lip, Shinji nodded. "Er, alright," he said awkwardly, trying not to be surprised that the First would be so calm after being screwed to the point that she was bathed in sweat – or that she would be so polite when letting him know that he was free to come have sex with her any time the mood hit him.

Though he had invitations like that from Maya and Hikari (and Asuka, if there was ever a time SHE wasn't in the mood) it still hit Shinji harder coming from Rei. *Don't know why*, he thought as Rei stretched her back, pressing her firm tits insistently against his side, *she's decisive about everything else, why not sex too?*

Shinji's contemplation was interrupted as Rei abruptly turned away from him, pushing herself first to a sitting position, then to her feet, and starting towards the apartment's small bathroom. He almost asked where she was going, but a single glance at her sweat-streaked, gorgeously shaped ass was enough to tell him that she was going in search of a shower.

*She could at least say something*, he thought dryly, swinging his feet out of bed and casting around for his clothes. *The silent treatment kind of makes you feel guilty – even if you know she's like that with everyone.*

By the time the water in the bathroom turned off, Shinji was fully clothed. A small wad of paper towels was barely visible in the small garbage can in Rei's kitchen. Shinji had tried to shove them down inside of the can after hastily cleaning himself with them, but the receptacle was already full to overflowing, leaving him no option but to push it as deep as he could.

*So what now?* he asked himself, blushing faintly as he spotted a small dollop of butter he had somehow missed in his less-than-perfect once-over cleaning of the kitchen floor. *It's not like she's a fan of small talk.*

"You are leaving, then?"

Shinji jumped – nearly literally – as he felt Rei's hand land on his shoulder. He turned around, unable to keep himself from staring at her perfectly proportioned body, droplets of water sparkling from every surface as she waited expectantly for his reply. She looked magnificent, he decided – like a goddess poised to grant his every wish, should he be willing to undertake the quest she had planned for him. Somehow, her nudity seemed to wrap itself around her like a suit of armor, giving the impression of complete comfort and showing that she was as unafraid to bare herself to him as the first time he had visited her in this place.

Finally finding his voice, he stammered, "Y-yeah, I guess... unless there's umm... something you wanted to do..."

*Oh THAT doesn't sound like I want to go another round*, he thought with a mental groan. *Nope, twice wasn't enough for me, Ayanami, why don't you bend over that little dresser of yours and give me another taste? Or maybe we could do it on the*

*veranda – you know, give everyone a show. God, everything's about sex with me these days...*

Rei slowly placed her hand on Shinji's chest, staring at the backs of her fingers for a moment before whispering, "I do not know. Lovemaking is not something I have experience with, so I do not know what is normal for afterwards." She stared unblinkingly into his eyes. "Do you have any recommendations?"

"Well, er," Shinji scratched the back of his neck awkwardly and tried to pretend that the girl did not sound like a doctor asking him to turn his head and cough. "People usually... cuddle afterwards, I guess, or talk... or, I don't know, lots of things, I guess..."

"I see," Rei murmured thoughtfully, "very well, then."

Shinji blinked as she turned around, positioning herself with her tight ass facing him before slowly easing herself backwards, ending up with her damp body pressed against his chest. They stood that way for several moments before Rei reached behind herself, taking Shinji by the wrists and bringing his arms around her narrow waist.

Her voice was low and questioning as she whispered, "Is this a good way to cuddle...?"

"Y-yeah, sure," Shinji stammered, nearly wincing as that sharp blast of pity hit him again. "There isn't like, a RIGHT way to do it, I guess... as long as you're close..."

*Like I'm such an authority, he told himself bitterly. Yup – just screw a few women, force one to the floor and butter her up, literally, before you nail HER, and when she asks you how to cuddle when it's all over, you just act like you know it all. God I hate myself.*

He pushed the cruel thoughts away as Rei tilted her head back, resting the back of her neck against his right shoulder and giving him a perfect view of her gorgeously firm tits. "This is... very nice," she said, choosing her words carefully as she closed her eyes and rolled her head to the side, until the side of her head was against Shinji's cheek. "If you are not willing to take me again... may I ask that you spend time holding me like this...? They are both satisfying, and I would very much like to have both happen, but I would enjoy at least this much."

Barely keeping his voice even, Shinji whispered, "I'll find time for you, Rei... for both."

"Mmm..." Rei sighed contentedly. "Thank you, Shinji."

"Sure..."

He held her for another fifteen minutes, finally unwrapping his arms from her body and telling her – reluctantly – that he had to get back soon, before Misato started worrying. Rei nodded, walking to her small dresser and pulling out a clean pair of underwear and an intact pair of panties, slipping both on as Shinji guiltily observed, unable to avoid noticing how sleek and flawless her body was.

*Yeah, I'll be back, he thought miserably, I don't think I could keep myself away, knowing that you want me that bad.*

With Hikari, it had started as an ownership issue... with Asuka... well, with Asuka it was a different kind of ownership issue – but with Rei it had started with mindless force, and somehow, like the other two girls before her, things with Rei had suddenly become far more serious than Shinji ever could have anticipated.

Bidding her goodbye, Shinji spent the entire time between her apartment and the train thinking about how far gone he must have been to have the line between fantasy and reality blur that far. What if he had shown up at Mayumi's house? Or Mana's? Or – worse still – one of the girls in class he REALLY didn't know very well? At least the other two had spoken to him before (though Mana had been avoiding him lately), but he could not imagine what would have happened if he had turned up at Yomiko or Haruka's house and started fondling them.

*Probably be in jail right now, he thought disgustedly. This can never – EVER happen again. I need to make sure that I'm never left alone when I'm tired, it's too dangerous.*

With a sigh, he heaved himself up out of his seat and exited the train, unable to keep his mind from skipping back to the sweet, bewitching sound of Rei gasping his name. Yes, he thought guiltily, he would definitely be making time for her.

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"Here, Master."

Shinji sighed, taking the mug from Hikari with a weak smile. "Thanks."

The apartment's kitchen was quiet, in spite of the numerous pots and pans cooking busily on the stove. *I... am such a prick*, he thought tiredly, taking a sip of the perfectly cooled tea. *Why would you WANT me as a master??*

Hikari... had been sitting outside the apartment when Shinji got home, staring at her shoes and sniffing as she clutched her cell phone in one hand, clearly on the verge of calling someone to come and help her. She had been there for a half hour, it seemed, knocking and calling through the door for Shinji to let her in. Asuka had told her of Shinji's fever during lunch, and she had hurried over right after school to check on him.

"I'm so glad you're ok," she said now, kneeling at Shinji's side and resting her head in his lap to gaze up at him with open adoration. "Where did you go, Master? You shouldn't be moving around when you're sick..."

*Will Rei tell anyone?* Shinji thought suddenly, taking another sip of his tea to stall for time. *She never said she would keep it a secret... and I never asked her to.*

Clearing his throat, he finally replied, "I needed some fresh air... it was kind of stuffy in here, you know? I'm sorry I worried you."

"It's ok, Master," Hikari said, beaming as he rested a hand on her head. "As long as you're ok, that's all that matters to me. Now sit tight while I finish dinner – I made enough for Asuka and Miss Katsuragi, but they said they wouldn't be home until like, ten or something like that. Oh, and Miss Katsuragi said to tell you that since you missed the, er... what did she call it?" Hikari closed her eyes in thought for a moment before nodding to herself. "That's right – the ambient synchronization cross-indexing... since you missed that, you'll have to participate tomorrow, if your fever's gone."

*Ambient who what?* Shinji thought. *That's a new one... Ritsuko must be pressed for something to do lately, since the angels haven't been popping up for a while. And I guess you can only screw so much before you need something to take your mind off of the fact that you have nothing else to do.*

"Well," he said aloud, "my fever's gone, so I guess I'll have to do it."

Hikari lightly stroked his leg. "Master..."

"Hmm?"

"Are you ok?" Seeing his frown, Hikari hurried on. "I mean... you've been really tired lately, and this fever... is there something wrong, Master? Are we... asking for too much?"

*Good lord, yes*, Shinji thought, taking a deep drink to avoid the question as long as possible. *I'm only one man, you know. Between you, and Asuka, and Misato, and Ritsuko, and Maya, and – God – now Rei, too?? Yeah... I'm a little tired – but you know something? I think I'm starting to get it all figured out...*

Certain aspects of his life, Shinji realized, WERE becoming clearer. If he could just have a couple more weeks to figure it all out!

Seeing his hesitation on the subject, Hikari quickly chose a new topic.

"Everything's coming along pretty nicely," she said lightly, gazing up at her master



with her bottom lip trapped firmly between her teeth. "We've probably got at least twenty minutes or... or a half hour before it's ready to eat..."

Shinji nodded, averting his eyes as he realized that it had been quite a few days since he had paid Hikari any real attention. *We haven't really done much since that one night*, he thought, absently stroking the girl's long hair, *It was so intense I think I've been scared of what she must think, but that's stupid... she hasn't changed at all.*

"Well," he said levelly, glancing down at her with an encouraging smile, "what do you think we should do?"

Swallowing hard, Hikari breathed, "What do you want me to do, Master?"

*God, you deserve so much better than me*, Shinji thought, *I'm so unimaginative when it comes to this. Guess you're stuck with me for right now, though...*

"Stand up and take off your shirt," he said quietly, preparing himself to slip into his 'master' role. "I don't like it."

It did take some concentration, he thought as Hikari rose and began unbuttoning her school shirt. After all, he was not used to telling others what to do... though he had to admit that it was becoming a little too easy to get in the mindset of an owner.

With Hikari, anyway.

"Do you want me to wear something else to school?" Hikari asked. "The dress code is... a little flexible, so I could substi-

"No," Shinji cut in smoothly, "it's fine for there... but if you're alone with me, I'd like to see you in something else, sometimes."

*Oh yeah*, he thought disgustedly, *it's SO hard to be a master. Why don't you admit it, pervert – you LOVE owning her...*

Hikari shrugged her shirt off, unconsciously straightening her back and thrusting her plain, white cotton bra out further than it normally would. "I love it when you look at me, Master," she whispered, waiting for her next instruction.

"Come over here," Shinji directed, pointing to the floor next to him, "kneel down. No, face the other way."

"Away from you, Master?" Hikari said, turning obediently so that her back was to her owner.

Shinji felt that this needed no confirmation, and remained silent, hooking his fingers into her bra strap and unfastening the catch with the ease of practice before letting the garment slip off and fall into Hikari's lap. "Put your hands behind your neck and lean back against me," he told her, "stick out your chest... yeah, like that. Now close your eyes."

Staring over her shoulder at her firm, proudly upraised tits, Shinji found himself comparing. *She's bigger than Rei*, he thought, leaning forward in his chair to get a better view, *not much, but a little... God, I like the way this looks. It's like I can see everything from up here, or something. It's just... I dunno, a nice view...*

"Ohh Master," Hikari moaned, licking her lips as Shinji slid his hands up under her armpits and cupped her soft breasts. "That feels so good... mm..." As he began massaging her, Hikari suddenly blurted, "Will you... take pictures of me sometime, Master?"

Shinji froze. "Huh?"

"You don't have to if you don't want to," Hikari said quickly, keeping her eyes closed in spite of her desire to see the expression on his face. "I just... it feels so sexy when you're looking at me, and I was thinking, if you liked it too... I want you to be able to look at me even if I'm not here, does that make sense? God, I'm being selfish again – but if you want to, Master, I'd love it if you had pictures of me..."

Slowly, Shinji resumed his gentle caress. "What if someone else found them?" he said quietly. "It seems kind of dangerous to me."

Hikari nodded. "I know," she said levelly, "but I trust you, Master... I know you wouldn't deliberately let anyone else see them – except Asuka, of course – and if you like my body as much as I like yours, well, I want you to be able to see it anytime you want."

Oddly, this made sense to Shinji. "Not today," he said calmly, "maybe some time, but not today."

Feeling herself getting wet at the mere prospect of having her master photographing her in the nude, Hikari breathed, "Anytime, Master, I – ohh do that again!"

Shinji, who had been musing that it would probably be incredibly hot to take pictures of the girl, had accidentally squeezed both of her breasts rather hard, nearly flattening them against her chest. "Are you sure?" he asked, "Doesn't that... hurt?"

"A little," Hikari admitted, "but it felt really good, too!"

"Alright..."

"Unnnhhh!!"

Hikari groaned as Shinji roughly squeezed and fondled her breasts, his palms inadvertently rubbing at her tender nipples. *That's right, she thought, treat me like a slave, Master – I want it this way. I belong to you... don't ever be afraid to hurt me if it makes you feel good.*

After several minutes of this treatment, Shinji eased up, lightly pinching Hikari's nipples and kissing her softly on the side of the neck, his lips grazing the soft fabric of her unobtrusive collar and making her even wetter than his hands on her firm tits. Here, she was a toy – a slave... and it was so easy not to think.

"M-master," she stammered, itching to take her hands away from her neck and pull her skirt up for him, "I want you in me..."

*Like you were in Asuka that day in our classroom, she thought hazily, barely aware of Shinji's murmur of assent. She keeps denying it, but it's all over her face. I can't believe you guys did it THERE... and I can't believe I missed it! Oh that would have been so hot – just like in a mov-*

"Put your hands in front of you," Shinji's voice cut into her thoughts, bringing her back to the present and making her aware of the fact that he was easing her forward onto all fours.

"Yes, Master," Hikari whispered, trying not to beg for more as he flipped her skirt up onto her back and gently fingered her through her soaking panties.

Her breath caught as she realized that she could see herself. It was a small, slightly warped reflection, but there she was, peering back at herself from the shiny surface of the chrome garbage can – naked from the waist up, her skirt up over her hips... and her master kneeling behind her with his dick inches from her pussy.

*Oh G-*

Hikari's mind short-circuited as Shinji plunged into her, the reflection on the garbage can opening its mouth in undisguised ecstasy as a hand reached out to run through her tousled hair. Shinji knew how she liked to be taken, and obligingly gave her what she wanted, tangling his fingers in her hair and pumping her with long, authoritative strokes as he pulled her head back and dug his fingers cruelly into her hip.

"Yessss...!" she hissed, trying to keep her eyes on their reflection as he pumped in and out of her. "Like that, Master – like that! Ohh!"

*I look like a slut, she thought dizzily, feeling herself already starting to climb as she watched herself getting nailed. Look at that, I'm all sweaty and red – and I'm getting fucked doggy style... on the kitchen FLOOR!! God, I'm gonna COME!*

“AHH! MASTER!!”

Shinji blinked as Hikari suddenly cried out, her back arching as she climaxed. *She's... damn, she's never come THAT fast before!* he thought, amazed as Hikari shook her head from side to side and pushed herself desperately back against him. *I wonder what-*

“Again!” Hikari gasped. “Harder – PLEASE! Master, I'm gonna come AGAIN!!”

In the whirlwind of multiple orgasms raging through her body, Hikari found a brief, almost surreally peaceful place. In that place, she could clearly see herself stretched out on Shinji's bed, posing in slutty lingerie as Shinji calmly snapped off picture after picture, telling her quietly that she was gorgeous, and sexy, and finally – that he couldn't keep his hands to himself, throwing her back on the bed and taking her as she screamed in ecstasy.

...much as she was screaming at that very moment.

“AHHH!!”

On her third (or was it fourth? She had somehow lost track) consecutive orgasm, Hikari felt Shinji's cock, buried deep within her, erupt, coating her insides with thick, sticky semen. The world – foggy and distant since she had started coming – swam back into view, showing her dazzled eyes a stunning image.

In the shiny garbage can, Hikari could see herself panting for breath, her face streaked with sweat as Shinji's hands ran gently over her back and ass, easing her back down to earth as her thoughts collided and spun through her mind. *So... good to me... oh Master... I don't deserve you – I can't live without you. God, don't ever leave me...*

Slowly, Shinji pulled out of her, helping her to her feet and leading her into the bathroom to get cleaned up as her knees kept threatening to buckle out from under her. As he helped her wash, Hikari could not take her eyes off of her reflection. Nipples erect... face flushed... eyes shining... body glistening with sweat. This was how she wanted to be seen. Not by everyone, just by those who mattered... namely Shinji and Asuka.

Running a hand through her hair, Hikari decided on the spot that she would definitely find a way to have Shinji take pictures of her... because if she could actually find herself attractive this way, surely he must too.

...mustn't he?

The End... for now

Author's notes: ok, ok, so I took the idea of Hikari watching herself getting sexed up from Gord's [Innocent Seduction](#), but it's ok – I told Gord I was gonna use it! ... oh wait, did I ask or did I just think it? ^\_^ So there you have it – Rei's appearance! Hopefully it was worth the wait, and if not – oh well, it's not like I'm gonna rewrite 6 chapters and 3 side stories to make one character get humped faster :P

Pre-read on this one was by Avalon, of course, cuz he can't seem to say no. Or rather, he DOES say no, and I just send the shit to him anyway, then bug him until he reads it to shut me up. I'm like that. Also pre-reading on this chapter was Rakna... cuz he wouldn't shut up about Rei until I wrote her getting screwed! -\_- Sheesh, some people.

Feedback if you want, I won't stop you. I won't help you, but I won't stop you either.

-Rx7

## Stage Seven – Fever Dream (Second version)

“Is he ok?”

Shinji tried to open his eyes, but found it far too difficult, groaning weakly as a cool hand was laid against his brow.

“It’s just a fever,” a quiet, familiar voice (drawing images of sweat-soaked hair and breasts shining with sweat) reported, “he’ll be fine if he gets some sleep.”

“Should I stay home from school?” another familiar voice (images of blue and red and gorgeous lips parted in heavenly moans) asked hesitantly. “We were supposed to have a test today, but I could-”

“No,” the first voice cut in quietly, “he’ll be fine – it’s not like he’s gonna pick up and leave while we’re gone, right? Let’s just let him sleep. I’ll leave him a note and a couple bucks to order some takeout.”

“Al...alright...”

There was a pause, then soft, moist lips were pressed lightly to Shinji’s burning forehead.

“Rest up, Third Child,” the second voice murmured – sounding absurdly tender, “I’m looking forward to... well, you know. I’ve been thinking about it all day, so be better when I get home, ok?”

“Slut,” the first voice whispered teasingly.

“Whore,” the second voice countered, moving away in a dreamy hazy as Shinji drifted back to sleep.

*Time in dreams was always a topic that fascinated Shinji. It simply amazed him that a person’s subconscious could bring them from a place like an apartment to down in the city streets without any logical explanation of how you got there. He thought he remembered slipping his shoes on, but even that was hazy.*

*It was a fuzzy, surreal sort of dream, the kind that’s blurry and vague one second, and so hyper realistic the next that you can actually imagine whole conversations between yourself and other people.*

*“Your pass is about to expire, you know.”*

*“Yeah, I know... I’ll get a new one at work on Monday.”*

*“Heh... work, that’s funny. You NERV brats are all the same.”*

*“Uh huh.”*

*“Hey, you ok, kid? You look kinda...”*

*Shinji blinked, and found himself stepping off the train, the rest of the conversation lost to him as he glanced up and down the vaguely familiar street.*

***Hope I didn’t say anything TOO stupid, he thought ironically, feeling particularly lucid as he crossed the street and made a left. Hey, I know where I am...huh.***

*Finding nothing unusual about being in this neighborhood – especially based on his thought patterns when he had slept with Doctor Akagi – Shinji made his way towards the huge apartment building across from him, amazed that the heat from his fever was making itself known even now, in his sleep.*

***Fever dream, he thought sagely, that's what they call it, right? Everything seems so real.***

*Everything did, indeed, seem very realistic. Shinji imagined that he could actually FEEL the thrumming of the construction equipment that was always hammering away in this area like a thumping in his chest. Ducking into the apartment building, he made his way to the fourth floor, pushing the door to unit 402 open and stepping casually inside.*

*"Weird," he muttered to himself, putting a hand on his forehead and making his way into the kitchen, "you'd think if I was going to dream about her, she'd actually be home. God, I can't even do THAT right..."*

*He laughed weakly, taking in his surroundings. It was still a sty. Instant food wrappers (all of them vegetarian, he noticed) were tossed haphazardly into the garbage. Dust was on every unused surface. Bandages – hadn't he cleaned those up LAST time he was over?? – were piled in one corner. The only things that were even remotely clean were the bed and the kitchen counter.*

***Should really cover that butter, though, he mused, feeling a faint throbbing behind his eyes as he licked his lips absently, it'll go bad...***

*A soft noise drew his attention to the door... and there she was – soft blue hair perfectly framing her porcelain face, from which her placid red eyes gazed unblinkingly at him, a small bag of groceries dangling forgotten from one hand as she coolly regarded him.*

*The girl said nothing, showing no surprise that the Third was in her apartment. Shinji stared at her, the pulsing in his temples seeming to grow exponentially the longer his eyes lingered on her smooth, flawless skin. Suddenly, though he could not tell precisely how, he was across the room, his fingers digging almost cruelly into her upper arms as he pulled her lips to his and kissed her, offering her no alternative but to give in. After a moment, the girl parted her lips, allowing his thrusting tongue to invade her delicate mouth, the bag of groceries slipping from her fingers as her arms hung loosely at her sides.*

*Shinji felt like laughing as the girl's flimsy school shirt disintegrated, immediately surrendering its structural integrity to his roughly grasping hands with a loud, satisfying tearing sound, and a soft gasp filled the air as his mouth descended onto her right breast, his right hand darting up between her legs as he took absolute control of the situation. It was like being with Hikari, in a way... only knowing that the girl had not been intimate with him in any way before – not even so much as using his first name – made it that much more exciting. It was conquest, pure and simple. He was going to take what he wanted from her, and she was going to surrender to his every whim.*

*Overall, he thought as he fingered her pussy through her thin panties, not a bad dream at all.*

*The girl gave another small grunt as he grabbed her by the shoulders and hustled her to the floor, leaving the shreds of her shirt hanging loosely on her slender body. He attacked her firm tits with gusto, sucking and licking at them one at a time, unable to get enough of her succulent, taut nipples – so round and hard that he was sure they must have been aching.*

*"Spread your legs," he hissed, leaning back to pull his pants down to his knees as she stared up at him. "Do it!"*

*Silently, the girl obeyed.*

*White cotton peeked out from between smooth-as-cream thighs, enticing him – enraging him – and in a breath; this final barrier had been torn free. Still, the girl made not a sound, her beautiful red eyes slightly wide with surprise, but otherwise holding no fear. He hoisted her legs high into the air, pressing himself against her – iron on silk – and sought to claim her, but no matter how he strove, he could not force himself in. He knew there was moisture there – could feel it on the tip of his cock -- but it simply was not enough to allow him to get into her pussy.*

***Need... something... he thought, putting a hand on his forehead as the girl's face suddenly blurred. Some... lubricant... or... or b-butter or some... thin... g...***

*The simple act of thinking seemed too difficult, so Shinji gave up on it, trying once more to pushing himself into the girl's waiting hole, actually succeeding in getting her lips to part enough for his head to get in before the blurriness at the edges of his vision swam up, turned to black, and sent him spiraling down into an unbroken pit of darkness.*

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Shinji awoke from his intense dream feeling well-rested and calm, if a bit sore. *Must have fallen off the bed*, he thought, shifting around on the hard floor as he contemplated the fantasy he had just experienced. *Man... that was... wow...*

He swallowed, hearing a dry click in the back of his throat as a faint frown creased his brow.

*Was my floor always this cold?* he thought, squirming slightly as he realized that there was something on his stomach. *Asuka?*

With a feeling of unreality, Shinji opened his eyes.

“Oh... no...”

In most romance/comedy genre movies wherein a dream sequence takes place and the hero wakes to find it reality, there is a brief, blissful moment of confusion or doubt, wherein he or she is allowed to believe – if only for that short time – that maybe it really WAS all a dream.

Shinji was not allowed this luxury as he opened his eyes, finding himself flat on his back, staring at Rei's ceiling. The weight on his stomach, of course, was Rei's arm, and as he followed it up to her face, he found her studying him closely, clearly waiting for him to awaken before confronting him.

“Are you going finish taking me now...?” she whispered, staring unblinkingly into his eyes.

“Ayanami, I-”

“I was not aware that it you were so... forceful,” Rei said softly. “You were very warm, but when I tried to get a damp washcloth for you, you held me so I could not move.” She laid her head on his chest, lightly stroking his stomach with her fingertips as she observed, “You were very rough with me, Ikari.”

“I d-didn't, did I?” Shinji whispered, his face entirely crimson as the full weight of what he had done began to settle on him. “I mean, I didn't actually DO... it, did I??”

Rei considered this carefully, staring up at her wall as her fingers continued to idly stroke his stomach. “No,” she said finally, “you did not enter me... though had

you not passed out when you did, I am sure you would have succeeded. You were very close.”

Shinji covered his face with his palms, shutting out the image of the girl’s somber eyes and tattered clothing. “God...” he sobbed, “Ayanami, I’m-”

“Rei.”

“W-what?”

“Please, if you would... I would like to be called Rei.”

Slowly, Shinji pulled his hands away from his eyes. “I don’t... understand,” he said honestly, “I... I almost raped you – and you want me to call you by your first name??”

“Yes,” Rei said simply. “I have been... interested in you for some time now, Ika-Shinji, but I am not adept at...”

“...living?” Shinji offered sadly as she trailed off.

It was Rei’s turn to avert her eyes. “When you were seized by the fever,” she said quietly, “you were intense... aggressive. You meant to make me yours, no matter my wishes.” Her eyes inched their way back up to Shinji’s. “It was very arousing, Shinji. I would like to have you take me, if you still wish to.”

Shinji wet his lips. “Why?” he asked simply. “Why would you want me to... to sleep with you?”

Rei considered this for several moments, never once looking away from Shinji’s face. “Because I want to experience it,” she said finally, offering a small shrug. “The idea of lovemaking has always fascinated me... but I have not ever had the time or the inclination to pursue a relationship.” She glanced down at his soft member as he stammered another apology, damning himself for nearly raping her. “I would not have allowed this to happen with another, Shinji,” she informed him quietly, tentatively caressing his dick with the tips of her fingers, “it was only because it was you that I surrendered without a fight...”

Shinji honestly had no reply for this simple statement, so he kept his silence, shivering slightly as the First finally pulled away from him and rose to her feet.

“Will you finish what was begun...?”

Unable to believe his ears, Shinji stammered, “You... you really want me to fuck you?”

Rei blinked, cocking her head to the side. “That is the term you like?” she asked, sounding hesitant. “Yes, Shinji, I would like you to... to fuck me...”

Shinji scrambled to his feet, trying to cover his growing erection. *God*, he thought wildly, *why does it sound so wrong when she says it??*

“But I... I almost raped you...” he blurted.

“Yes,” Rei said calmly, “almost. However, there is another factor to consider – and that is that rape implies lack of consent. I was willing to have you take me, Ikari, and I still am. I would have stopped you or cried out for help had I been unable to stop you myself, and had I the inclination... but I truly wish to be with you.” As Shinji chewed on this, Rei added, “I... believe I would have preferred it if you had asked me, so I was more prepared... but I was very much looking forward to having you inside of me., and I would like to experience it now, if you are willing.”

“I, umm...” Shinji bit his bottom lip. “You’re sure you want to do this?”

Rei frowned slightly. "I would not ask otherwise, Ikari," she said simply.

Brushing a strand of sweat-laden hair off of his forehead, Shinji fought back the urge to utter a mad laugh. *Sure, he thought crazily, take a number, Ayanami – oh, too late, I already tried to fuck you! Why not finish the job, huh? Then the only girl I'm on speaking terms that I HAVEN'T fucked will be Karishima... and she's been acting weird lately, so-*

"Please?" Rei asked softly, cutting into his wildly rambling thoughts. "I... would enjoy it very much."

Shinji sighed. *How does this keep happening to me?*

"Sit on the bed."

Rei nodded, walking to her bed and sitting on the edge of it with her hands resting lightly in her lap. She waited patiently for her next instruction, pleased that the other pilot would consent to be intimate with someone as lackluster and dull as she.

Crossing the room to stand in front of her, Shinji looked down into her deep red eyes. "I want to do something that's just for you, first," he said quietly, "would that be ok?"

"Yes," Rei said slowly, a small note of uncertainty creeping into her voice as she considered what this mysterious something might be. "But I wish to please you as well."

Shinji knelt in front of her, putting his hands on her knees and nodding his understanding. "Alright, but for now... just put your hands next to you on the bed and close your eyes, ok?"

"Yes..."

Rei did as she was told, closing her eyes as she put her hands on the bed. *This is very... comfortable*, she thought languidly, willingly parting her legs as Shinji applied gentle pressure to the insides of her knees. *Strange. I had hoped to experience this type of intimacy sometime in my life, but honestly I had not expected to – not with my duties – and I certainly did not expect it to be with Shinji. I wonder what he is...*

"...oh!"

Shinji's tongue moved slowly as he gently licked at Rei's dewy pussy, taking great care not to brush her sensitive clit just yet. He blushed faintly as he unconsciously analyzed her natural taste, finding it faint and understated – a light autumn rain compared to the heavy, earth-tinged musk Asuka gave off.

How strange, he thought as he diligently ate her out, he had five other women to compare to what he was currently doing... and each of them was different. Maya – without question – was his favorite for going down. She simply tasted delicious, and the other women were not UNPLEASANT, but if given the choice, Shinji would lick the young technician's box for hours, any day of the week... with Rei as a close runner-up.

"Mmm..." Rei sighed quietly, unconsciously slipping an inch closer to the edge of the bed to allow Shinji better access to her wet hole. "Mmmmmmm..."

Greatly encouraged, Shinji carefully grasped the girl's slim ankles, lifting them until her legs made a broad V in the air before sliding his palms down to the backs of her thighs and leaning his face in to give her an earnest and thorough licking.



Rei wet her lips. "Ooo..." she breathed, letting her head roll back on her shoulders as the young man delved deep into her sensitive hole. "uh... uhhhhh..."

Every sound the girl made was like music to Shinji's ears. Her pussy – succulent and tender as a summer peach – soon had his face coated with a thin layer of its delicate juices, the scent clinging to him as he had clung to her when she had tried to get a washcloth to sooth his fevered brow. Closing his eyes and concentrating on the feel and taste of her, Shinji dipped his tongue past her swollen labia, longing to explore her as he had the other women he had been with.

"Ooo!" Rei breathed, opening her eyes and looking down into his face with a wholly understated combination of newly born affection, desire, and curiosity for what he would make her feel next. Shifting her balance to her left hand, she brought her right around from behind her and ran it slowly through Shinji's hair, fascinated by the feel of the heavily saturated strands as she brushed them away from his familiar face.

No, she realized, no one else would do for her.

Shinji's eyes opened at her light touch, and he pulled back, gazing up at her watchful expression for a moment before hesitantly asking, "Do you... is this ok...? Do you like this?"

Rei nodded, once, and moved her hand behind her for better support, deciding that her elbows would make the position less strenuous, since it seemed as though Shinji was not planning to stop anytime soon. "MmMM..." she hummed deeply as Shinji brought his mouth back to her pussy, this time licking it from the bottom to the top and giving her clit a gentle swipe with the tip of his tongue before repeating the procedure.

Closing his eyes once more, Shinji continued to eat the First with long, almost casual strokes of his tongue, luxuriating in the taste and smell of her seeping slit. *Her skin is kinda... cold*, he thought distantly, trying not to get too worked up too fast, *I dunno, not cold I guess, just... really smooth – like glass or marble or something. I'm glad I did this first, though, maybe I'll be able to get it in this time...*

After several minutes of lapping at her tender slit, Shinji felt Rei's hands brushing his hair once more. "Now...?" he said hesitantly, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand as she nodded and held her arms out for him to join her on the bed.

*Well*, he thought, settling in on top of her and grasping his throbbing dick by the base of the shaft for better control, *here goes...*

Though Rei was wet from having him eat her out for so long, Shinji still had trouble working his cock into her pussy. She was so tight it was almost uncomfortable, and it took more than a minute and a half to fit himself all the way inside, holding his position and feeling her smooth walls pulsing in time with her heartbeat around his aching prick.

It would not occur to him until later that he had met no resistance.

"Uhh!"

Rei gasped as he pulled halfway out and slowly stroked back into her. At this slow pace, she could feel every minute detail of his organ as it plunged into her, and she concentrated on the sensation, trying to commit each ridge and vein to memory.

"Uhh! Uhh! Uhh!"

Every stroke yielded a corresponding gasp, driving Shinji crazy as he tried his best not to just pound her willing hole. And her eyes – her eyes were so intense... watching him closely as he worked at pleasing her for the first time. *She's so quiet*, he thought suddenly, realizing that the only reason he could hear her breathy cries was that he was on top of her, *I'll bet if I was standing on the other side of the room I wouldn't hear a thing.*

"Hu...uhhhhh..."

Carefully, Rei wrapped her legs around Shinji's back, applying gentle pressure to get him to stop with his shaft buried all the way inside of her. For a moment, she simply held him within her, relishing the rhythmic thumping of his heart as she ran her fingertips across his sweaty chest, marveling at the way his taut muscles shivered under her touch.

Bringing her eyes up to his face, Rei parted her moist lips, drawing a deep breath before slowly settling back on her bed and spreading her legs wide open, giving him full access to her luscious body. She put her arms up over her head, and pushed up with her hips, showing that she was ready for him to continue.

Shinji, taking the hint, began to stroke her again, watching as her eyes rolled closed and her lips parted in a soft hiss, her pearl-white teeth touching lightly together as she wrapped her fingers tightly around her headboard.

"Oo...hhhhh..."

It was good... damn good. More than just the tightness of her silky smooth pussy, Shinji found himself entering into Rei in a very different way. His eyes, he discovered, simply would not pull away from hers, locking with her crimson orbs and penetrating her on an emotional level, taking his cues from the tightening around her eyes and the shape her mouth took when he hit certain spots, Shinji began to pump Rei's superheated box with long, deep, commanding strokes, ignoring everything but the look in her eyes as he bonded himself to her on a psycho-emotional level.

There was, he decided after several minutes, an undeniable thrill in taking a woman for the first time. So far in his life, he had slept with six women... and of those six, four of them had been virgins. *Well*, he thought, trying not to be too drawn in by the soft whimpers of ecstasy coming from Rei's slender throat, *Maya wasn't TECHNICALLY a virgin...*

But it was not so much the knowledge that he had been the first for these women – it the electric uncertainty of asking himself 'what will SHE do when I touch her this way?' or 'will this turn her on the way it turns Asuka on?' With a sudden burst of insight, Shinji found that he could easily understand how some people grew addicted to sex. If you let yourself forget another person's feelings, or drowned out everything but the physicality of the act itself... you could easily reduce the importance of what was happening and render it insignificant and meaningless.

And if there was one thing he prayed would never happen, it was that...

Rei was so lovely – and so much smaller than he'd thought. Her legs, her waist, her breasts, her lips, every part of her seemed suddenly fragile and delicate, waiting only for a simple miscalculation or deliberate act to inflict terrible damage on her petite frame.

Her petal-like lips were parted slightly, and the quiet cries he was pulling from her chest were growing more and more frantic as he continued to fuck her, pumping her tight hole relentlessly in search of his own climax. She was close... Shinji could feel it – and he desperately wanted her to enjoy it, especially after what he had tried to do to her.

*She's so fragile*, he thought, leaning down to claim a small, gentle kiss before continuing to move inside her. *Asuka can take care of herself... Hikari, well, when she's on her own, and not busy being my slave, she does ok for herself. But Rei... I don't know, she just-*

"Shin... ji..."

Shaking his head to clear it, Shinji refocused his attention on Rei's eyes.

His name... that was all she had spoken since they had begun. She had barely managed weak, breathy moans the entire time, and now she was calling him by name, her eyes growing hazy as she looked up at him.

*It's because she's about to come*, he realized with a jolt.

As if his thought was the trigger, Rei's back arched, her slender, delicate hands coming up under Shinji's arms and caressing his shoulder blades as she climaxed. Her pussy, already on the edge of impossibly tight, grew unbearable – clamping down around his slow-moving cock and clenching it so hard that he was forced to hold still for fear that further movement might hurt her.

Allowing her to pull him down, Shinji gave the red-eyed girl a soft, intimate kiss as she shuddered and gasped against him, slick sweat plastering her azure hair to her forehead and making her seem even frailer somehow. When he had been seized by the fever dream, he was sure he would have come deep inside of her, barely even conscious of who he was, let alone what the consequences of his actions may be.

Now, however, he knew that he could not let himself go. With a grunt of effort – and a pang of regret – Shinji pulled out of Rei's magnificent hole, groaning softly as he lay on the bed next to her. It was not often that he did not get to come during sex, but he did not mind it.

*God, I'm such a scumbag*, he thought miserably, averting his eyes as Rei wiped sweat from her brow, panting for breath as the aftershocks of her orgasm sent minute muscle spasms all through her body. *I almost raped her... and she STILL wanted to-*

"Is this..." Rei panted, barely starting to regain her breath, "a time... that I should be smiling...?"

Shinji felt a sudden spike of intense pity shock through the pit of his stomach. "I don't know," he said softly, staring up at her ceiling to avoid meeting her questioning gaze. "Do you feel happy?"

Rei's reply was immediate and decisive. "Yes. Happy... and very, very tired..."

Laughing softly, Shinji said, "Yeah, that can happen sometimes..."

Slowly, Rei's breathing returned to normal, leaving them in relative silence for a moment. "Will you fuck me again soon?" she asked finally, staring at her ceiling with a faintly thoughtful expression. "I would not mind experiencing it with you again."

Shinji closed his eyes. "Can you... call it something else?" he asked, Ritsuko's words echoing cruelly in his ears as she glanced at him from the corner of her eye. "It... that word doesn't sound right... from you..."

Rei nodded. "What term would you prefer?" she asked quietly.

"I don't know," Shinji admitted, "but that one seems... wrong..."

"Alright..."

Slowly, Rei rolled onto her side, resting her head on both hands and gently brushing her thigh against Shinji's.

"Will you take me again soon?" she asked, speaking as if the conversation of the last few seconds had never taken place. "You are welcome to any time you would like."

Biting his lip, Shinji nodded. "Er, alright," he said awkwardly, trying not to be surprised that the First would be so calm after being screwed to the point that she was bathed in sweat – or that she would be so polite when letting him know that he was free to come have sex with her any time the mood hit him.

Though he had invitations like that from Maya and Hikari (and Asuka, if there was ever a time SHE wasn't in the mood) it still hit Shinji harder coming from Rei.

*Don't know why*, he thought as Rei stretched her back, pressing her firm tits insistently against his side, *she's decisive about everything else, why not sex too?*

Shinji's contemplation was interrupted as Rei abruptly turned away from him, pushing herself first to a sitting position, then to her feet, and starting towards the apartment's small bathroom. He almost asked where she was going, but a single glance at her sweat-streaked, gorgeously shaped ass was enough to tell him that she was going in search of a shower.

*She could at least say something*, he thought dryly, swinging his feet out of bed and casting around for his clothes. *The silent treatment kind of makes you feel guilty – even if you know she's like that with everyone.*

By the time the water in the bathroom turned off, Shinji was fully clothed. A small wad of paper towels was barely visible in the small garbage can in Rei's kitchen.

Shinji had tried to shove them down inside of the can after hastily cleaning himself with them, but the receptacle was already full to overflowing, leaving him no option but to push it as deep as he could.

*So what now?* he asked himself, *It's not like she's a fan of small talk.*

"You are leaving, then?"

Shinji jumped – nearly literally – as he felt Rei's hand land on his shoulder. He turned around, unable to keep himself from staring at her perfectly proportioned body, droplets of water sparkling from every surface as she stared at him, a bath towel lying forgotten over her shoulders as she waited for his reply. She looked magnificent, he decided – like a goddess poised to grant his every wish, should he be willing to undertake the quest she had planned for him. Somehow, her nudity seemed to wrap itself around her like a suit of armor, giving the impression of complete comfort and showing that she was as unafraid to bare herself to him as the first time he had visited her in this place.

Finally finding his voice, he stammered, "Y-yeah, I guess... unless there's umm... something you wanted to do..."

*Oh THAT doesn't sound like I want to go another round*, he thought with a mental groan. *Nope, it wasn't enough for me, Ayanami, why don't you bend over that little dresser of yours and give me another taste? Or maybe we could do it on the veranda – you know, give everyone a show. God, everything's about sex with me these days...*

Rei slowly placed her hand on Shinji's chest, staring at the backs of her fingers for a moment before whispering, "I do not know. Lovemaking is not something I have experience with, so I do not know what is normal for afterwards." She stared unblinkingly into his eyes. "Do you have any recommendations?"

"Well, er," Shinji scratched the back of his neck awkwardly and tried to pretend that the girl did not sound like a doctor asking him to turn his head and cough.

“People usually... cuddle afterwards, I guess, or talk... or, I don’t know, lots of things, I guess...”

“I see,” Rei murmured thoughtfully, “alright, then.”

Shinji blinked as she turned around, positioning herself with her tight ass facing him before slowly easing herself backwards, ending up with her damp body pressed against his chest. They stood that way for several moments before Rei reached behind herself, taking Shinji by the wrists and bringing his arms around her narrow waist.

Her voice was low and questioning as she whispered, “Is this a good way to cuddle...?”

“Y-yeah, sure,” Shinji stammered, nearly wincing as that sharp blast of pity hit him again. “There isn’t like, a RIGHT way to do it, I guess... as long as you’re close...”

*Like I’m such an authority, he told himself bitterly. Yup – just screw a few women, force one to the floor and nearly rape her before you nail her, and when she asks you how to cuddle when it’s all over, you just act like you know it all. God I hate myself.*

He pushed the cruel thoughts away as Rei tilted her head back, resting the back of her neck against his right shoulder and giving him a perfect view of her gorgeously firm tits. “This is... very nice,” she said, choosing her words carefully as she closed her eyes and rolled her head to the side, until the side of her head was against Shinji’s cheek. “If you are not willing to take me again... may I ask that you spend time holding me like this...? They are both satisfying, and I would very much like to have both happen, but I would enjoy at least this much.”

Barely keeping his voice even, Shinji whispered, “I’ll find time for you, Rei... for both.”

“Mmm...” Rei sighed contentedly. “Thank you, Shinji.”

“Sure...”

He held her for another fifteen minutes, finally unwrapping his arms from her body and telling her – reluctantly – that he had to get back soon, before Misato started worrying. Rei nodded, walking to her small dresser and pulling out an intact pair of panties, slipping them on as Shinji guiltily observed, unable to avoid noticing how sleek and flawless her body was.

*Yeah, I’ll be back, he thought miserably, I don’t think I could keep myself away, knowing that you want me that bad.*

With Hikari, it had started as an ownership issue... with Asuka... well, with Asuka it was a different kind of ownership issue – but with Rei it had started with mindless force, and somehow, like the other two girls before her, things with Rei had suddenly become far more serious than Shinji ever could have anticipated.

Bidding her goodbye, Shinji spent the entire time between her apartment and the train thinking about how far gone he must have been to have the line between fantasy and reality blur that far. What if he had shown up at Mayumi’s house? Or Mana’s? Or – worse still – one of the girls in class he REALLY didn’t know very well? At least the other two had spoken to him before (though Mana had been avoiding him lately), but he could not imagine what would have happened if he had turned up at Yomiko or Haruka’s house and started fondling them.

*Probably be in jail right now, he thought disgustedly. This can never – EVER happen again. I need to make sure that I’m never left alone when I’m tired, it’s too dangerous.*

With a sigh, he heaved himself up out of his seat and exited the train, unable to keep his mind from skipping back to the sweet, bewitching sound of Rei gasping his name. Yes, he thought guiltily, he would definitely be making time for her.

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"Here, Master."

Shinji sighed, taking the mug from Hikari with a weak smile. "Thanks."

The apartment's kitchen was quiet, in spite of the numerous pots and pans cooking busily on the stove. *I... am such a prick*, he thought tiredly, taking a sip of the perfectly cooled tea. *Why would you WANT me as a master??*

Hikari... had been sitting outside the apartment when Shinji got home, staring at her shoes and sniffing as she clutched her cell phone in one hand, clearly on the verge of calling someone to come and help her. She had been there for a half hour, it seemed, knocking and calling through the door for Shinji to let her in. Asuka had told her of Shinji's fever during lunch, and she had hurried over right after school to check on him.

"I'm so glad you're ok," she said now, kneeling at Shinji's side and resting her head in his lap to gaze up at him with open adoration. "Where did you go, Master? You shouldn't be moving around when you're sick..."

*Will Rei tell anyone?* Shinji thought suddenly, taking another sip of his tea to stall for time. *She never said she would keep it a secret... and I never asked her to.*

Clearing his throat, he finally replied, "I needed some fresh air... it was kind of stuffy in here, you know? I'm sorry I worried you."

"It's ok, Master," Hikari said, beaming as he rested a hand on her head. "As long as you're ok, that's all that matters to me. Now sit tight while I finish dinner – I made enough for Asuka and Miss Katsuragi, but they said they wouldn't be home until like, ten or something like that. Oh, and Miss Katsuragi said to tell you that since you missed the, er... what did she call it?" Hikari closed her eyes in thought for a moment before nodding to herself. "That's right – the ambient synchronization cross-indexing... since you missed that, you'll have to participate tomorrow, if your fever's gone."

*Ambient who what?* Shinji thought. *That's a new one... Ritsuko must be pressed for something to do lately, since the angels haven't been popping up for a while. And I guess you can only screw so much before you need something to take your mind off of the fact that you have nothing else to do.*

"Well," he said aloud, "my fever's gone, so I guess I'll have to do it."

Hikari lightly stroked his leg. "Master..."

"Hmm?"

"Are you ok?" Seeing his frown, Hikari hurried on. "I mean... you've been really tired lately, and this fever... is there something wrong, Master? Are we... asking for too much?"

*Good lord*, yes, Shinji thought, taking a deep drink to avoid the question as long as possible. *I'm only one man, you know. Between you, and Asuka, and Misato, and Ritsuko, and Maya, and – God – now Rei, too?? Yeah... I'm a little tired – but you know something? I think I'm starting to get it all figured out...*

Certain aspects of his life, Shinji realized, WERE becoming clearer. If he could just have a couple more weeks to figure it all out!

Seeing his hesitance on the subject, Hikari quickly chose a new topic.

"Everything's coming along pretty nicely," she said lightly, gazing up at her master with her bottom lip trapped firmly between her teeth. "We've probably got at least twenty minutes or... or a half hour before it's ready to eat..."

Shinji nodded, averting his eyes as he realized that it had been quite a few days since he had paid Hikari any real attention. *We haven't really done much since that one night*, he thought, absently stroking the girl's long hair, *It was so intense I think I've been scared of what she must think, but that's stupid... she hasn't changed at all.*

"Well," he said levelly, glancing down at her with an encouraging smile, "what do you think we should do?"

Swallowing hard, Hikari breathed, "What do you want me to do, Master?"

*God, you deserve so much better than me*, Shinji thought, *I'm so unimaginative when it comes to this. Guess you're stuck with me for right now, though...*

"Stand up and take off your shirt," he said quietly, preparing himself to slip into his 'master' role. "I don't like it."

It did take some concentration, he thought as Hikari rose and began unbuttoning her school shirt. After all, he was not used to telling others what to do... though he had to admit that it was becoming a little too easy to get in the mindset of an owner.

With Hikari, anyway.

"Do you want me to wear something else to school?" Hikari asked. "The dress code is... a little flexible, so I could substi-"

"No," Shinji cut in smoothly, "it's fine for there... but if you're alone with me, I'd like to see you in something else, sometimes."

*Oh yeah*, he thought disgustedly, *it's SO hard to be a master. Why don't you admit it, pervert – you LOVE owning her...*

Hikari shrugged her shirt off, unconsciously straightening her back and thrusting her plain, white cotton bra out further than it normally would. "I love it when you look at me, Master," she whispered, waiting for her next instruction.

"Come over here," Shinji directed, pointing to the floor next to him, "kneel down. No, face the other way."

"Away from you, Master?" Hikari said, turning obediently so that her back was to her owner.

Shinji felt that this needed no confirmation, and remained silent, hooking his fingers into her bra strap and unfastening the catch with the ease of practice before letting the garment slip off and fall into Hikari's lap. "Put your hands behind your neck and lean back against me," he told her, "stick out your chest... yeah, like that. Now close your eyes."

Staring over her shoulder at her firm, proudly upraised tits, Shinji found himself comparing. *She's bigger than Rei*, he thought, leaning forward in his chair to get a better view, *not much, but a little... God, I like the way this looks. It's like I can see everything from up here, or something. It's just... I dunno, a nice view...*

"Ohh Master," Hikari moaned, licking her lips as Shinji slid his hands up under her armpits and cupped her soft breasts. "That feels so good... mm..." As he began massaging her, Hikari suddenly blurted, "Will you... take pictures of me sometime, Master?"

Shinji froze. "Huh?"

"You don't have to if you don't want to," Hikari said quickly, keeping her eyes closed in spite of her desire to see the expression on his face. "I just... it feels so sexy when you're looking at me, and I was thinking, if you liked it too... I want you to be able to look at me even if I'm not here, does that make sense? God, I'm being selfish again – but if you want to, Master, I'd love it if you had pictures of me..."

Slowly, Shinji resumed his gentle caress. "What if someone else found them?" he said quietly. "It seems kind of dangerous to me."

Hikari nodded. "I know," she said levelly, "but I trust you, Master... I know you wouldn't deliberately let anyone else see them – except Asuka, of course – and if you like my body as much as I like yours, well, I want you to be able to see it anytime you want."

Oddly, this made sense to Shinji. "Not today," he said calmly, "maybe some time, but not today."

Feeling herself getting wet at the mere prospect of having her master photographing her in the nude, Hikari breathed, "Anytime, Master, I – ohh do that again!"

Shinji, who had been musing that it would probably be incredibly hot to take pictures of the girl, had accidentally squeezed both of her breasts rather hard, nearly flattening them against her chest. "Are you sure?" he asked, "Doesn't that... hurt?"

"A little," Hikari admitted, "but it felt really good, too!"

"Alright..."

"Unnnnhhh!!"

Hikari groaned as Shinji roughly squeezed and fondled her breasts, his palms inadvertently rubbing at her tender nipples. *That's right, she thought, treat me like a slave, Master – I want it this way. I belong to you... don't ever be afraid to hurt me if it makes you feel good.*

After several minutes of this treatment, Shinji eased up, lightly pinching Hikari's nipples and kissing her softly on the side of the neck, his lips grazing the soft fabric of her unobtrusive collar and making her even wetter than his hands on her firm tits. Here, she was a toy – a slave... and it was so easy not to think.

"M-master," she stammered, itching to take her hands away from her neck and pull her skirt up for him, "I want you in me..."

*Like you were in Asuka that day in our classroom, she thought hazily, barely aware of Shinji's murmur of assent. She keeps denying it, but it's all over her face. I can't believe you guys did it THERE... and I can't believe I missed it! Oh that would have been so hot – just like in a mov-*

"Put your hands in front of you," Shinji's voice cut into her thoughts, bringing her back to the present and making her aware of the fact that he was easing her forward onto all fours.

"Yes, Master," Hikari whispered, trying not to beg for more as he flipped her skirt up onto her back and gently fingered her through her soaking panties.

Her breath caught as she realized that she could see herself. It was a small, slightly warped reflection, but there she was, peering back at herself from the shiny surface of the chrome garbage can – naked from the waist up, her skirt up



over her hips... and her master kneeling behind her with his dick inches from her pussy.

Oh G-

Hikari's mind short-circuited as Shinji plunged into her, the reflection on the garbage can opening its mouth in undisguised ecstasy as a hand reached out to run through her tousled hair. Shinji knew how she liked to be taken, and obligingly gave her what she wanted, tangling his fingers in her hair and pumping her with long, authoritative strokes as he pulled her head back and dug his fingers cruelly into her hip.

"Yesssss...!" she hissed, trying to keep her eyes on their reflection as he pumped in and out of her. "Like that, Master – like that! Ohh!"

*I look like a slut*, she thought dizzily, feeling herself already starting to climb as she watched herself getting nailed. *Look at that, I'm all sweaty and red – and I'm getting fucked doggy style... on the kitchen FLOOR!! God, I'm gonna COME!*

"AHH! MASTER!!"

Shinji blinked as Hikari suddenly cried out, her back arching as she climaxed.

*She's... damn, she's never come THAT fast before!* he thought, amazed as Hikari shook her head from side to side and pushed herself desperately back against him. *I wonder what-*

"Again!" Hikari gasped. "Harder – PLEASE! Master, I'm gonna come AGAIN!!"

In the whirlwind of multiple orgasms raging through her body, Hikari found a brief, almost surreally peaceful place. In that place, she could clearly see herself stretched out on Shinji's bed, posing in slutty lingerie as Shinji calmly snapped off picture after picture, telling her quietly that she was gorgeous, and sexy, and finally – that he couldn't keep his hands to himself, throwing her back on the bed and taking her as she screamed in ecstasy.

...much as she was screaming at that very moment.

"AHHH!!"

On her third (or was it fourth? She had somehow lost track) consecutive orgasm, Hikari felt Shinji's cock, buried deep within her, erupt, coating her insides with thick, sticky semen. The world – foggy and distant since she had started coming – swam back into view, showing her dazzled eyes a stunning image.

In the shiny garbage can, Hikari could see herself panting for breath, her face streaked with sweat as Shinji's hands ran gently over her back and ass, easing her back down to earth as her thoughts collided and spun through her mind.

*So... good to me... oh Master... I don't deserve you – I can't live without you. God, don't ever leave me...*

Slowly, Shinji pulled out of her, helping her to her feet and leading her into the bathroom to get cleaned up as her knees kept threatening to buckle out from under her. As he helped her wash, Hikari could not take her eyes off of her reflection. Nipples erect... face flushed... eyes shining... body glistening with sweat. This was how she wanted to be seen. Not by everyone, just by those who mattered... namely Shinji and Asuka.

Running a hand through her hair, Hikari decided on the spot that she would definitely find a way to have Shinji take pictures of her... because if she could actually find herself attractive this way, surely he must too.

...mustn't he?

The End... for now

Author's notes: ok, ok, so I took the idea of Hikari watching herself getting sexed up from Gord's *Innocent Seduction*, but it's ok – I told Gord I was gonna use it! ... oh wait, did I ask or did I just think it? ^\_^ So there you have it – Rei's appearance! Hopefully it was worth the wait, and if not – oh well, it's not like I'm gonna rewrite 6 chapters and 3 side stories to make one character get humped faster :P

Pre-read on this one was by Avalon, of course, cuz he can't seem to say no. Or rather, he DOES say no, and I just send the shit to him anyway, then bug him until he reads it to shut me up. I'm like that. Also pre-reading on this chapter was Rakna... cuz he wouldn't shut up about Rei until I wrote her getting screwed! -\_- Sheesh, some people.

Second Edition notes: feh... second edition on a fucking porn story. -\_- Eh, I rewrote this because someone (er, I think it was Miera, maybe?) on lemontastica said, "Dude, you didn't have to have him rape her... he could have passed out right before, woken up to find her with him, and then do her cuz she wanted it." And you know? I like that idea better. \*shrug\* thanks to him for the idea, and thanks to Rak for pre-reading the new version. Hopefully this makes things a bit more palatable. I know I like it better this way.

Feedback if you want, I won't stop you. I won't help you, but I won't stop you either.

-Rx7

## Stage Eight – Every Time/I Close My Eyes

Shinji yawned as he came into the kitchen, casting around for Asuka as he shook himself to get more awake. *Where IS she?* he thought, frowning as he poured himself a bowl of cereal. *We should get going soon...*

When he was still alone after breakfast, Shinji began growing a bit edgy. He was not worried that anything had happened to the redhead, as she had been sleeping in his arms not an hour before, but he was starting to get curious, and maybe a little concerned. Maybe she had fought with Misato over something and was sulking in her room – it had happened before – or perhaps she was on the veranda, looking out at the city... something Shinji secretly enjoyed joining her in doing.

"No way to know without checking," he muttered, setting his bowl in the sink and heading towards Asuka's room.

"Hey."

He came up short as he passed through the living room. "Oh, Misato," he said, blinking as he spotted the woman sitting on the couch and watching him curiously. "I didn't wake you, did I?"

Misato laughed. "I was here when you walked through the first time," she chuckled, shaking her head ruefully. "Do you not see me if I have clothes on, or what?"

Shinji blushed. "I just... I wasn't watching," he muttered, "sorry."

"I'm just teasing, Shinji," Misato said easily, "don't be so jumpy."

"R-right."

Sighing, Misato murmured, "If you're looking for Asuka, she had a homework assignment due, so she left early. She said to tell you she probably won't see you until after school."

"Oh," Shinji said, nodding his understanding. "Yeah, I remember she said she had some studying to do..."

"And when you guys are together, you don't study," Misato pointed out dryly, arching an eyebrow for emphasis.

"Er... right."

Silence fell as Shinji studied the tops of his feet for a moment.

"Hasn't been just the two of us for a while, has it?" Misato whispered, idly wrapping a strand of hair around her finger as she stared up at him. "In the apartment, I mean."

Shinji shook his head, slowly raising his head to meet her intense gaze. "No," he agreed quietly, "not for a few weeks at least... not for this long."

Biting her bottom lip for a moment, Misato said, "I've missed being alone with you."

"Really?" Shinji asked before he could stop himself. "I mean, er... I've missed that too..."

Misato smiled. "Since we're alone," she said casually, "why don't we... make the most of it? Are you feeling up to it, Shinji? I'll understand if you don't have time before school, but it kind of seems like it would be a waste to miss this opportunity, you know?" She tilted her head to the side, smiling faintly as she whispered, "I'm feeling greedy right now, Shinji – I don't want to share you with anyone."

Blushing at the hungry edge in the woman's voice, Shinji replied, "I think I can... manage that."

*Of course, he thought immediately, I DID just wake up... so don't look for full power or maximum performance.*

As if in reply to this thought, Misato murmured, "You won't have to work too hard – I want to be on top. I love watching your face, Shinji... have I ever told you that?"

"Umm, n-no," Shinji stammered, his eyes wide as Misato rose to her feet and advanced on him, looking every inch the seductive older woman. Her words, though, reminded him of something he had said to Asuka a week or two prior. Things were undeniably complicated, he realized with sudden force. Six different women, six different likes and dislikes... and somehow, he was managing to please all of them.

Though he had to admit, it WAS weighing on him.

Wrapping her arms around him, Misato brought his attention around to her own particular likes. "Mmm," she hummed, kissing him languidly for a moment before pulling back and draping her arms over his shoulders. "Sorry I haven't been around much lately... I've had a lot of things going on at NERV... so let me make it up for you, ok? No, really – I want to. Come on... let's go to my room."

Shinji nodded, following Misato as she led the way into her bedroom. *Should have noticed her cleaning last night*, he mused glancing around the normally messy space with clear approval, *she only cleans when she wants to do it in here...*

Closing the door, Misato turned to face him, giving him a slow, deep kiss. "Hard already?" she whispered as they parted, brushing her fingers lightly along the front of his bulge, "You're not making this much of a challenge, Shinji."

"Didn't know I was supposed to," Shinji hissed, swallowing hard as Misato unzipped his pants and slipped her hand inside, grasping his hard shaft through his underwear and leaning forward to nip playfully at his earlobe.

"You know me," she breathed, "I'm all about conquest and power..."

Deftly, she unbuttoned Shinji's pants, letting them fall to the floor before quickly slipping his underpants down as well. Without another word, Misato slid to her knees, grasping his hips and wrapping her lips around his cock.

"Sss..."

Shinji hissed as the purple-haired woman proceeded to give him the fastest, hottest blowjob he had ever had. She held him tightly, ensuring that she stayed in full control as she bobbed quickly up and down on his aching prick. Misato had never been a slouch in the oral sex department, but that morning, she was absolutely animalistic, slurping and moaning and working his dick in and out of her mouth so fast her hair seemed to be fluttering in the breeze created by her movements.

Unlike the first time Ritsuko gave him head – an exquisite, almost artistic experience – this was fast and hard, like something out of a porno movie, taking Shinji's breath away and leaving him groaning with disappointment as Misato suddenly stopped with the head of his cock buried firmly in the back of her tight throat. Slowly – running her tongue along the underside the entire time – she pulled back, sucking all the while so that when he finally popped out of her mouth, it was with an audible sound.

"Mmm enough of that," Misato panted, reaching down and yanking her nightshirt off, "get on the bed, Shinji... I don't want to wait to have you in me anymore."

Still dazed from the pleasure of her volcanic blowjob, Shinji nearly collapsed onto the bed.

Misato was on top of him in an instant, pinning his hands over his head and lowering her pussy down onto his cock with a deep, throaty moan. "Don't close your eyes," she said hoarsely, "don't look away from me, Shinji – I want to see your eyes..."

Shinji was about to nod... but before he could, Misato went to work.

"Oh God..."

"Mmm yeah," Misato hissed, pumping herself up and down on Shinji's stiff rod, "that's fucking awesome... it's been too long since it was just you and me, Shinji – I've missed just having you with me..."

Being pinned down, Shinji could only nod, barely managing to gasp, "Y-yeah," as Misato rode him for all she was worth.

Coherent thought was difficult, but Shinji's overworked brain did manage to come up with, *She's NEVER been like this before... something's... changed.*

Misato grinned down at him, licking her lips as she savored each thrust of his stiff prick. "I'm sweating," she whispered, "God, I don't think I can keep this up much longer, but it's so good I don't want to stop..."

Shinji nodded. "Roll over."

"Do it hard," Misato directed, driving herself down onto him a few more times before quickly climbing off of him and turning around so she was on all fours with her ass facing Shinji. "Come on... put it back in..."

Shaking his head to clear some of the passion-generated fog, Shinji grasped Misato's slim waist and drove himself back into her tight hole, letting himself get caught up in her rhythm and pumping her with long, deep, hard strokes.

"G-good," Misato stammered, "that's good...! Mmm... pull my hair, Shinji, not hard... you know how I like- OH YEAH!!"

Doing as he was instructed, Shinji tangled his hands in Misato's long hair, pulling her head gently, but insistently back, forcing her spine to curve slightly and letting his cock get even deeper into her lava-hot pussy. *Can't... go much longer*, he thought, *it's too good... I can't go much longer...!*

He licked his lips, noticing for the first time how the sweat seemed to glisten on Misato's back, sparkling in tiny droplets as he thrust into her again and again.

She was such a sexual creature, he thought wonderingly... so much so that he was starting to forget what it was like NOT to have sex with her.

"Sh-Shinji," Misato moaned suddenly, "I'm almost there... come with me, Shinji – can you come with me? I want to feel you coming too..."

Shinji nodded, though he knew Misato could not see him, and began pounding her as hard as he could, relishing the rhythmic slap, slap, slapping sound of his hips colliding with her tight ass.

*"I'm coming!!"* Misato shrieked, burying her face in her pillow and screaming out loud as Shinji relentlessly punished her tender hole.

The sound of the purple-haired woman's scream – inexcusably sexual and wild with abandon – never failed to set Shinji off, and that morning was no exception. Tightening his hold on her waist and hair, he thrust all the way into her, grunting with the effort of burying himself so deeply inside of her as he unloaded wave after wave of hot semen into her welcoming snatch.

"Oh... oh God..." Misato panted as he pulled out, "God... that was... so fucking good..."

Shinji had to swallow before he could reply, "Uh... uh huh..."

Good did not really begin to describe it, he thought with a mix of pride and concern – this round of sex had been nothing short of fantastic, certainly the best he had ever shared with Misato... and therein lay the concern. Misato had always seemed to hold back a bit when she had sex with him, as if she was afraid she might be going a bit too far.

Today, she had gone at it with everything she had, fucking him almost unmercifully... as if trying to make up for some bad news she had yet to deliver.

"Mmmm lie down," she hummed, rolling onto her back and holding her arms out for Shinji to join her.

Shaking a bit from the exertion, Shinji willingly fell into her embrace, brushing a few drops of sweat off of her face and giving her a small, breathless kiss. Something was definitely on her mind, he realized... Misato was not terribly keen

on cuddling. Not that she did not like it, it was more that there never seemed to be time for it in their busy lives.

The fact that she was going so far out of her way to be tender raised further red flags in Shinji's mind.

"Hey..."

*Here it comes*, Shinji thought, bracing himself mentally.

"You know what I miss?" Misato asked, slowly stroking the inside of Shinji's forearm as she stared up at the ceiling.

"What's that?" Shinji wondered absently, realizing with a sinking sensation *exactly* where this conversation was headed.

"I... kind of miss the way things used to be around here," Misato murmured, rolling onto her stomach and plucking listlessly at her pillowcase. "Before... all of this got started, you know? I like the way we lived back then – just you and me."

Shinji considered this for a moment. "We did have some fun then, didn't we?" he mused, studying the woman's averted face. "Did... was this a mista-"

"No," Misato cut in quickly, "never – I'll never think that being with you was a mistake, and I'll never regret a single one of the times we made love..."

Closing his eyes, Shinji concluded, "But you think we shouldn't do it anymore."

Misato looked pained. "Not, like, *never*," she clarified hastily, "I just... maybe we should lighten things up – between you and me, I mean." She rolled over again, snuggling into Shinji's side as she thoughtfully added, "I was thinking of maybe once a week or every other week or something."

Shinji decided not to mention that they had been approaching this threshold for some time, choosing instead to let Misato speak her peace.

"Are you mad at me...?"

"No, Shinji," Misato said patiently, "I just... I want what we used to have, that's all." Leaning over him, she gave him a firm, intense kiss, lingering for several moments before pulling back and resting her head against his shoulder. "You should get to school," she said simply, "we can talk about this later, if you still want to, but I think... I think we both agree, right?"

Shinji nodded, feeling surprisingly calm. "I'll see you later, I guess," he said after a moment's thought, "and yeah... I think you're right."

"Ok..."

Slowly, Shinji slipped out of the bed, pausing to give Misato's shoulder a parting kiss and lingering for several long moments to savor the feeling...

...as he understood that in spite of all that had been said, there would probably be very few – if any – future encounters between himself as his gorgeous guardian.

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A large percentage of the day passed quickly, leaving Shinji ample opportunity to ponder the events of the morning. He saw Hikari over lunch, agreeing to come to her house for a little while after his sync tests, as she had something she wanted to talk to him about, but he did not see Asuka for nearly the entire day, and when he did, it was barely a wave or a quick hi, or (once) a quickly-sneaked kiss in the stairs before she was dashing off to work on another project.

*I never knew she was so far behind*, Shinji thought guiltily, gathering up his books as Asuka slipped out of the classroom. *Guess I'll see her at NERV or some-*

"Shinji."

"Oh, hi Ayanami."

Turning, Shinji found Rei waiting patiently by the side of his desk. This, in and of itself, drew attention, as she hardly ever left her own desk, but the fact that she was talking without someone else starting the conversation was drawing a few stares. Fortunately, since they were both pilots, it was quickly dismissed.

More so when Rei whispered, "Do you have time to escort me to my apartment before our synchronization tests? I have some papers I need to gather beforehand."

"Sure," Shinji said amiably. "Should we just go now?"

"Yes."

"Er, ok then."

Shinji looked around, suddenly sure that Hikari was watching him, but she was collecting her notebooks and seemed completely oblivious. *I don't know why I'm worried*, he thought guiltily, *she knows I sleep with Asuka... and I think she's guessed I sleep with other women too – I don't know why I should be worried about her seeing me with someone else, especially Rei.*

Following Rei out of the classroom, he tried his best to hold onto his mental lie. No matter how many times Hikari professed to be his slave, or Asuka told him she didn't care if he slept with other women, or Misato... well, Misato was not such a concern anymore, but when they had been together, she had made it clear that she was fine with him fucking anyone he wanted, as long as he was safe.

In spite of all these assurances, Shinji's sense of chivalry dictated that he not flaunt his exploits – to anyone. Sex was private (excepting when a certain redhead was lurking in the closet) and should not be discussed with anyone save the person you were doing it with.

*I haven't done it much with Rei, though*, he thought as they made their way to the train station, *which is kind of a mixed bag. It's GOOD... it's always good, but she's so intense with her! Asuka and Hikari are the same, but in different ways – and I've never felt anything like what I feel with them with Maya, Ritsuko and Misato...*

He pushed the thoughts aside, watching the other riders of the train as they, in turn, watched Rei. He had not noticed it before they had started sleeping together, but Rei actually drew quite a few stares, from jealous to hungry; the First Child was undeniably the focal point of several conversations and observations.

It actually made Shinji sit a little taller. If he was being seen with someone as gorgeous as Rei, didn't that, by extension, make him worth looking at?

*Hello ego*, he thought wryly, *long time no see...*

It was interesting to him just how many people snuck glances at Rei – and that she was completely oblivious to what was happening. Men of all ages – and a couple women, Shinji noticed – took long, appreciative looks at the First, some of them unconsciously biting their lips as if trying to decide if they should approach her.

One glance at her chilly red eyes always cooled their desires, though, making them quickly turn their heads and look away as if embarrassed for even thinking

of talking to the young woman.

Keeping in mind that he was lucky to be with such beauty, Shinji spent the rest of the ride to Rei's apartment in pleased silence, pondering the traits of the women he was currently spending time with. Without exception, he mused, they were all gorgeous.

*Maybe I should stop complaining...* he thought.

In spite of this notion, he still had trepidations about being spread too thin. He felt really good that day, but there were times, he admitted only to himself, that he would just as happily said, 'No, I'm not in the mood.'

Perhaps he would try that someday soon.

"I will only be a moment," Rei said as she pushed her door open, "please sit."

Shinji nodded, taking a seat on the bed and watching as Rei gathered up a few loose papers. "That's all you needed?" he wondered. "Just those reports?"

"Yes," Rei said simply.

"Oh," Shinji shrugged, "ok."

"...but before we go in to NERV."

Shinji easily picked up on her hesitance. "What is it?" he asked curiously.

Somehow, he suspected all along that there was an ulterior motive to inviting him over. *Is it so hard to believe that someone might want to just hang out with me?* he thought as Rei carefully set the papers in a neat stack on her small refrigerator. *I'm not that bad, am I? She said she wanted to just hang out sometimes, but that hasn't happened yet. Who knows – maybe she just wants to ask me something?*

Slowly, Rei raised her head.

"I would like to perform orally for you, Shinji."

*Or not.*

Shinji cleared his throat. "You don't have to," he said awkwardly.

Tilting her head to the side, Rei said, "I would like to. It is, as you know, something I have not experienced before, and if we are to be spending time together, should we not experience everything together?"

*Oh, I've experienced it before,* Shinji thought ironically, *earlier today, as a matter of fact.*

"It is not... fair, that you are allowed to please me, but I cannot please you in return," Rei said levelly, looking Shinji directly in the eyes as she concluded, "I would like a more even basis in this relationship, Shinji... I would like to be proper lovers."

Softly, Shinji replied, "It means that much to you...?"

"Yes," Rei said simply, "it does. I feel that I have been... asleep, somehow, for a long, long time. Being with you makes me feel..." she searched for the proper word for a moment, finally deciding on, "you make me FEEL, Shinji. I enjoy your company very much."

"Er... thanks."



Seeing his lapse into silence as acceptance, Rei leaned over and grasped Shinji's zipper, pulling it down without a word and helping him pull his pants down to his ankles. She stared at his cock for a long moment, tilting her head from side to side in a considering manner – as if trying to decide how best to approach it.

Finally, she glanced up at his eyes, waiting for him to nod his approval, and slowly dropped her lips around the head.

Shinji rested his hand gently on the back of Rei's head as she carefully began bobbing up and down on his stiff cock. *Her mouth is hot*, he thought, lightly caressing the back of her neck, *and she wants to be 'proper lovers'? What does that mean??*

It was quickly apparent that Rei was exceptionally unskilled at what she was doing. Unused to taking physical OR auditory cues, the blue-haired girl simply moved up and down, having no idea that she could make things more pleasurable by licking at Shinji's cock, or caressing his testicles. It was not BAD, Shinji thought as she clumsily gave him head, but it would not be something he would go out of his way for.

After several minutes, Rei slowly pulled back, her eyes staying fixed on Shinji's throbbing tool as she quietly whispered, "You are not enjoying this..."

"I... I am," Shinji stammered, blushing brightly as he lied to the girl, "it's just... no, I like it... really..."

Rei shook her head. "You do not have to be dishonest," she whispered, leaning back down until she was nearly touching his shaft. "If you could... guide me," she said quietly, "with your hands... please..."

"...alright."

Shinji returned his hand to the back of her head, leading her back to his waiting cock and slowly easing her lips over it. "Suck on it a little," he instructed, guiding her slowly up and down. "A little harder – it's ok, I'll tell you if it's too much."

He tried to like it – he really did... but Rei's novice status, as well as the awkwardness of the position, conspired to cancel out any enjoyment he might have felt from her pleasantly warm and wet mouth. Every time she would find a rhythm that worked, and Shinji would start to get into it, she would shift positions, or pull back to glance up for further guidance.

Finally, she pulled back, frowning faintly as she murmured, "How can I make this better, Shinji...?"

"Maybe... maybe if you knelt," Shinji offered awkwardly. "That might help."

Rei nodded, rising to her feet and kneeling in front of Shinji without a word. *She doesn't like to talk*, he realized suddenly, *once we've 'started' she never says anything unless she absolutely cannot communicate otherwise.*

Shinji stood, offering the best angle (that he had found anyway) and taking Rei's head carefully in his hands. He had to admit... this was his favorite for oral. It was a control issue, he knew – perhaps instituted by Hikari's desire to be owned, he was not sure – but it definitely made him harder to look down into a woman's eyes and watch her lips wrapping tightly around his cock.

Rei was no exception.

"Mm... that's good," he whispered encouragingly, "use your tongue a little – yeah, like that..."

Stepping things up a bit, he began to thrust with his hips, moving his right hand to the top of her head and lightly stroking her cheek with the other. Rei looked up

into his eyes... and things started clicking. Shinji moaned, moving a bit faster as he stared into the First's questioning eyes.

"Suck it harder," he breathed, "this feels great, Rei... really, really great..."

Smiling suddenly, Shinji realized that he was not lying. Maybe it was the eye contact that did it, or perhaps it was that she had managed to figure out just how hard to suck and just how much to use her tongue, but Shinji was definitely getting into it – very into it.

*Shouldn't... take too long*, he thought, mouthing 'great' to Rei as he stroked smoothly between her soft, Cupid's bow lips. *I can't believe she wanted to do this so bad. We'll definitely have to do it this way until she gets better, but as long as I can see her eyes, and show her how to suck, I can... I...*

"I'm... gonna come, Rei," Shinji gasped, looking down into Rei's eyes as a strong shiver ran down his back, "just... just swallow..."

He could tell, by the flash of confusion in her eyes, that Rei did not really know what to expect... but he was so close that his sense of chivalry seemed to be a little on the fritz, so pulling back never really crossed his mind, and when it did later, he rationalized his decision by telling himself that he could not stand the thought of Rei's face coated with his semen.

As it was, his orgasm came rushing up on him, and he tightened his hold on Rei's head, thrusting his cock all the way into her mouth and launching a jet of thick, ropy come directly into the back of her throat. Rei's brow furrowed slightly, but other than that, she made no complaint, swallowing delicately each time his prick spurted more of his seed into her mouth, until finally, he pulled back, gently stroking her head by way of apology.

"S-see?" he gasped, "I... I liked it..."

Rei nodded, looking – Shinji thought – a little relieved.

It was always so hard to tell with her.

"My..."

Shinji paused in the act of pulling his pants up. "Hmm?"

Rei was standing with her fingers pressed thoughtfully to the sides of her face. "My jaw is... tired," she said slowly.

"Yeah," Shinji sighed, "that happens sometimes... come here."

Unzipping his pants, he sat on the edge of the bed, gesturing for Rei to sit on his lap with her back facing him. Secretly relishing the feel of her fabulous ass rubbing against his recently spent cock, Shinji reached around and began lightly massaging the corners of Rei's jaw, trying to alleviate a little of her discomfort.

"Is that any better?" he asked after a few moments.

"It is very nice," Rei replied quietly, leaning a bit further back into his embrace, "your touch is always soothing to me, Shinji."

"Oh..."

After another few moments, Rei rose to her feet and turned around to face him. "I would like to spend more time making love to you," she said abruptly, "but we are already late. Please forgive me."

"No, no!" Shinji said quickly, "you don't have to apologize – not after what you just did! And besides, we'll er, be close again soon..."

"I would like that."

Standing, Shinji shifted from one foot to the other.

"Is something the matter?" Rei asked, still rubbing absently at her jaw as she regarded Shinji's face.

"Well, I was... kind of wondering..."

"Yes?"

"Did you like that?" Shinji asked softly. "Did you like it at all?"

He knew that both Hikari and Asuka, and Misato if she was in the right mood, got aroused by sucking him off. It was a psychological reaction, of course, based around control (for Asuka) and lack of it (for Hikari... he had never gotten the nerve to ask which Misato enjoyed it for) so he was not sure what the First would think of it.

"No I did not," Rei said honestly, shaking her head slowly, "it was difficult, and your sperm is very... flavorful." Ignoring the young man's apology, Rei added, "But I am certain that licking me offers you no gratification... yet you do it for me because you know it pleases me. This is the same. Lovemaking is a union – a joining of our two bodies – and provides pleasure for both of us... but this allows me to please you alone, the way having you lick me pleases me." Shrugging minutely, she concluded, "Sometimes... I would like to do this for you and receive nothing in return."

"W-why?" Shinji blurted before he could stop himself. "You just said you don't like it at all."

Rei met his eyes levelly as she replied, "Because it is a way to show you that I am serious about wanting your companionship, and that I enjoy pleasing you. I am aware that I may simply tell you this, but this... feels more honest, Shinji – it seems a more binding declaration than words alone."

"You don't need to 'bind' yourself to me," Shinji said awkwardly, an oddly arousing image of Hikari's collar encircling Rei's neck popping into his mind before he could stop it, "if... if you want to see other people besides me, that's ok too, you know – and if you don't like doing this kind of thing, that's ok."

The expression on Rei's face was almost comically confused. "Why would I wish to see anyone besides the one most important to me?" she asked. "You are the only one I want to be with, now and always."

Shinji fumbled for words for a moment, not quite sure how to take this open declaration of affection.

As he was unable to speak for a moment, Rei quietly added, "I... recognize that you are intimate with others, but I do not have issues with that so long as there is room for me in your schedule."

*So as long as I fuck you too, you don't care who else I'm fucking,* Shinji thought ironically. *No, that's not fair... she said before that the sex wasn't what mattered to her.*

Slowly, he closed his eyes.

"Like I said before," he murmured, "I'll always find time to be with you, Rei..."

"Then... I am happy."

Shinji opened his eyes as Rei embraced him, still careful and ungainly from inexperience, but undeniably tender and caring. When she pulled back and smiled, however, Shinji found that he was unable to speak... his throat was too tightly clenched to let him do more than breathe.

Silently, he returned her hug, gently stroking the back of her head as he mentally sought out places in his schedule he could set aside for her.

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Unit 01's plug felt strangely unfamiliar as Shinji slowly breathed in and out. How long since the last sync test, he wondered? How long since the last angel? It had been a while, he knew that – not so long that he forgot how to fight, or forgot what his purpose was, but definitely enough to relax a little.

*They'll be back though, he thought calmly, and I'll do what I have to do. How funny, he mused, shaking his head from side to side and stirring up minute bubbles of LCL, I thought I was only good at piloting, but it turns out I'm not too bad at screwing anything that moves...*

"Wow," he said to himself, "when did I get so bitter? Fucking six gorgeous women and... well, five, now, I guess, I just-"

"Shinji," Maya's voice cut into his musings, "you're slipping a bit. Concentrate... we're almost done."

"Sorry..."

The light marked, 'isolated communication' came up on his HUD, and Maya went on, sounding a bit warmer. "It's ok," she said, hesitating for a moment before asking, "hey, can you come to my office after the tests?"

Shinji nodded. "Sure," he murmured, "something on your mind?"

"A couple things," Maya said lightly, "nothing major, really."

*Couldn't be too major, Shinji reasoned, or she wouldn't ask about it where other people could hear.*

Refocusing on the test, the Third drew in another deep lungful of LCL. Things were smoother from that point, allowing him to finish the sync test on time. He spotted Asuka on his way to the locker rooms, but she barely had time to give him a quick, 'Hey,' and a closed-mouthed, LCL-tinged kiss before she was hurrying off to change.

*Guess she's still got stuff to do, he thought astutely.*

Rei, it seemed, had something else going, and did not even emerge from the Pribnow box until Shinji was on his way to Maya's office. As Ritsuko was at the First's side, she barely inclined her head in greeting, though she did brush Shinji's hand with her own as they passed in hall.

Overall, very favorable conditions for a clandestine meeting, Shinji decided.

"Jumping to conclusions again," he chided himself, pushing the door to Maya's office open and sitting down in her chair. "Then again, Rei *did* want to-"

He cut himself off as Maya opened the door, smiling warmly as she shut it behind her... and casually turned the lock.

*Well there you go...*

Keeping himself from rubbing his eyes, Shinji said, "Is there something on your mind, Maya?"

"Well," the technician said carefully, "it's just that Ritsuko's been doing a ton of work lately, and the only time we've had to be... close is when we're both on shift."

"That sucks," Shinji commiserated.

Maya nodded. "Yeah, it does," she said, biting her lip pensively before blurting, "it'd... be nice if we could all... be close. I checked her schedule – she's got about an hour free..."

Shinji glanced around Maya's cramped, but cozy office. *Could be fun in here*, he thought analytically. *I don't know if I can manage a three-way right now, though, even with that little couch over there.* He frowned slightly as another thought occurred to him. *I'll bet she'd die of shock if I said no.*

Cautiously he stated, "I'm not... really in the mood."

Sure enough, Maya looked surprised – almost taken aback. "Oh," she said after a moment, "I see, umm..." awkwardly, she stepped closer, putting a hand on his lower back. "Then can I get you in the mood, Shinji? It'd... mean a lot to me if you joined Ritsuko and me today."

"Why is it so important?" Shinji wondered. "We were together week before last for almost four hours."

Maya bit her bottom lip. "I'm not good with words," she said slowly, "that's always been Ritsuko's forte."

Shinji nodded his understanding. "Just tell me straight, then," he said simply, "that's one thing I've always liked about you – you don't try to manipulate me. Just say what you mean, and maybe I'll... well, you know..."

He blushed, realizing suddenly how much of a jerk he sounded like. *Why does it seem like I'm pompous??* he thought. *I can say no if I want to – and I've had sex twice today already, so why do I feel guilty?*

"I want to make her feel special," Maya said quietly, "that's all. I love her, and I can't get enough of her body... but I don't – man, this is harder to say than I thought it would be, umm, I don't feel like I can... stimulate her enough to g-get her off quickly." Maya blushed deeply at the frank conversation, but hurried on, tentatively slipping her right hand down to cup the front of his pants. "When we're alone, and there's a lot of time, we have spectacular sex... but if there isn't much time, it's just so-so, and..."

"And you figured that if I was here, you could give her something to remember without taking so much time," Shinji concluded, shifting a bit as his dick replied to her gentle caress. "Right?"

"Exactly."

With great care, she began rubbing his slowly-hardening prick.

"Please?" she said evenly, keeping enough dignity about her to avoid outright begging, "it would mean a lot to me if you-"

She was cut off as the sound of a key being pushed into a lock sounded behind them. Both turned their heads just in time to see the head of Project-E pushing the door open and dropping a set of keys into her labcoat's pocket.

In a flash, Shinji realized that Maya must have already planned for Ritsuko to be there. *She assumed I'd say yes*, he thought with the faintest touch of anger, *I guess she should, considering I've never actually said no before. Huh... I wonder if that's good, or bad...?*

Sensing that someone else was already in the room, Ritsuko glanced up, blinking twice as she noticed Maya's hand on Shinji's crotch. "Sorry," she said dismissively, "didn't mean to interrupt... I just need to grab those acquisition reports off your desk."

Shinji watched in amazement as the blonde calmly walked over, picked up a handful of papers from Maya's desk, and tapped them into a neat stack, moving unhurriedly to show that she was not the least bit embarrassed by walking in on him and Maya.

*She's chilly,* he thought, amused in spite of himself, *I don't think Maya anticipated this.*

"Well that's ok," Maya said casually, clearly trying her best to keep up with the situation, "and actually, we were thinking that, since you have some time... you might like to join us for a while."

"Oh," Ritsuko said absently, paging through her papers as she turned for the door, "no thanks... I'm not really in the mood. You two have fun, though."

*How about that,* Shinji thought wonderingly, *a woman with her priorities straight...*

One look at Maya, though, and his smugness evaporated.

He'd never felt sorrier for anyone before in his life. *She looks like Ritsuko just kicked her,* he thought sadly, *God, she really IS doing this out of love.*

Impulsively, he decided that he would try to help. "Ritsuko," he said quickly, "you've got an hour before your next meeting, right?"

"Right," Ritsuko said distractedly, "so there's just enough time for a quick catnap."

Shinji glanced at Maya. "Well," he said matter-of-factly, "if you're not interested in joining us, maybe you'd like to watch for a while...?"

Slowly, Ritsuko lowered her papers. "Go on."

"You have an hour," Shinji pointed out, "you could... mmm... relax on the couch over there while we umm, make out or something. If the feeling strikes, you can join in, and if you really get bored, you can just nap right there – it's more comfortable than putting your head on a desk, right?"

"Sounds voyeuristic," Ritsuko pointed out, "I never knew you had these... tendencies, Shinji."

Shinji coughed awkwardly. "I don't mind being watched," he said quietly, "if it's what the person watching needs to get excited."

Ritsuko's emerald eyes bore into his. "I don't *need* anything to get excited," she informed the Third coolly, "and I've never sat by and watched people have sex before, so I don't know if it'll even do anything for me... but I will admit that the idea is intriguing." Nodding to herself, she sat down on the couch. "Alright," she said levelly, "I'm game... just don't expect me to jump right in, I'm pretty tired."

"Fair enough."

Turning to Maya, Shinji gave her a small, reassuring nod.

'Thanks,' the technician mouthed, leaning forward and giving Shinji a soft kiss as her fingers sought out the buttons on his school shirt.

*No real time for subtlety,* Shinji thought ironically, returning the favor and reaching out to tug the zipper on Maya's dress pants down, *Ritsuko DOES seem interested... but not all that much. Hope you have something good planned,*

*Maya, because I don't see her sticking around at this rate – or rather, staying awake.*

Maya somehow sensed the urgency in the air, picking up her pace a bit and quickly getting Shinji stripped from the waist up. “Do mine later,” she whispered, shrugging out of her shirt and letting it fall to the floor to leave her in her unzipped pants and conservative, light pink bra, “can we start with sucking, Shinji? You know I like that...”

Ritsuko shook her head. *Amazing, she thought wonderingly, one of the most debasing acts a woman can perform, and Maya actually ASKS if she can do it for him...*

Rubbing her eyes, Ritsuko leaned back on the couch, fully prepared to witness an amateur, clumsy attempt at oral sex. Maya, after all, had only been giving head for a few weeks – to men, at any rate – so Ritsuko was sure the younger woman would not be very skilled.

She was to be very surprised.

*Well, she thought, nodding her approval as Maya gently drew Shinji's cock out of his pants and cradled it in her palm, kissing the shaft from the base to the head before slowly engulfing it. Seems I was mistaken...*

Maya had garnered all of her experience from one man, so she would not have been able to know the intimate details of anyone besides Shinji. Speed, tempo, sensitive spots – all varied, Ritsuko knew, from man to man, and it took quite a bit of experience to be able to gauge what felt best and develop a rhythm for a specific person.

Of course... the person Maya had gathered all of her experience was the one she was going down on – and in this setting, she shined.

“Ohh, that's good,” Shinji groaned after several minutes of Maya's warm, wet mouth working on him. “Fantastic, Maya... fantastic...”

Ritsuko shifted on the couch, licking her lips unconsciously as she watched the brown-haired technician lick and suck at Shinji's stiff prick. She vividly remembered sucking Shinji's dick on several occasions, but she had never given herself entirely over to the act, and while skill counted for a lot, there was also the enthusiasm factor – which Maya had in spades.

Feeling an unmistakable tingling starting to build between her legs, Ritsuko thought, *Damn... she's going to suck the skin off of it...!*

Maya, meanwhile, was lost in her own world. Ritsuko was watching her... her mouth was full of warm, pulsing meat... and Shinji's fingertips – so wonderfully gentle and helpful in guiding – were running lightly through her hair and occasionally slowing or increasing her pace. It was a magical combination that made the young woman feel both important and sexy.

*Wouldn't mind doing THIS more often...*

“How do you feel about it now?” Shinji whispered, putting one hand almost possessively on Maya's head.

“Not bad,” Ritsuko said coolly, “but I'm not really in the mood so far... sorry.”

Shinji nodded. “Maya.”

“Hmm?”

“Take off your pants.”

Slowly pulling away from Shinji's tool, Maya said, "Umm, ok..."

Rising a bit unsteadily to her feet (she had just been getting into the blowjob) the technician slipped her pants down, then, after a nod of confirmation, her panties, leaving her in nothing but a bra. "Just get naked, Maya," Ritsuko said impatiently, "clearly Shinji has something in mind... stop stalling."

"Er... right."

As the bra hit the floor, Shinji also drew off his pants. "Now," he said firmly, "put your left foot up on the arm of the couch – no, don't turn away."

"Oh," Maya nodded, her eyes widening suddenly as she realized his intent, "Oh! Right!"

Quickly doing as she was told, Maya glanced at Ritsuko's face, pleased to find the older woman watching her intently. Her attention was drawn back to Shinji, though, as the young man sank to his knees and put one hand each of her thighs. *Here it comes*, she thought, anticipating what was to come with baited breath, *here it...*

"Sss..."

Here, Ritsuko thought objectively, was another point of comparison. Shinji, she knew, was having sex with at least two other women, and possibly more, if the latest Section Two reports were to be interpreted correctly. *Misato's a fool*, she mused as Shinji gently began going down on Maya, *Section Two never sleeps... she just doesn't get the full report set. She'd probably shit a brick if she knew that Shinji was also sleeping with his class representative, me, Maya, AND possibly Rei, too... though that hasn't been confirmed yet.*

Studying the way Shinji went down, Ritsuko could clearly see the experience... and it occurred to her suddenly that the young man was probably having more sex at this point than many professionals.

*So why not enjoy him while I've got him here...?*

Maya's thoughts were far more subjective. She was not thinking anything close to 'how many times has Shinji gone down on someone else?' ...her thoughts revolved a little more around questions like, 'How can he get his tongue in that deep?' and 'Why does he always seem to know when I'm getting close and back off just enough to make me crazy?'

Further questions were postponed when she heard Ritsuko softly murmur, "Someone help me with the clasp on my bra... it's stuck..."

Maya opened her eyes, wondering absently when she had closed them, and glanced down at the where the blonde was shrugging out of her blouse. "You're... gonna join us...?" she asked hopefully.

"Would I be undressing otherwise?" Ritsuko muttered, rising to her feet and tugging her tight skirt down to the floor. "Hey," she said with some irritation, "didn't I just say I needed a hand?"

Maya was on her feet and at the blonde's side so fast it made Shinji's head spin. Chuckling softly, he rose to his feet, joining her at Ritsuko's side and waiting for an opportunity to get involved with the two women.

*Guess I'm pretty well in the mood now*, he thought ironically, slipping his hand between Ritsuko and Maya as they kissed and lightly caressing Ritsuko's right breast as Maya succeeded in getting the blonde's bra off of her.



Between the two of them, Ritsuko's panties were practically torn from her body. The blonde thought, briefly, about joking that there was plenty of her to go around... but then Maya was kneeling between her legs, and Shinji was fondling her breasts, and it didn't seem so funny.

Maya closed her eyes as she pressed her face into Ritsuko's familiar pussy, easily falling into her regular pattern of licking and probing at the soft folds and taking enormous satisfaction from the deep moan Ritsuko uttered moments later. *God*, she thought after several minutes, *that noise – I love that noise! I-*

"Shinji," Ritsuko's voice cut rudely into Maya's thoughts, "If you don't get your dick in me right now, I am going to scream...!"

All too soon, Maya found Ritsuko's pussy being taken away from her, leaving her licking her lips to claim the last lingering traces of her flavor. *Don't panic*, she told herself quickly, *this is about satisfying HER. So she wants a man every now and then, so what... I'm the one...*

She shook off her dark thoughts, biting her lip as Shinji carefully eased Ritsuko down onto the thin carpeting in the office and settled in between her legs.

"Ready?"

"Oh yeah."

"Alright..."

Maya swallowed as Ritsuko let out a long, satisfied groan, clenching her teeth together as Shinji's hard cock slipped easily between her well-lubricated pussy lips, reaching maximum penetration in a single thrust. Mesmerized, Maya watched the young man stroking her lover, warring feelings of envy and lust knocking her heart from left to right until she decided that she should stop thinking and try to find a place to join in.

*I want this to be our memory*, she reminded herself sternly, *and for that to happen... Shinji needs to be here. Tonight, anyway.*

"I want to put my legs on your shoulders," Ritsuko murmured suddenly, "help me."

Nodding, Shinji grasped the woman's sleek calves, lifting them carefully and resting them against his chest while staying buried inside her tight passage.

"Mmm better," the blonde sighed, "now do it slow, Shinji... slow and deep – yeeaaahhh like that... mmmm..."

If there was one thing Shinji enjoyed most about Ritsuko it was the fact that she never hesitated to ask for what she wanted. Even Misato and Asuka had times when they would expect him to know, intuitively, how best to please them, and while he did know them well enough to have figured it out by now, there were a few times when they would growl with frustration or roll their eyes.

Ritsuko definitely did not have that problem.

"Push it deeper," the blonde hissed, "come on, Shinji... as deep as you can – I love the way that feels!"

Shinji did as he was asked, using the leverage of his position to force his cock a bit further into her. *God*, he thought wonderingly, *the way she squeezes me with her pussy is unreal...! It's like she's giving my cock a massage...*

He bit his lip as Maya wrapped her arms around him from behind, pressing her firm tits into his back as she whispered, "Isn't she gorgeous, Shinji? Look at that face... look at those eyes... look at that body! I can't understand how you can

keep from just shoving her down and fucking the shit out of her every time you pass her in the hall.”

Shinji shivered, taken off guard by the raw desire in the technician’s voice.

“I want to suck your tits,” Maya said in a slightly louder voice, “I want to get you off, Sempai...”

Ritsuko, who was thoroughly enjoying the deeply penetrating thrusts Shinji was giving her, put her hands up over her head. “Don’t let me stop you, Maya...just don’t be too hard – I want this to last for a while.”

Maya smiled, thrilled that her lover was completely in the moment. *That’s right*, she thought, moving to Ritsuko’s side and slowly leaning forward to lick the woman’s right nipple, *forget that meeting for a while, Ritsuko... forget the MAGI, and the angels, and everything else... just be with m- with us for a while...*

For a time, no one said anything. Shinji pumped himself into the doctor with long, slow, penetrating strokes while Maya moved from one breast to the other, licking and sucking and nibbling – gently, as she’d been asked – as she used her hands to squeeze and caress whichever one her mouth was not occupied, until eventually, Ritsuko was moaning and shaking her head slowly from side to side, entirely caught up in the pleasures attainable only when two people give you their complete, undivided attention.

“Ooo, Shinji,” she gasped, reaching up with one hand and grasping the young man’s shoulder, “right there... keep your dick right there – that’s feels great... mmm... I think you’re rubbing my g-spot...”

Shinji froze for a moment, closing his eyes as he realized how close he had been to coming. *Couldn’t help it*, he thought almost apologetically, *watching Maya suck on her is so damn hot...!*

Gradually, his impending orgasm faded away, leaving him warm, but no longer on the edge. As soon as he felt he could move without coating the inside of the blonde’s pussy with his sperm, he inched his cock back, then dipped forward, drawing a sharp gasp from her as he stimulated that elusive pleasure point few can ever find.

“Good,” Ritsuko groaned, “oh that’s good...! Maya... I’m ready to come now...”

Maya, who had been doing her best to restrain herself, began licking and sucking wildly at Ritsuko’s breasts, nipping and nibbling at the blonde’s sensitive, bud-like nipples as she hummed her satisfaction in the back of her throat.

Ritsuko began to shake. “R-rub my clit,” she gasped, “mm... one of you – I don’t care who... I’m so close... come on, give it to m- YES!!”

The blonde’s back arched as Maya’s hand stole down to rub her clit, pushing her past the final barrier and into a powerful orgasm. Her body trembled as she moaned out loud, putting one hand on Maya’s wrist and the other on Shinji’s shoulder, squeezing and caressing them both as her tough, take-no-prisoners façade was momentarily striped away to reveal the woman underneath.

“Mmmm that was good,” she sighed as she finally came back down, “now, Shinji... I don’t think it would be fair to Maya if you didn’t give her a little of what you just gave me, do you?”

Maya looked at Shinji, her eyes bright with lust as she gave him a small nod. “Do it from behind, though,” she whispered as he pulled out of Ritsuko, “you know that’s my favorite position...”

With this, the technician leaned forward, first kissing Shinji on the lips, then lowering her mouth over his stiff tool to painstakingly lick her lover's juices off of it.

"Sorry," she grinned as she finally pulled back, "I just wanted one more taste."

Ritsuko, meanwhile, climbed up onto the couch, turning on her side and propping her head up on one hand to get a better view. "I want to watch you again," she said quietly. "Turn her to the side so I can see you going into her, Shinji... watching is sexier than I thought."

Shinji thought Maya might actually swoon at these words, and before he could so much as lay a finger on her, she was arranging herself on her hands and knees in plain view of the couch. "Like this?" she asked hopefully, glancing at her lover with undisguised adoration.

"Perfect..."

Ritsuko whistled appreciatively as Shinji knelt behind the technician, grasping her hips lightly and lining up with her soaking hole. "Wait a sec," the blonde said suddenly.

"What is it?"

"Maya," Ritsuko said quickly, "put your hands up here – no, up on the couch... one on the back, one on the arm... yeah... NOW it's perfect. Shinji, go ahead."

Maya moaned softly, leaning further down to give Ritsuko easier access to her pert little breasts. "Oh God..." she gasped, licking her lips as Shinji slowly began pushing his way into her tight pussy.

*Perfect...!*

Shinji sighed as he plunged into Maya's formfitting box. Fucking her was always a treat – not as much as eating her out, but close – so he savored it, thrusting slowly and angling to watch Ritsuko attack the younger woman's breasts.

*God she feels so good*, he thought wonderingly, caressing her slim waist as he picked up the pace a bit, reveling in the moans the combination of his thrusts and Ritsuko's sucking drew from the woman. *This is the best position for being with her too*, he thought, gently peeling her ass cheeks apart and drawing a nervous whimper from the woman's throat.

Shinji knew better than to try fucking her there again. Regardless of what Ritsuko said about relaxation and how it could be better than regular sex, Shinji simply knew that it was never going to be Maya's cup of tea. Then again, he also knew that her ass was one of the most sensitive places on the young tech's body, so – keeping her cheeks spread wide – he eased his thumb down into that shadow valley and lightly caressed her asshole.

It was definitely the right decision.

"Oh fuck!"

Ritsuko wrapped one arm around Maya's chest as the younger woman shuddered, guessing that Shinji was rubbing her clit or ass while he fucked her, and added to the tech's pleasure by sucking rhythmically on her left nipple while her free hand squeezed and pinched at the right.

*"Oh fuck meee!!"*

Shinji stroked all the way into Maya's tight box as the young woman let out a rough shriek, quivering violently under the pleasurable assault of his fingers and Ritsuko's mouth. Keeping himself buried inside of her, Shinji continued to finger her ass, knowing from past experience that if he could just provide enough

stimulation, without going too far, he could get the brown-haired woman into multiple-orgasm territory.

And with a little help from Ritsuko, he was able to achieve his goal.

“Ahhh!!”

Maya shook uncontrollably as her body was rocked with wave after wave of orgasmic delight, her pussy clamping so tight around Shinji's cock that she doubted if he could get it out. She stared down at Ritsuko's face, loving the sight of the blonde's mouth wrapped gently around her nipple, the look of concentration sending Maya into the stratosphere and letting her linger there for several heavenly minutes before beginning her reluctant fall back to Earth.

“My, my,” Ritsuko mused as she finally pulled away from Maya's aching breast, “that really WAS rather satisfying. Good thing our offices are soundproofed, huh?”

Halfway through pulling out of Maya's pussy, Shinji froze.

“Did anyone ever relock the door?”

All eyes flew to the door... and the clearly unturned bolt.

The trio exchanged glances, and abruptly, Ritsuko burst out laughing. “What's so funny?” Maya asked, blushing furiously as she imagined Operations Director Katsuragi – or worse, the Commander himself – casually pushing the door open and finding her getting fucked from behind while her superior sucked and bit at her breasts.

“N-nothing,” Ritsuko laughed, wiping a drop of sweat from her brow as she reclined on the couch, “I was just thinking that I've always wanted to have sex in a public place – and I just did it without even noticing.” Giving Maya a conspiratorial wink, she added, “I don't need to ask if it was good for you, though, do I?”

Shaking his head in bemusement, Shinji withdrew the rest of the way from Maya and began casting around for his pants.

Finding them tucked halfway under the couch, Shinji began dressing, but he was interrupted as Ritsuko whispered, “You didn't come at all, did you?”

“Not this time,” Shinji admitted with a shrug, “I came kind of close early on, but then I backed off, and now I'm not even close.”

“Ah.”

Ritsuko nodded her understanding, knowing that with some men, if you miss your window of opportunity, it can take some time for it to come back around. *Hardly seems fair, though*, she mused. *He got us both off – Maya several times... and he goes away empty handed.* She shrugged, though, as she realized that Shinji, A: did not seem bothered by it, and B: had probably had sex earlier in the day, or would have it later in the evening.

Despite her reports, she would never know exactly how much he really did it.

“I'm gonna take that nap now,” Ritsuko yawned, grabbing the thin blanket Maya kept on the back of the couch and throwing it over her sumptuous body. “I can get... damn, twenty minutes?? ...next time, I need to remember how long it takes with you two. Maya – make sure I'm up on time, ok?”

“Of course, Sempai,” Maya said gently, shrugging into her shirt and quickly buttoning it as she stepped away from the couch. “Here's your shirt, Shinji.”

As quietly as they could, Maya and Shinji pull their clothes on and tiptoed to the door.

"Thanks for doing this," Maya said honestly, "I really appreciate it."

"Yeah," Shinji said jokingly, "being with two gorgeous women was tough... I don't know how I got through it." He licked his lips as Maya chuckled halfheartedly, fidgeting with the door handle. "Something else on your mind?" he prompted quietly.

"Well there... there was another reason I wanted you to join us tonight," Maya confessed awkwardly.

"What is it?"

Maya shifted from one foot to the other. "Well," she said nervously, "the fact of the matter is that... I'm going to be doing a lot of work on the MAGI soon, and I didn't think I'd have time to... you know, BE with you for a while..."

Shinji closed his eyes, sensing intuitively what the tech was trying to get at. "I'm... guessing that – since it's the MAGI system... that Ritsuko will be pretty busy too, right?"

The brown-haired woman seemed to melt with relief. "P-probably," she stammered, looking embarrassed at her clumsy deception, "I mean, I can't speak for her of course, but I'm sure..."

"...she'll be with you most of the time – when you're working, I mean."

Maya's face reddened further.

"R-right..."

*You understand, right?* she thought, licking her lips as she carefully studied his face. *You know what it's like, don't you? To want to be with that certain someone – just the two of you...? I just... I want her to myself for a while.*

She closed her eyes as Shinji leaned forward and gave her a soft kiss.

"Make the most of it," he advised as he pulled back. "She... doesn't seem like the kind to stay satisfied with what she has for long."

Maya nodded. "I know," she said sadly, "I figured that out a long time ago... but if I can have her focus on just me for a while, maybe I can at least get a LITTLE more of her attention."

With a small grin, Shinji gently turned her around, giving her a little smack on the behind. "Get started," he said lightly, "seize the day, right?"

"Thank you, Shinji."

Shinji gave her a small wave. "I'll just... close the door behind me," he said quietly. "Good luck, Maya."

Making his way towards the exit, Shinji could not help but shake his head. *That's loyalty,* he thought admiringly. *Ritsuko's a lucky woman...*

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Some time later, Shinji woke with a snort, blinking in confusion as an automated voice announced a street name. "Wha..."

"Hi, Master."

*Oh that's right, Shinji thought rubbing his eyes to clear the sleep from them, I promised Hikari I'd come over and spend some time with her, since I haven't been with her for a few days.*

"Why didn't you wake me?" he yawned, glancing around and seeing that they were coming close to Hikari's stop.

Hikari's voice was soft as she replied, "And miss the chance to watch you sleeping?"

*From anyone else, that would sound corny, Shinji thought, but I know she means it... she's so dedicated. I don't understand...*

"Did you dream?"

"Hmm?"

"While you were napping," Hikari clarified, "did you have any dreams while you were asleep?"

Shinji shook his head. "I don't remember any."

"I dreamed about you last night."

"Really?" Shinji murmured, "What were we doing?"

Hikari smiled faintly. "Talking, mostly," she shrugged, "though there WAS some of THAT kind of stuff going on."

Curious, Shinji said, "What were we talking about?"

"I'll tell you when we get to my house," Hikari said, hoisting herself to her feet, "this is our stop."

Shinji followed the class rep off of the train, wondering what deep and philosophical conversations 'he' might have had with others last night. *Everyone seems to be in a mood today*, he mused as they made their way up Hikari's front walkway. *No one said anything about dreams, though.*

"Here we are," Hikari sighed, slipping her key into the lock and pushing the door open, "Home at LAST!"

As soon as the door was shut, Hikari dropped to her knees.

"Don't," Shinji said quickly, "your sisters-"

"Aren't home," Hikari said neatly. "My dad took them out to go bowling. We're alone."

*Which explains why you wanted me to come over right after school...*

Shaking off this cynical thought, Shinji said, "Do you want to go to your room, then?"

Hikari smiled, rising to her feet as Shinji gestured for her to lead the way. "If you want to, Master," she said softly, "but... if you want to do something, can I have a couple minutes to talk to you first?"

"Sure," Shinji said easily, mentally adding, *Hell, I wouldn't mind JUST talking sometimes...* He followed the class rep into her room, noticing that nothing had changed since the last time he had set foot inside. It still reeked of adolescent school girl sensibilities – all pink-hued innocence and placid dreams of the future. *Innocence*, he thought sadly, *she says she's happier than she's ever been... but since that first time, she can't really call herself innocent anymore...*

Guiding him to sit on the bed, Hikari slowly knelt at his feet, sighing contentedly as she rested her head on his knee. "In my dream," she said without preamble, "you were... different. You still LOOKED like you, but you were, umm, mean."

"How mean?" Shinji whispered awkwardly, unable to meet her adoring eyes.

Hikari laughed softly. "You're so wonderful," she gushed, "even though it was a dream, you still feel bad." Closing her eyes, she said, "You gave me a collar... only this time, it had a leash. You kept telling me how worthless I was, and how dirty... and you made me go down on you, and came all over my face."

Softly patting her head, Shinji tried to think of something to say – something to show that he would never, ever be that cruel... but Hikari was not finished.

"In my dream, you shared me with everyone you could think of – but you never let me come. If it looked like I was getting close, you would pull out, or tell whoever was with me to stop, so that I never got to get off. You kept saying, 'You're a filthy whore, Hikari... you don't deserve to be happy, because all you REALLY think about is yourself. You're nothing. You're a worthless slut. You're a bad girl.' Over and over, you told me how useless I was... until I woke up crying."

"You're not a bad girl," Shinji said awkwardly, horrified by the idea of saying anything even half as cruel as that, "you're good."

Hikari smiled gently. "But with you, I don't have to be," she whispered, "that's what my dream reminded me. With you... with you I get to be as weak as I want. I don't have to be the good little class rep... I can be a slut, I can be a whore, I can be a slave, I can suck your cock, and let you fuck me, and eat Asuka out – and know that when I leave, you'll still kiss me goodbye and tell me when we can be together again."

Considering this, Shinji opened his mouth to speak, but before he could, Hikari leaned up and brushed her lips across his, whispering one last comment before bowing her head once more.

"That's why I love you, Master..."

Shinji did not know what to say... he simply stared at her, open mouthed. *No one's... ever told me that, he thought dimly, Rei came close, earlier tonight, but no one's...*

His thought trailed off as Hikari continued. "When I'm with you," she said seriously, "I feel whole – not like in a romance book, but deep down, in here." She touched her chest with her forefinger, averting her eyes as she confessed, "When I'm away from you... it's the loneliest feeling I've ever felt – like someone pulled something out of me. But... but every minute – every SECOND – we're apart is exciting, too, because it makes our time together that much better. And besides," she smiled gently, "every time I'm away from you, it gives me the chance to make myself better... for you."

"I like you the way you are," Shinji said awkwardly.

Hikari beamed. "Thank you, Master," she said honestly, "and... well, this is the first time I've been able to admit this out loud, but... I like myself too – when I'm with you. I used to want you to degrade me, and treat me like dirt because it made me feel sexy and rebellious... but my dream made me realize that I was being selfish – it shouldn't be about what I want you to do to me, or make me feel... it should be about what YOU want, about making YOU happy... and for wasting time on myself when I should have been thinking of you, I'm truly sorry. It won't happen again."

A lump rose in Shinji's throat as Hikari slowly unclasped her collar and offered it to him. "You... don't want it anymore...?" he asked unevenly.

"Master," Hikari said earnestly, her eyes glittering in the soft light from her window, "you don't understand – I want it now more than I've ever wanted anything in my life... but I want to show you that I've learned something. If you... choose, to accept me as your slave – for real this time – I only EVER want to think about you when we're together, so by putting the collar back on me... you're telling me it's ok to be truly powerless for you. Will you... will you own me, Master?"

Shinji stared at the collar, his hands resting immobile at his sides as he pondered the heavy reality of her request. *There will never be a better time to tell her no*, he thought astutely. *If I refuse to make her my slave, I think – right now – she'll be able to get past it... but if I say yes, and push her away later, she'll lose her mind.* He nearly laughed out loud as he mentally concluded, *It's LITERALLY now or never...*

Slowly, he took the black ribbon, and made his choice.

As the collar slipped back into place, Hikari bowed her head, drawing a deep breath and letting it out slowly before raising her eyes and whispering, "How can I serve you, Master?"

Shinji's fingertips lingered on the collar. "Strip naked," he said impulsively, "leave your socks on."

It was a pointless request – Hikari would have done it any time after their first night together – but Shinji was at a loss for what to say.

Without a moment's hesitation, Hikari slipped her skirt down, letting it fall to the floor and starting to unbutton her shirt, but Shinji's call of, "Wait," stilled her hands instantly.

"Yes, Master?"

Shinji leaned forward on the bed, staring at the bottom of the girl's shirt with a confused expression. "Lift that up," he instructed softly. "What are you... wearing?"

Holding her shirt up to her bellybutton, Hikari smiled. "They're satin," she said, running a finger lightly along the elastic of her panties. "Do you like them? I got the matching bra too... Asuka thought you might like them on me. Do you, Master?"

Shinji frowned uncertainly. He was so used to thinking of Hikari as a white cotton kind of person that it took him completely off guard. "Come closer," he said softly, "show me the bra."

"Yes Master."

As she resumed unbuttoning the shirt, Shinji slowly reached out and ran his fingers over the front of her panties, almost making her pause. *They're like Asuka's*, he thought objectively, *but...*

Her thoughts trailed off as Shinji eased his hands over her breasts, caressing them gently through the slippery fabric of her new bra. With a look of intense concentration, he began squeezing and fondling her firm tits, truly savoring the feeling of warm skin under satin for the first time. Asuka was generally very quick to get her bra off ("Can't suck through satin," she'd told him once) so he had never really taken the time to appreciate the feel.

It was, he decided quickly, something he would have to spend more time on.

"Kneel on the bed," he directed her, "put one leg on either side of me."

"Yes, Master."



Hikari did as she was told, resting her hands on his shoulders for added support and closeness, and resisting the urge to grind herself against his stiffness. *I wasn't told to do that*, she reminded herself, *and Master... I'm going to be the best slave for you – I promise.*

She sighed contentedly as Shinji pulled her forward, pressing his face between her gorgeous tits and licking gently at her breastbone, his hands still fondling her through the bra as he breathed, “How long do we have?”

“About an hour,” Hikari whispered gently, “my family went out for dinner, but I pretended I was sick so I could see you.” She leaned forward and kissed the top of his head, her voice so low he could barely hear it as she added, “But that doesn't matter, Master... just do what you want with me, the consequences... are something I'll worry about.”

Saying nothing, Shinji continued licking and kissing at the tops of her breasts, his fingertips lightly stroking her smooth back as he buried himself in satin and skin. “Unzip me,” he murmured after several moments, “pull your panties to the side.”

“Yes, Master...” Hikari breathed, doing as she was instructed.

*So hard*, she thought, lifting her hips a bit as Shinji reached between them and positioned himself against her damp pussy. *God, I can't wait for you, Master... please don't make me.*

“There,” Shinji breathed, “now.” Grasping her narrow waist, he began pulling her down, tightening his hold as she started to push herself against him. “Slow,” he warned, “slow... I want to FEEL you...”

Hikari whimpered at the hunger in his voice, forcing herself to turn control completely over to her master for the first time. *My master*, she thought happily, *my owner, my lover... my everything...*

In the confines of her room, with Shinji's cock buried all the way inside of her, Hikari discovered the true joy of submission – for Shinji did not actually fucked her at first... he simply held himself inside of her slippery hole, stroking her back, kissing her breasts and lips, and whispering soothing words of comfort as he quietly assured her that he would be the best master he could.

“...do you still want to have me take pictures of you?”

Trembling, Hikari replied, “If it's what makes you happy, Master – that's all that matters to me.”

Shinji reached up, slipping his fingers into her hair and bringing her face down until it was inches from his own. “I don't need them,” he said quietly, “I own you. I can see you naked any time I want – I can FUCK you anytime I want... right?”

Hikari shivered violently, unable to look away from her master's face as she nodded and breathed a simple, “Yes.”

This is what she wanted... this was who she was – a total submissive. The sex, she had come to understand finally, was nothing without the master/slave dynamic to back it. She had tried (oh so guiltily) to masturbate one day, even going so far as to think of Touji, the guy she had always dreamed of.

Not only had she failed to get off, she had barely gotten wet.

*If you never fuck me again, Master, I'll be ok with it... just own me like you are now and any service – any humiliation – will be nothing compared to the happiness you give me by letting me belong to you.*

Slowly, Hikari wrapped her hands around Shinji's head, encouraging him to bury his face in her chest and moaning softly as he reached between their bodies and lightly stroked her clit with the ball of his thumb.

"You really love me...?"

It was such a pathetically hopeful question – so weak and afraid – that Hikari nearly jammed her fingers into her ears to blot it out. This was not the way she wanted her master to sound. She wanted him to be strong and controlling... but she reminded herself that her needs meant nothing. Only his mattered.

"Yes, Master," she assured him, kissing him gently on the side of the head. "I love you... and I'll do anything for you – no matter what happens to me. Just let me belong to you, Master..."

Slowly pulling away from her breasts, Shinji looked into her eyes. "I want to make you happy," he said simply.

"Then command me," Hikari moaned, shifting her hips a bit as he rubbed her slightly harder, "command me and own me and- oh!"

She cut herself off as Shinji suddenly began rubbing her clit quickly back and forth, putting his free hand on the small of her back to hold her in place as she squirmed on his cock.

"Come for me," he whispered, "that's my command for now, Hikari – come for me... I want to feel it."

"Yes... Master..." Hikari managed to gasp, shuddering from head to toe as she looked into his warm blue eyes. "Yes Master... anything for... for... oh *GOD!*"

Hikari shrieked as her master brought her off, stroking her clit with his thumb and staring into her eyes as if nothing else in the world mattered but her climax. This first orgasm was followed by a second, then a third as Shinji continued to rub her throbbing, aching clit, seeming to forget everything but the feel of her pussy squeezing his rock hard prick.

"M-mas... ter..." Hikari sobbed, throwing her arms around his shoulders for support, "*MASTER!!*"

Forcing her to come one last time, Shinji finally relented, breathing almost as hard as her as the girl collapsed against him, drawing in deep, ragged lungfuls of air.

Yes, he thought, cradling her shivering body against his, he wanted to make her happy – her and...

He pushed the thought aside.

He would deal with that part later.

"I don't... really know how to love someone," Shinji whispered reluctantly, "I-"

"Shh, Master," Hikari murmured, "don't... please. I'm not asking you to love me – I do want you to, but I know I kinda... sprung this on you, so you don't have to say it, especially if you don't mean it. I'm happy just because I belong to you. If you do love me – great! ...if you don't, I'll still be your slave." She sighed, resting her head on his shoulder as she mused, "Funny, isn't it? I want you to love me... but if you don't I'll still be yours. How strange."

Not knowing what to say, Shinji closed his eyes, staring to say, 'I'm sorry,' but finding his lips covered by Hikari's.

"Really," she said gently as she pulled away, "you don't have to say anything you don't feel."

Nodding, Shinji wrapped his arms around her and decided then and there that he would be the best master he possibly could – and if he could actually figure out what love was... he would give that to Hikari too.

Because more than anyone save the others he was thinking of, she deserved it.

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Asuka blinked blearily as the sheet on Shinji's bed was pulled back, and the Third Child carefully slid in behind her. She had been waiting up for him – almost like a newlywed, she realized – to see how his day had been, but she had grown too tired to keep her eyes open, and had slowly started to drift off.

Since she could not see the clock, she had no idea how long it had been since she had slipped into Shinji's room, but from the heaviness of her eyelids, she guessed it had been at least an hour. An hour of silently anticipating the return of a boy she had only recently come to think of as anything but weak and obedient.

How strange, she mused as Shinji pulled the covers up over them and wrapped his arms around her waist – she could not even imagine him being weak anymore, not with the way he treated her now. His eyes were so intense when he was slipping his dick into her, and his hands occasionally left bruises on her body when he was REALLY worked up.

Weak? No... no that did not fit. Awkward, perhaps, a little shy – but even those did not apply to the bedroom.

There... he was an entirely different person. And, she thought suddenly, a different person that was currently sporting a tremendous hard-on.

Asuka hummed, nestling back into Shinji until her firm ass was cradled against his hips, the hardness of his cock pressing gently between her cheeks in a tantalizing way. Had she not been so close to sleep when he'd come in, she may have rolled over and gone down on him, hoping to end the evening in glorious, screaming ecstasy. As it was, she contented herself with being held.

There was something... almost intimidating about the position they were in, she decided suddenly. Everywhere her body touched his, fabric rubbed on skin. The only place he was actually touching her skin to skin was where his hands had come up to gently cradle her soft breasts. He was still fully clothed – fully armored against the harsh world outside... and she was entirely defenseless, wearing not so much as her neural connectors as she lay in his embrace. She pressed back against him, covering his hands with her own to encourage him to hold her tighter, letting him know that – for right now, at least – she belonged to him.

She closed her eyes and sighed as Shinji's fingers gently drew together, lightly squeezing her as he kissed the back of her neck. As much as she liked having sex with him, she could almost feel how tired he was, and thought, maybe, she could make it through one evening without having him inside of her. So, allowing herself the luxury of being completely helpless, Asuka relaxed in Shinji's arms and drifted off to sleep without a word.

The room was pitch-black when she awoke, so there was no telling the exact time. Shinji was still behind her, and still fully dressed by the feel of it, but instead of simply cupping her breasts, he was caressing and rubbing them, exciting her nipples to full hardness in seconds before gently tugging at them and sending pleasant waves through the redhead's body.

Asuka moaned softly, letting him know that she enjoyed what he was doing. Her reward for this was a gentle kiss on the nape of her neck. Slowly, he ran his mouth across that delicate place where her neck and shoulder met, sucking lightly

on her skin – just strong enough to make her shiver, not quite hard enough to leave a mark. A soft gasp burst from her lungs as he suddenly wrapped his arms all the way around her and pulled her against him so tightly that it was almost painful.

For a brief moment, Asuka's pride flared, nearly urging her to complain... but she managed to contain herself, giving herself over to his embrace and gently sliding her tight ass against the front of his pants, his rock-hard erection parting her cheeks and brushing lightly against her sensitive anus.

How exciting, she thought, biting her bottom lip as one of Shinji's hands slid slowly down her flat stomach. She had no idea what to expect next. Almost always (always??) she, Misato, or Hikari had initiated any kind of sexual contact deeper than kissing, and it was rare that Shinji did something that hadn't been suggested or begged for.

Willingly, she spread her legs, offering him unopposed access to her already damp pussy and humming softly as he rubbed it with light, careful strokes, his fingers brushing gently over her lips in an almost upsettingly light caress. His fingers wandered almost aimlessly through her soft pubic hair for a moment before moving back to her pussy, carefully easing her labia apart as his middle finger delved into her hole.

She moaned softly as he fingered her, moving in and out with greater and greater ease as she grew more and more wet. This was going to be good, she thought, licking her lips as he pulled his finger out for a moment to tease at her clit – this was going to be damn good.

When Shinji urged her onto her back, Asuka immediately spread her legs further apart, inviting him to do what he wanted without saying a word. Shinji, however, was more interested in her breasts, moving up until he was nestled between her legs and slowly bringing his mouth down on her right nipple. Normally, Shinji licked and played with Asuka's nipples briefly – usually because she encouraged him to go elsewhere – but tonight, instead of nibbling... he feasted on her, licking them all over, teasing gently at the nipples, caressing them with his hands, and dropping little kisses all over them until Asuka was short of breath and starting to think that maybe she could get off just from this glorious worship of her body.

Because he was, she realized, worshipping. His fingers, lips, tongue, and palms led a complicated orchestra of pleasure, with her firm breasts as the instruments of choice. Finally, when her breasts were warm and tingling and covered in glistening saliva, Shinji pulled away, reaching down to unzip his pants even as he leaned forward to give her a gentle kiss.

This was what she had been looking forward to all day. She had been so far behind in her homework that she had been forced to spend the entire day playing catch up... but she had not really wanted Shinji to know how bad things really were, because she knew it would worry him.

And when it really came down to it – she actually cared.

Now, her work was caught up... and she was a few layers of clothes away from the glorious sex she had been thinking of all day. It troubled her sometimes to think about just how much she enjoyed having Shinji inside of her, and how frequently she sought it, tried to get it, or contemplated what she might try with the next session. She was like an addict, she thought, though lately – as evidenced by the fact that she had been able to catch up on her homework at all – she had been more in control.

Her desire was not cooling, she thought as Shinji gently eased his tongue into her mouth, but her ability to contain it was definitely growing. She licked her lips as she felt Shinji shimmying out of his pants while his warm palms pushed her thighs

further apart. Any minute, she thought as he arranged himself between her legs, any minute now and-

Asuka took in a deep, appreciative breath as his hardness filled her, parting the soft folds of her tight sex with practiced effortlessness until he had sunk his full length inside.

Slow – that was the first word to enter Asuka's mind as Shinji began to stroke.

They had done it so many ways, and so many places, that Asuka was sure they had tried at least sixty percent of the normally accepted positions out there, and probably twenty percent of the ones that were considered unusual. But lately – for a month, at least, maybe two – it was always fast, hard, and just a little bit on the rough side, as if they were trying to fuck all of their fears and misgivings away in the most brutal fashion possible.

But slow, Asuka thought, pushing up with her hips as Shinji gave her another deep stroke, was pretty fucking good. With this pace, she could feel every inch of his hardness as it plunged into her, solid and real and – for the moment – entirely hers. How many times had she cursed herself for throwing the gauntlet at Misato, or for not waiting until they were alone before telling Shinji what she wanted?

He could have been all hers, she realized... not Misato's, not Hikari's, not anyone else he was sleeping with – and she knew there were others, she could smell them on him sometimes, just faint traces of perfume or perspiration, but unmistakably foreign.

What could she say, though? She had built their relationship around indifference and convenience – as if the only reason she was willing to be with him was because he lived with her... as if she had not been approached by dozens of guys, before and after their first time, and shut them all down, his face always flashing in her mind before her sharp tongue cut the would be suitor to the quick.

No... exclusivity was not an option right now. Perhaps someday, but not now.

Putting her hands on his chest, she leaned up and kissed him, whispering his name as she drew back and closing her eyes to block out everything but him.

Her reward was a deeper kiss, followed by several long, satisfying strokes, and a moment of gentle fondling.

Asuka knew, without a doubt, that she had it bad for Shinji. What, exactly, she had, she could never voice – even to herself... so she went along as best she could, worshipping as he worshipped her, trying everything she could with him, and changing (though she would never admit it) to make herself more desirable to him.

Moaning as he thrust in and out of her, Asuka wrapped her legs around Shinji's buttocks, urging him deeper – physically and otherwise – and already planning how to seduce him in the morning.

Hey, just because he had initiated things this time, that didn't mean she was going to just sit and wait for it to happen again!

She gasped as Shinji began to pump in and out of her soaking pussy with fast, hard strokes, driving her over the edge and into a long overdue climax. His own orgasm was not long in following – her crying his name always seemed to set him off – and in a matter of moments, his hot semen was coating her inner walls.

Panting for breath, Shinji slipped out of her, easing himself onto the bed and pulling her into his embrace.

Spent... warm... content... happy... Asuka wrapped her arms around Shinji's chest, buried her face against the side of his neck, and whispered the only words her fragile heart could muster to show him the depths of her feelings for him.

“...I want to sleep in here from now on.”

### The End – for real this time

Final notes: in case anyone was unclear – this was ALWAYS supposed to be a ‘Shinji-gets-them-all’ fic. It was also supposed to emphasize Asuka, Rei, and Hikari, above the other women. Unfortunately, Rei’s entrance came a little later than I’d planned, but more than Maya, Ritsuko, and Misato, the younger girls were the focus. I tried to make it pretty clear at the end (by having Shinji initiate things for the first time, and by having Asuka’s feelings clarified) that if there was ONE that he would choose over all the others... it was Asuka, with Hikari a close second, and Rei right behind. It started with Asuka, it ended with Asuka – Alpha and Omega... Complementation through sex. Unsubtle? Perhaps... but it was the best I could do, and at nearly 103,000 words of material comprising around 255 pages, 98% of which is ‘published,’ it is the longest sex-based story I have read, and the longest story of any kind I’ve ever produced.

Is that too nutty, or what? :P

Pre-read on this last installment was by my stalwart, faithful, too-nice-to-say-no associate, Avalon. Is that relief I hear in your tone, my friend? :P

You can send me feedback, if you really want to. How? Eh, if it means that much to you, you’ll find a way.

-Rx7